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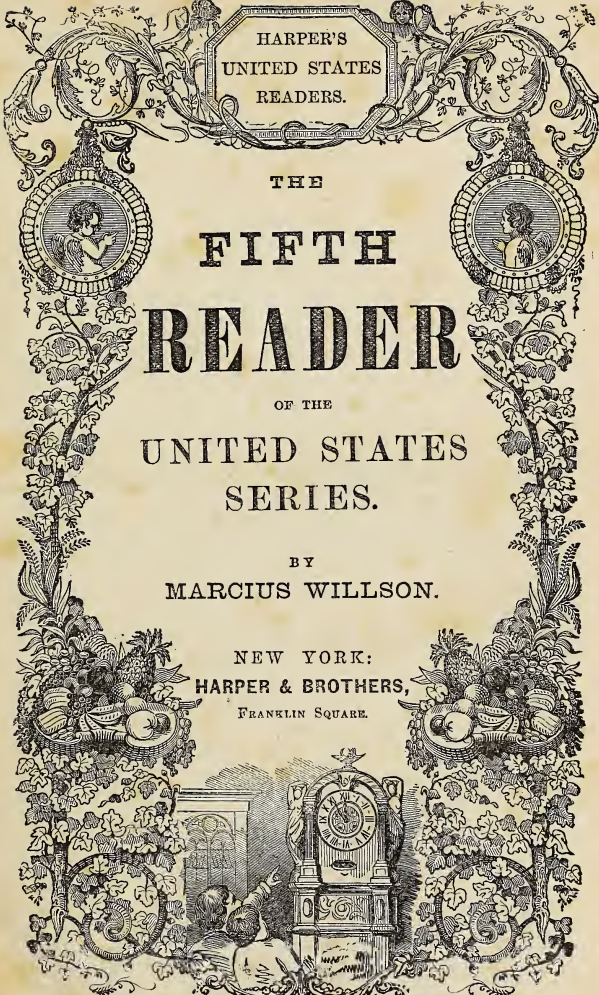


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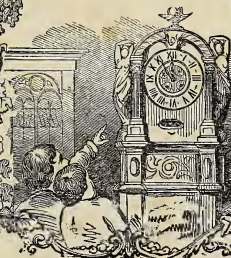


HARPER'S  
UNITED STATES  
READERS.

THE  
**FIFTH**  
**READER**  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES  
SERIES.

BY  
MARCIUS WILLSON.

NEW YORK:  
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FRANKLIN SQUARE.



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## P R E F A C E.

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THE leading idea in this Fifth Reader has been to furnish a great *variety* of such appropriate reading matter as is adapted to the grade of pupils for whom the lessons are intended. The Notes throughout the work—designed chiefly to aid the teacher in questioning the pupils—not only lead to an analysis of the *meaning* of the lessons, as in the Fourth Reader, but introduce a new feature, which the teacher may avail himself of, so far as he may deem expedient, for an analysis of the *literary character* also of the lessons—embracing the different kinds of composition, in both prose and poetry; the leading figures of speech; qualities of style, etc. (See the Notes, and Elementary Treatise.) It is believed that this feature of the work—introduced in a very elementary way, and without at all interfering with the main design of the reading lessons—will be of great value *to the teacher*, at least, in leading him to a more just appreciation of the character of the lessons, and to a better knowledge of the structure of the language; and it may furnish to many of the pupils hints and suggestions that will be invaluable to them in their subsequent reading or studies. This feature has been carried much farther in the Sixth Reader; but an elementary exposition of the subject is introduced here for the purpose of reaching the *common schools*.

For the purpose of rendering it possible for some general knowledge of the INSECT WORLD to be acquired in all the schools which use a Reader of the present grade, the last forty-eight pages of the work are devoted to a brief exposition of this subject—a few elementary principles of which were introduced in the Fourth Reader. We have here treated of *American Insects* chiefly, which we have had figured of the *natural size*, and drawn with exceeding care. We have endeavored to introduce in this part of the work also a suitable *variety* for reading lessons.

The subject of ENTOMOLOGY—and especially that part of it which relates to *insect ravages*—has already become one of such vast importance to the agricultural interests of our country, that it may well claim, in all our schools, the little attention we have here given to it.

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# ELEMENTARY TREATISE.

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## THE ART OF ELOCUTION.

IF we study Nature, the only true guide to a correct elocution, we shall find that all the essentials of good reading and speaking, such as the *time*, the *force*, the *pitch*, the *emphasis*, the *quantity* and *quality* of the tones, and the *inflections*—all, in fine, that go to make up *expression*—vary, in the thousand shades of meaning which they picture forth, according to the *character* of what is read or spoken. Hence the importance, in a full exposition of the Art of Elocution, of analyzing the character of the different kinds of poetic and prose composition found in our language; the leading “figures of speech,” the different kinds of style, and their aims and objects; also the various passions, emotions, sentiments, and feelings, to which all emotional writings are addressed, or which they are calculated to portray. It will be seen, therefore, that this is a vast subject, a mere synopsis of which could scarcely be given in a brief elementary treatise like the present. We shall therefore first limit ourselves to such a brief exposition of the different kinds of composition, figures of speech, and peculiarities of style as all should have some knowledge of, and then proceed to set forth, and illustrate, such of the leading principles of elocution as we think should be understood by those *teachers*, at least, who may use this Fifth Reading-book.

We believe it will not be denied by any, that such an abstract of the elements of English composition as is given in the following five pages, will be useful to all readers who have not already made themselves familiar with the same principles from other sources; and to those who object to all *rules* for reading, we would say, in the language of Dr. Blair, that “while rules and directions can never supply the want

of genius, they may direct it, where it is found, into its proper channel, and thereby prevent errors and extravagances that would otherwise be apt to creep in." But, while principles and rules of elocution may be of little benefit to the majority of pupils in our schools, they are invaluable aids to the *teacher*, and for this latter reason, if for no other, they should be introduced in our Reading-books.

## I. THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

### TWO GREAT DIVISIONS:

1. Prose.

2. Poetry—1st. *Rhyme*; 2d. *Blank Verse*.

*Prose* is the natural language of man—that language which is not confined to poetical measure.

*Poetry* is *measured* language—that which is governed by certain rules for the combination of accented and unaccented syllables.\*

*Rhyme* is that form of poetry in which there is not only a measured arrangement of words and syllables, but also a recurrence of similar sounds at the end of certain lines.

*Blank verse* is that poetry which depends upon measure alone, and differs from the other only in not having *rhyming words* at the ends of the lines.

### PRINCIPAL KINDS OF WRITING, OR COMPOSITION.

1st. IN PROSE: Letters, Dialogues, History, Essays, Scientific and Philosophical Works, Orations, and Novels.

2d. IN POETRY: Pastoral, Lyric, Epic, and Dramatic Poetry.

### PROSE WRITINGS.

LETTERS are written or printed messages or epistles. The Letters of the Apostles are called *Epistles*; as, the *Epistles* of Paul.

A DIALOGUE is a written composition, in which two or more persons are represented as conversing on some topic.

HISTORY is a narration of events in the order in which they happened, with their causes and effects. It includes annals, voyages, travels, and biographies.

AN ESSAY is a writing, of moderate length, intended to prove or illustrate a particular subject; as, an Essay on Morals, on Commerce, etc.

SCIENTIFIC and PHILOSOPHICAL works are those which present the general principles and leading truths relating to any subject in systematic order.

\* Greek and Latin versification depended chiefly upon the *quantities*—that is, the length or shortness of the syllables.

Such are works on the Mathematics, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, etc.

AN ORATION is a popular address on some interesting and important subject. It includes harangues, speeches, addresses, and sermons.

NOVELS are fictitious prose compositions, and include allegories, fables, and stories of all kinds. A *Fable* is a *fictitious narration*, either in prose or poetry, intended to enforce some useful truth or precept.

### POETICAL COMPOSITIONS.

PASTORAL POETRY, from the Latin word *pastor*, a shepherd, originally meant that poetry in which the scenes and objects of a shepherd's life are celebrated or described; but the term is now generally applied to all poetry descriptive of rural scenes and country life. The *Bucolies* of Virgil, Thomson's *Seasons*, and most of Walter Scott's poems, are both pastoral and descriptive.

LYRIC POETRY, so called from the *lyre*, an important musical instrument of the ancients, embraces all poetry intended to be set, or that might be set to music. It is written in the language of *emotion*, and includes songs, odes, psalms, hymns, etc.

EPIC POETRY describes important actions or events, generally the achievements of some distinguished hero; and its object is to improve the morals, and inspire a love of virtue, bravery, and illustrious actions. The great Epic poems of the world are the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, the *Æneid* of Virgil, the *Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso, and the *Paradise Lost* of Milton.

DRAMATIC POETRY is that which contains no narrative on the part of the poet, but is all supposed to be spoken or performed on the stage by the different actors or characters who are introduced. Of this poetry there are two divisions, *Tragedy* and *Comedy*. The former treats principally of the loftier passions, vices, successes, and distresses of mankind; the latter, of their whims, fancies, foibles, and follies. Shakspeare is considered the greatest of dramatic writers.

### ADDITIONAL KINDS OR FORMS OF WRITING.

Both Prose and Poetry are also spoken of as being *Narrative*, *Descriptive*, *Didactic*, or *Miscellaneous*.

*Narrative* writing relates events or transactions; and includes Story-telling, Fables, Allegories, etc. Narrative enters largely into Epic poetry.

*Descriptive* writing gives an account of persons, animals, places, objects, etc. It simply *describes*, and is often introduced in narrative. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, his *Marmion*, his *Lord of the Isles*, and Thomson's *Seasons*, are fine examples of *Descriptive poems*.

*Didactic* writing is that which contains doctrines, precepts, principles, rules, etc., and is intended for instruction in some branch of knowledge. Among *Didactic poems* are Virgil's *Georgics*, Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, Armstrong's *Poem on Health*, and some of Cowper's *Poems*.

*Miscellaneous* writing embraces all kinds of composition. It gives definitions, lays down propositions, states causes, deals in argument and illustration, deduces conclusions, and introduces every variety of *style*.

## THE HIGHER QUALITIES OF STYLE, OR FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

By **STYLE** is meant the peculiar mode or manner in which a writer or speaker expresses his thoughts.

**FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE** is that language in which some of the leading words are used in a sense different from their literal or common signification. Thus, if I speak of "the *light* of day" and "the *darkness* of night," I use the words "light" and "darkness" in their literal signification; but if I say, "*Light* ariseth to the upright in *darkness*," here "light" is used for *comfort*, and "darkness" for *adversity*. Also, "*thirsty* ground," "*angry* ocean," "a *clear* head," "a *hard* heart," etc., are figures of speech. So when the sun is spoken of as "the powerful *king* of day," this is figurative language.

Under the same head are also embraced what are sometimes called "figures of thought," in which, although the words are used in their literal sense, yet the *sentiment* is different from that which the literal meaning of the words conveys. Thus, when one addresses stones, trees, fields, rivers, etc., as if they were living creatures, or addresses a person who is dead or absent as if present, these are *figures of thought*.

The principal Figures of Speech (including figures of thought), are the Simile, Metaphor, Allegory, Personification, Apostrophe, Hyperbole, and Irony.

A **SIMILE** (Sim'-i-le), or comparison, is a figure of speech by which we liken one thing to another for the purpose of presenting a subject in a more impressive light. Thus, "The eloquence of Demosthenes is like a rapid torrent," is a simile in which *eloquence* is likened to a *torrent*. Similes are founded on certain *resemblances* of objects. They are sparkling ornaments which add lustre and beauty to language.

A **METAPHOR** is a simile in which the words expressing the likeness between the objects are omitted.

### *Similes.*

He is like a fox.

The soldiers fought like lions.

The minister upholds the state,  
like the pillar which supports  
the weight of a whole edifice.

### *Metaphors.*

He is a fox.

The soldiers were lions in combat.

The minister is the pillar of the  
state.

The simile asserts nothing but what is true; the metaphor asserts what is *literally* false, but *figuratively* true. Of all the figures of speech, none comes so near to painting as metaphor. By a play of fancy it imagines one thing to be another, as in the above examples a man is imagined to be a

fox, soldiers to be lions, etc. All language is strongly tinged with metaphor.

AN ALLEGORY is a figure of speech in which one object is described in such a manner as to represent another, as when, in the 80th Psalm, verses 8-15, a vine is described in such a manner as to represent the people of Israel. Fables or parables, and riddles, are allegories; and the *moral* of an allegory is its real meaning. Allegories were a favorite method of giving reproof and imparting instruction in ancient times. See the parable spoken by Nathan to David, 2 Samuel, xii.; the parables in the New Testament, etc. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which a journey is described to illustrate the Christian life, is an allegory.

PERSONIFICATION is a figure by which we attribute life, sex, and action to inanimate objects, as when we speak of the sun as a monarch—"He looks in boundless majesty abroad." Also in the following, speaking of the going forth of the Israelites out of Egypt: "The sun *saw* it, and *fled*; Jordan was *driven back*; the mountains *skipped like rams*, and the little hills *like lambs*."

AN APOSTROPHE is a figure by which we suddenly *address* or *appeal* to a dead or absent person, or an object, as if present, and as if the person or object could hear and be affected by what is spoken. This figure is intimately blended with personification, for we always *personify* an object before we *apostrophize* it. For fine examples of the apostrophe, see David's lament over the dead Absalom, in which he addresses him, "O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom!" (2 Samuel, xviii., 33.) Also Fourth Reader, p. 345; David's lament over Saul (2 Samuel, i., 21-27); Webster's Bunker Hill Oration, etc.

HYPERBOLE is a figure by which we represent a thing as far greater or far less, better or worse, than it is in reality, as when we call a tall man "a giant;" when we say of a lean man, "he is a mere shadow," "a mere skeleton;" or when we use such expressions as these: "As swift as the wind," "as white as snow," "as quick as a flash." Hyperbole is the language of exaggeration, and is very common in the conversation of passionate and over-enthusiastic people. Even our common forms of compliment are, most of them, extravagant hyperboles, such as "Your obedient servant," "yours to command," etc.

IRONY consists in *reproving* under the appearance of *praising*—laughing at a man under the disguise of appearing to speak well of him, etc. In spoken irony, the true meaning is generally discerned from the manner of the speaker, as by a smile, an arch look, or perhaps by an affected gravity of countenance; and in written language by the context, circumstances of the object, etc. If one known to be a very impudent fellow should be spoken of as "a person of his distinguished modesty," it would be an instance of strong irony.

*Satire* is a discourse, or poem, in which wickedness or folly is exposed with severity. Unlike the *lampoon*, it is general, and not personal; and its object is the reformation of what it exposes.



## MINOR QUALITIES OF STYLE.

In addition to the greater or less use of the figures of speech which distinguish different writers, the style of a writer may be bold, nervous, stiff, abrupt, weak or feeble, simple, affected, pure or chaste, florid, concise, diffuse, bombastic, etc.

A **Bold** style is one in which both the thought and the manner are bold and startling, and in which the principles advanced are carried out to their legitimate results.

A **Nervous** or forcible style is one that is characterized by vigor and energy of manner and thought—a style that makes a deep and lasting impression.

A **Stiff** or formal style is one that is harsh, constrained, not natural and easy; corresponding to the stiff and formal in behavior.

An **Abrupt** style is one in which the sentences are short and abrupt, and the thoughts appear to be unconnected—in which there are sudden changes from one subject to another.

A **Weak** or feeble style is one which is commonplace in manner and matter, and that has little power to arrest the attention or excite the feelings.

A **Simple** style is one in which there is little *apparent* labor, and no attempt at any thing but merely to be understood; but it is not puerile and childish. Some of the best descriptions of Irving are notable for their great *simplicity* of style.

A **Pure** or chaste style is one that uses pure and correct English; a style that avoids the use of obsolete words on the one hand, and of newly-coined and foreign words on the other.

An **Affected** style—the opposite of a simple style—is one that is given to false show—a *pretentious* style. It is a style that makes great pretensions, with but few corresponding results.

A **Florid** style is one in which there is great profusion of ornament, an over-abundance of figurative language. It shows an obvious desire to produce effect; a fondness for the pomp and parade of language.

A **Concise** style is one in which a writer or speaker expresses his thoughts in few words, without circumlocution, and with little ornament. It is a style which retrenches all superfluities, and marks the distinct and accurate writer. It is *precision in language*.

A **Diffuse** or loose style—which characterizes a prolix writer—is a style that uses many words to express the meaning. It is the opposite of a concise style. One great source of a diffuse style is the injudicious use of those words termed synonyms.

A **Bombastic** style is one in which great swelling words are used to express common thoughts; and it arises out of a serious endeavor to raise a low or familiar subject above its rank. A species of the bombastic is what is sometimes called fustian or rant, such as boisterous, empty declamation—"the rant of fanatics."



Both in style and subject-matter a writer may also be humorous, pathetic, or sublime.

A **Humorous** writer is one who, affecting to be grave and serious, paints his objects in such colors as to excite mirth and laughter. A humorous writer is a *witty* writer; but while *wit* may consist of a single brilliant thought, *humor* is a continuous and pleasing flow of wit. Wit often offends, but humor is always agreeable. The poets Hood, Holmes, and Saxe have written many humorous pieces.

The **Pathetic** in writing is that which is calculated to move the feelings, particularly the feelings of pity, sorrow, and grief. It is in the pathetic part of a discourse that eloquence exerts its greatest power. The poets Hood and Holmes are noted both for their humor and pathos.

The **Sublime** in writing—which is adapted to grand and noble objects only—consists of boldness and grandeur in the thoughts, so expressed in language as to fill the mind with lofty conceptions. In the sacred Scriptures are found the highest instances of the sublime. The most noted example is the following: “God said, Let there be light, and there was light.” See page 239 for examples. *Bombast* is one species of false sublime.

## II. THE ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

Next to the primary requisites of a clear articulation and correct pronunciation, the vocal expression which shall correctly picture forth the varied thoughts, sentiments, and feelings intended to be conveyed by written language, depends upon the following **MODES** of the voice. The voice is varied by different modes and degrees of Quantity, Force, Stress, Time, Pitch, Emphasis, Quality, and Inflection.

**QUANTITY** relates to the volume or quantity of sound given to syllables. Thus the syllable *pit* is incapable of receiving the same quantity of sound that can be given to the syllable *rōll*; yet either may be pronounced with greater or less volume or prolongation of sound, without varying the degree of *force*. Quantity is increased both by *Force* and *Time*.

**FORCE** gives increased loudness to sound, and hence, while the *time* given to the pronunciation of a syllable remains the same, Force increases the *quantity* or *volume* of sound. Although the volume of sound may vary from a soft and short whisper to a vehement and prolonged shout, yet it is sufficient for practical purposes to make only three degrees of it, *soft*, *moderate*, and *loud*.

*Soft* and gentle tones, with little force, are used to express pathetic and subdued feelings, caution, secrecy, wonder, reverence, awe, pity, tenderness, and love.

*Moderate* force is used in unimpassioned discourse, and in reading narrative, descriptive, or didactic writings.

*Loud* force is used in powerful appeals to a multitude, and in expressing all violent passions and vehement emotions, such as anger, command, exultation.

A full medium volume of sound distinguishes manly sentiments from childlike emotions. It is also the expression of noble manhood, as differing both from the light treble of childhood, and the thin voice of old age which “pipes and whistles in its sound.”

**STRESS.** The different degrees of force and quantity may be applied with greater or less *stress* of the voice—*abruptly*, to express command, indignation, anger, defiance, spite, revenge, sudden fear, etc. ; or *smoothly* and uniformly, to express animated, joyous, beautiful, noble, and generally all pleasant thoughts and feelings.

**TIME.** The *time* that should be given to the pronunciation of syllables, to pauses, and, consequently, to the entire reading of a piece, must also depend upon the character of the piece. If the piece be grave or pathetic, it will require *slow* time in the enunciation. If it be a narrative or descriptive piece, it will require *medium* or moderate time—that is, of the standard measure of all unemotional language. If the piece be animated or joyous, humorous and witty, it will require a somewhat *rapid* enunciation. The length, both of the grammatical and elocutionary pauses, will also vary according to the character of the piece.

**PITCH OF VOICE.** Pitch of voice has reference to its degree of elevation, as being *high* or *low* in tone. The medium of elevation in reading any piece is called the *Key Note*, or governing note, below and above which the voice of a speaker may range from the lowest to the highest clear sound which he can make. The extent of this range is called his *compass of voice*.

The *Middle Pitch* is the governing or key note in common conversation and in unimpassioned thought. Language of little or no emotion admits but a moderate range of voice.

The *Low Pitch* is the key note for the language of sublimity, awe, and reverence. Such language admits less range of voice than the former, approaching, in some cases, almost to *monotone*, or entire sameness of tone. (See examples of monotone, pp. xxv., 240.)

The *High Pitch* is the natural key note for animated and joyous pieces. Such pieces also admit the greatest range or compass of voice, and the greatest variety in change of tone.

**EMPHASIS.** Emphasis is a forcible stress of voice upon some word or words in a sentence, on account of their significance and importance. Sometimes it merely gives *prolonged loudness* to a word, but generally the various inflections are connected with it. Thus it not only gives additional *force* to language, but the sense often depends upon it.

EXAMPLES.—I did not say he struck *me*; I said he struck *John*.

I did not say he *struck* me; I said he *pushed* me.

I did not say *he* struck me; I said *John* did.

I did not *say* he struck me; but I *wrote* it.

*I* did not say he struck me; but *John* said he did.

Emphatic words are usually denoted by being printed in *italics*, as in the foregoing examples; but when the emphasis is designed to be very marked, CAPITALS are sometimes used, thus: *To Arms! TO ARMS! TO ARMS!* he cried. I repeat it, sir, we must FIGHT!

QUALITY. *Quality* of voice has reference to the *kind of sound* uttered. Thus the tones of a good voice may be described as *strong, clear, full, deep, mellow, smooth, flexible, sonorous, and natural*; while those of a bad or disagreeable voice may be *feeble, husky, thin, shrill, hard, harsh, inflexible, dull, nasal, or affected*.

The principal qualities of the voice that require special cultivation for the purposes of oratorical expression are the Pure Tone, the Orotund, the Aspirated, and the Guttural.

The *Pure Tone* is the appropriate voice for narrative, descriptive, didactic, or argumentative style, and for the expression of all tranquil and cheerful emotions.

The *Orotund* is the Pure Voice *deepened* and intensified, sonorous, round and full, rich and thrilling. It is adapted to the expression of earnest and vehement feelings, awe, grandeur, vastness, power, deep pathos, fervent love, etc.

The *Aspirated Tone* is a forcible breathing utterance, often approaching nearly to an intensified *whisper*. It is used to express paralyzing fear, awe mingled with fear, amazement, terror, caution, secrecy, etc.

*Aspirated Tone: Quick Time: Low Pitch: Abrupt Stress.*

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!  
Did ye not hear it?

*Aspirated Tone: Slow Time: Low Pitch.*

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

The *Guttural Quality* is a deep, but aspirated and *harsh* tone of voice, used to express aversion, hatred, revenge, loathing, disgust, contempt, combined with energy of purpose.

*Shylock*. He hath *disgraced* me, and hindered me of half a million; *laughed* at my losses, *mocked* at my gains, *scorned* my nation, *thwarted* my bargains, *cooled* my friends, *heated* mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?

INFLECTIONS. Inflections are turns or slides of the voice. Intimately connected with emphasis, force, time, and quality, they furnish the most ample and varied lights and shades of emotional expression. (For a description of the inflections, see Third Reader, p. vii.)

## MELODY.

The proper variations or modulations of the voice within its natural and easy range or compass, embracing the subjects of quantity, force, time, pitch, quality, and inflections, constitute *melody*, which may be defined "an agreeable succession of sounds." The accented syllables of words are the chief

reliance for increasing the melody, while the unaccented syllables form the ladder on which melody glides from tone to tone.

Melody is generally desirable, but not always. The natural expression of the *fury* of passion has as little melody in it as the discordant clash of arms, and the frantic shrieks and yells of a body of madmen. As the object of language is to represent real life, it must picture its discords as well as its harmonies. (See Collins's Ode to the Passions.)

#### GENERAL PRINCIPLES WHICH GOVERN THE INFLECTIONS, AND RULES FOR THEIR APPLICATION.

**POSITIVE AND COMPLETE IDEAS.** Certainty and completeness as to the leading idea in the mind of the speaker or hearer, and thoughts *positive* and fully expressed, incline the voice to the *falling* inflection—the *natural sign* of a completed expression, that is to receive no modification. This principle embraces completion of the sense; positive, full, and complete affirmation and declaration; and all unmodified ideas generally.

**RELATIVE AND INCOMPLETE IDEAS.** Uncertainty as to the leading idea in the mind of the speaker or hearer, ideas expressed relatively to other ideas, and incomplete thought, incline the voice to the *rising* inflection—the *natural sign* either of uncertainty, or that the idea is not yet fully expressed. This principle includes cases of doubt; the sense incomplete; ideas that are to be modified or explained; and all that are made to *contrast* with positive and complete ideas.

Although these are principles of almost universal application, covering nearly all the important points of inflection, yet they are not always very apparent, owing chiefly to the *inverted* forms in which sentences are now often found; and in minor particulars the desire for *Melody* sometimes sets them aside, as in the case of the rising inflection near the close of a sentence. (See Rule VII.) *Emphasis* also sometimes requires a departure from the principle. We shall therefore give the usual and more definite rules for the inflections, but with such explanations of the illustrative examples as will show the very *general* application of the foregoing principles to the *philosophy of expression*. We shall thereby, while we retain the old rules that are easily comprehended and readily applied, gain the advantage of presenting the *reasons* on which they are founded.

**RULE I.**—Direct questions, or those that can be answered by yes, or no, generally require the rising inflection, and their answers the falling.

EXAMPLES.—Do you think he will come to-day'?<sup>a</sup> No'; I think he will not'.—Was that Henry'? No'; it was John'.—Did you see William'? Yes', I did'.—Are you going to town to-day'? No', I shall go to-morrow'.

## MODIFICATIONS OF RULE I.

NOTE I.—Answers that are given in a careless or indifferent manner, or in a tone of slight disrespect, take the rising inflection in all cases.

EXAMPLES.—Did you see William'? I did'.—What did he say to you'? Not much'. See, also, Lesson II., p. 39, of Second Reader.

NOTE II.—Direct questions, when they have the nature of an appeal, or are spoken in an exclamatory manner, take the *falling* inflection. In these cases the voice often falls *below* the general pitch, contrary to the general rule for the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.—Is not that a beautiful sight'?—Will you persist in doing it'?<sup>b</sup> Is it right'?—Is it just'?

Was ever woman in this humor wooed'?

Was ever woman in this humor won'?

NOTE III.—When a direct question is not understood, and is *repeated* with emphasis, the repeated question takes the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.—Will you speak to him to-day'? If the question is not understood, it is repeated with the falling inflection, thus: Will you speak to him to-day'?—Are you going to Salem'? I said, Are you going to Salem'?<sup>d</sup>

Remarks.—*a.* Here are doubt and uncertainty in the mind of the speaker—not a positive, but a *relative* idea; hence the rising inflection. The answer is *positive*, requiring the *falling* inflection.

*b.* The leading and controlling idea here is the *positive* one, in the mind of the speaker, that the thing referred to is so manifestly wrong that the individual addressed ought *not* to persist in doing it. This idea is so strong as to overshadow the doubtful idea whether he will or will not persist in doing it.

*c.* The controlling idea is the *positive* one, that it is *not* right.

*d.* Here the speaker merely asserts or declares what his former question was.

RULE II.—The pause of *suspension*, denoting that the sense is unfinished, such as a succession of particulars that are *not emphatic*, cases of direct address, sentences implying condition, the case absolute, etc., generally requires the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.—John', James', and William', come here.—The great', the good', the honored', the noble', the wealthy', alike pass away.

Friends', Romans', countrymen', lend me your ears.

Jesus saith unto him, Simon', son of Jonas', lovest thou me'?

Ye hills', and dales', ye rivers', woods', and plains',

And ye that live and move, fair creatures', tell',

Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus'; how here'?

NOTE I.—For cases in which *emphatic* succession of particulars modifies this rule, see Rule VIII.

NOTE II.—Sentences which are *inverted in form* often bring the pause

of suspension, and consequently the rising inflection, at the close, thus forming an apparent, but not real exception to the rule. Thus :

Then said Agrippa unto Festus',<sup>e</sup> This man might have been set at liberty'<sup>f</sup> if he had not appealed unto Cæsar'.<sup>g</sup>

Ingratitude is, therefore, a species of injustice', said Socrates. I should think so', answered Leander'.

If we change the expression to the more natural form, these examples will read :

Then said Agrippa unto Festus',<sup>e</sup> If this man had not appealed unto Cæsar',<sup>g</sup> he might have been set at liberty'.<sup>f</sup>

Ingratitude is, therefore, a species of injustice', said Socrates. Leander answered', I should think so'.

**Remarks.**—*e.* Uncertainty—the thought incomplete—requires the *rising* inflection.

*f.* This is a positive assertion, and requires the *falling* inflection.

*g.* This clause, if standing alone, leaves the sense incomplete, or *relative*, and therefore requires the *rising* inflection.

**RULE III.**—Indirect questions, or those which can not be answered by yes or no, generally require the falling inflection, and their answers the same.

**EXAMPLES.**—When did you see James'? Yesterday'.—When will he come again'? To-morrow'.

Who say the people that I am'? They answering, said, John the Baptist'; but some say Elias'; and others say that one of the old prophets' is risen again.

Did you see William'?<sup>i</sup> Yes'.<sup>j</sup> Did he say any thing'?<sup>k</sup> Yes'.<sup>l</sup> What did he say'?<sup>m</sup>

**NOTE.**—But when the indirect question is one asking a *repetition* of what was not at first understood, it takes the *rising* inflection. “What did he say'?” is an indirect question, with the falling inflection, asking for information. But if I myself *heard* the person speak, and did not fully understand him, and then ask some person to *repeat* what he said, I give my question the *rising* inflection, thus, “What' did he say'?”<sup>n</sup>

**Remarks.**—*h.* This has the falling inflection, because the controlling idea in the mind of the questioner is the *positive* one, that James *will come again*, and the “when” is an accessory or subordinate idea. If the “when” had been the *leading* idea, the question would have been, “Will he come again'?”

*i.* Here is uncertainty in the mind of the speaker.

*j.* The idea conveyed by the answer is a *positive* one.

*k.* Here is uncertainty again. *l.* The answer is *positive*.

*m.* Here the *controlling* idea, made *positive* by the preceding answer, is that William actually *said something*. Hence the falling inflection for the last question.

*n.* Here, as the “*what*” is made *emphatic*, the controlling idea is, *not* that he *said something*, as in the former case, but the whole force of the mind is directed for the moment as to “*what*” he said. As this is not a *positive*, but a *relative* idea, the question takes the rising inflection.



**RULE IV.**—A completion of the sense, whether at the close or any other part of the sentence, requires the falling inflection.

**EXAMPLES.**—He that saw me' saw you also', and he who aided me once' will aid me again'.

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void'; and darkness was on the face of the deep': and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters'.

**NOTE.**—But when strong emphasis, with the falling inflection, comes near the close of a sentence, the voice often takes the rising inflection at the close.

**EXAMPLES.**—If William does not come, I think *John*' will be here'.<sup>o</sup>—If he *should* come, *what*' would you do'?

CASSIUS. What night is this?

CASCA. A very pleasing night to *honest*' men'.

*Proceed*', I am attentive'.

This is the course rather of our enemies, than of *friends*' of our country's liberty'.

If the witness does not believe in God, or a future state, you can not *swear*' him'.<sup>p</sup>

**Remarks.**—*o*. If we change the sentence to its more natural form, it will read, "I think *John*' will be here', even if William does *not*' come';" which shows that the thought is not fully *completed* with the word "here."

*p*. With the falling inflection and emphasis on "*swear*'," and the rising inflection on "*him*,'" the idea is changed from that of an independent, positive assertion (which it would be if "*him*" had *not* the rising inflection) to that of an unfinished or incomplete assertion, as thus expressed: "You can not *swear*' him', even if he does not believe in God or a future state'."

**RULE V.**—Words and clauses connected by the disjunctive *or*, generally require the rising inflection before the disjunctive, and the falling after it. Where several words are thus connected *in the same clause*, the rising inflection is given to all except the last.

**EXAMPLES.**—Will you go' or stay'? I will go'.—Will you go in the buggy', or the carriage', or the cars', or the coach'?<sup>q</sup> I will go in the cars'.

He may study law', or medicine', or divinity'; *or*', he may enter into trade'.

The baptism of John, was it from heaven', or of men'?

Did he travel for health', or for pleasure'?

Did he resemble his father', or his mother'?

**NOTE I.**—When the disjunctive *or* is made emphatic, with the falling inflection, it is followed by the rising inflection, in accordance with the note to Rule IV.; as, "He *must* have traveled for health, *or*' pleasure'."<sup>r</sup>

**EXAMPLES.**—He must either *work*', *or*' study'.—He must be a *mechanic*, *or*' a lawyer'.<sup>s</sup>—He must get his living in *one* way, *or*' the other'.

**NOTE II.**—When *or* is used *conjunctively*, as no contrast is denoted by it, it requires the *rising* inflection *after* as well as before it, except when the clause or sentence expresses a *completion* of the sense.

**EXAMPLES.**—Did he give you money', or food', or clothing'? No', he gave me nothing'.

**Remarks.**—*q*. While the possible alternatives are still in the mind of the



speaker, and the idea is not yet positive or complete, the voice keeps to the rising inflection; but when the alternatives are exhausted with the word "coach," the voice falls, and the completed idea is then *positive* that the party addressed must go in *one* of the ways specified. But if the word "coach" had the *rising* inflection, it would show that it was not positive, in the mind of the speaker, that the party addressed would go in *either* of those ways.

r. The true reason for the falling inflection on "pleasure" is, that the idea is not fully completed here. There is a *because* in the mind of the speaker which is not expressed; as if he would have said, "He *must* have traveled for health', or' pleasure'; *because* there could have been no other motive to influence him." The same reason applies to another example here:

s. "He *must* be a mechanic', or' a lawyer'; *because* no other alternative is left to him."

RULE VI.—When *negation* is opposed to *affirmation*, the former takes the rising and the latter the falling inflection, in whatever order they occur. Comparison and contrast (antithesis) come under the same head.

EXAMPLES.—I did not *hear* him', I *saw* him'.—I said he was a good soldier', not' a good citizen'.—He will not come to-day', but to-morrow'.—He did not call me', but you'.—He means dutiful', not undutiful'.—I come to *bury* Cæsar', not to *praise* him'.

This is no time for a tribunal of justice', but for showing mercy'; not for accusation', but for philanthropy'; not for trial', but for pardon'; not for sentence and execution', but for compassion and kindness'.

*Comparison and Contrast*.—Homer was the greater genius', Virgil the better artist'; in the one we most admire the man', in the other the work'.—There were tyrants at home', and robbers abroad'.

By honor' and dishonor'; by evil report' and good report'; as deceivers', and yet true'; as unknown', and yet well known'; as dying', and behold we live'; as chastened', and not killed'; as sorrowful', yet always rejoicing'; as poor', yet making many rich'; as having nothing', yet possessing all things'.

When our vices leave *us*', we flatter ourselves we leave *them*'.

The prodigal robs his *heir*', the miser robs *himself*'.

NOTE I.—Negative sentences which imply a continuance of thought, although they may not be opposed to affirmation, frequently close with the rising inflection; as,

True politeness is not a mere compliance with arbitrary *custom*'.

Do not suppose that I would *deceive* you'.

These things do not make your *government*'.

This is nearly allied in character to Rule IX.; and such examples as those under Note I. may be considered as expressive of *tender* emotion, in opposition to *strong* emotion. Affirmative sentences similar to the foregoing require the rising inflection, in accordance with Rule IX., when they express *tender* emotion; as,

I trust you will *hear* me'. I am sure you are mistaken'.

But, sir, the poor must not starve'; they must be taken care of'.

NOTE II.—When, in contrasted sentences, negation is attended with deep and calm feeling, it requires the falling inflection.

EXAMPLE.—We are perplexed', but not in despair'; persecuted', but not forsaken'.

Remarks.—*t.* In antithetic or contrasted clauses, the *natural order* seems to be to place the *most emphatic* of the two clauses last, and to give it the falling inflection, to express a fully completed thought. Then the first clause is incomplete in idea, and has the rising inflection. Thus: "I do not come to *praise* Cæsar', but I come to *bury* him'."

*u.* Here the *negative* clause contains the leading, emphatic, and *positive* idea, and has, consequently, the falling inflection. The affirmative clause has the rising inflection, indicating that the sense is not yet complete, and that something more is to follow.

RULE VII.—For the sake of variety and harmony, the last pause but one in a sentence is usually preceded by the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.—The minor longs to be of age'; then to be a man of business'; then to arrive at honors'; then to retire'.

Time taxes our health', our limbs', our faculties', our strength', and our features'.

NOTE.—The foregoing rule is sometimes departed from in the case of an emphatic succession of particulars, for which, see Rule VIII.

In the second example above, the rising inflection is given to the words *health*, *limbs*, etc., both because they are *not* attended with strong emphasis, and because they *are* followed by the pause of suspension.

Remark.—*v.* Here the *melody* of the sentence requires the rising inflection, and we know no other reason to assign for it.

RULE VIII.—1st. *A Commencing Series.*

In an *emphatic series of particulars*, where the series begins the sentence, but does not either end it or form complete sense, every particular *except the last* should have the falling inflection.

EXAMPLE.—Our *disordered hearts*', our *guilty passions*', our *violent prejudices*', and *misplaced desires*', are the instruments of the trouble which we endure.

2d. *A Concluding Series.*

When the series ends the sentence, or forms complete sense, every particular in the series, *except the last but one*, should have the falling inflection; and, indeed, *all* should have it, if the closing member of the series is of sufficient length to admit a pause with the rising inflection, before the end.

EXAMPLE.—Charity suffereth long', and is kind'; charity *envieth* not'; charity *vaunteth* not itself'; is not puffed up'; doth not behave itself *unseemly*'; seeketh not her *own*'; is not easily *provoked*'; thinketh no *evil*'.

NOTE.—The degree of emphasis, and often of solemnity, with which the successive particulars are mentioned, decides, in cases of the pause of suspension (see Rule II.), whether the rising or the falling inflection is to be

used. Thus a succession of particulars which one reader deems *unimportant*, will be read by him throughout with the rising inflection, while another, feeling more deeply, will use the falling inflection. Thus:

1. The birds sing', the lambs play', the grass grows', the trees are green', and all nature is beautiful'.

2. The blind see'; the lame walk'; the lepers are cleansed'; the deaf hear'; the dead are raised'; and to the poor' the Gospel is preached'.

In this example *all* the particulars have the falling inflection.

The first line in Marc Antony's harangue is read differently by equally good readers; but the difference arises wholly from their different appreciation of the spirit and intention of the speaker. Thus:

Friends', Romans', countrymen', lend me your ears'!

Friends', Romans', countrymen', lend me your ears'!

If Antony designed to characterize "countrymen" with peculiar emphasis, he gave it the *falling* inflection, otherwise he gave the word no greater prominence than the preceding words "friends" and "Romans."

**Remark.**—*w.* Here each *emphatic clause* requires the falling inflection, although the idea is not yet complete, and no more positive in character than in the clauses of example 1, under the foregoing note.

**RULE IX.**—Expressions of *tender* emotion, such as grief, pity, kindness, gentle joy, a gentle reproof, gentle appeal, gentle entreaty or expostulation, etc., commonly require a gentle *rising* inflection.

**EXAMPLES.**—Mary'! Mary'! do' not do so'.

My mother'! when I learned that thou wast dead',

Say', wast thou conscious' of the tears' I shed'?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son',

Wretch even then', life's journey just begun'?

I would not live away'; I ask not to stay,

Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way';<sup>x</sup>

I would not live away, thus fettered by sin';

Temptation without, and corruption within';—

Is your *father*' well', the *old man*' of whom ye spake'? Is *he*' yet alive'?

**Remark.**—*x.* The true reason for the use of the rising inflection in this and similar cases seems to be, that the idea in the mind of the speaker is still incomplete in the expression. The reasons *why* he "would not live away," though unexpressed, are in his mind, and lead him to give his voice that kind of elevated suspension which always denotes *continuation* of the idea, and is here expressive, also, of tender emotion.

**RULE X.**—Expressions of *strong* emotion, such as the language of exclamation (not designed as a question), authority, surprise, distress, denunciation, lamentation, earnest entreaty, command, reproach, terror, anger, hatred, envy, revenge, etc., and strong affirmation, require the *falling* inflection.

**EXAMPLES.**—What a piece of work is man'! How noble in reason'! how infinite in faculties'! in action', how like an angel'! in apprehension', how like a God'!

My lords, I am *amazed*'; yes, my lords, I am *amazed*' at his Grace's speech.

Woe unto you Pharisees! Woe unto you Scribes!

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and said unto him, *Rabboni*.

I tell you, though *you*, though all the *world*, though an angel from *heaven* should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it.

I *dare* accusation. I *defy* the honorable gentleman.

I'd rather be a *dog*, and bay the *moon*, than *such* a Roman.

CAS. O ye *gods*! ye *gods*! must I endure all this?

BRU. All this? ay, and *more*.

NOTE.—When exclamatory sentences become questions, they require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.—*What* are you saying!—*Where* are you going!

They planted by *your* care! No! your oppressions planted them in America.

REMARK.—*y*. This is equivalent to the declaration, "He is noble in reason," and is therefore expressive of a positive idea, completed in the expression.

*z*. This is equivalent to "You are blocks! you are stones!" etc., a positive declaration.

#### THE CIRCUMFLEX OR WAVE.

RULE XI.—Hypothetical expressions, sarcasm, and irony, and sentences *implying* a comparison or contrast that is not fully expressed, often require a union of the two inflections on the same syllable.

EXPLANATION.—In addition to the rising and falling slides or inflections, there is what is called the *circumflex* or *wave*, which is a union of the two on the same syllable. It is a significant twisting or waving of the voice, generally first downward and then upward, but sometimes the reverse, and is attended with a sensible *protraction* of sound on the syllable thus inflected. It is marked thus: (~~) as, "I may possibly go to-morrow, though I can not go to-day." "I did it myself, sir. Surprising! *Yōu* did it!"

The circumflex is significant of *double meaning*, mockery, or insinuation, as distinguished from those *straight* slides of the voice which denote earnestness and sincerity.

EXAMPLES.—I grant you I was *dōwn*, and out of breath; and so was he.

And but for these vile *gūns*, he would himself have been a soldier.

QUEEN. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.

HAMLET. Madam, *yōu* have my father much offended.

SHYLOCK. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my *revēnge*.

Hath a *dōg* money? Is it possible a *cūrr* can lend two thousand ducats?

They tell *ūs* to be moderate; but *thēy*, *thēy* are to revel in profusion.

*Yōu* pretend to reason? You don't so much as know the first elements of reasoning.

NOTE.—A nice distinction in sense sometimes depends upon the right use of the inflections.

EXAMPLES.—"I did not give a *s̄*xpence'."

"I did not give a sixpence'."

The circumflex on *s̄ixpence* implies that I gave more or less than that sum; but the falling inflection on the same word implies that I gave nothing at all.

“Hume said he would go twenty miles to hear Whitefield preach” (here the circumflex implies the contrast), “but he would take no pains to hear an ordinary<sup>1</sup> preacher.”

“A man who is in the daily use of ardent spirits, if he does not become a *drúukard*<sup>1</sup>, is in danger of losing his health and character.”

The rising inflection on the closing syllable of *drunkard* would pervert the meaning wholly, and assert that, in order to preserve health and character, one must become a drunkard.

“The dog would have died if they had not cut off his head.”

The falling inflection on *died* would make the cutting off his head necessary to saving his life.

A physician says of a patient, “He is *bétter*<sup>1</sup>.” This implies a positive amendment. But if he says, “He is *bétter*’,” it denotes only a partial and perhaps doubtful amendment, and implies, “But he is still dangerously sick.”

#### THE MONOTONE.

**RULE XII.**—The *monotone*, which is a succession of words on the same key or pitch, is often employed in passages of solemn denunciation, sublime description, or expressing deep reverence and awe. It is marked with the short horizontal dash over the accented vowel.

**EXAMPLES.**—And one cried unto another, and said, Hôly, hôly, hôly is the Lôrd of hôsts. The whôle eârth is full of his glôry.

Blêssing, hônor, glôry, and pôwer be ûnto him that sitteth on the thrône, and to the Lâmb forêver and evêr.

### PRINCIPLES OF GENERAL APPLICATION.

The first and most important is, “Be sure you understand what you read, and endeavor to express the sentiments of the author as you would express the same if they were *your own*, and you were *talking*.” No one can read well who does not fully adhere to this principle.

In the second place, those who would excel in reading should cultivate every manly and noble virtue; for no one can fully express noble sentiments unless he *feels* them. Counterfeit imitations will be detected. In the language of Dr. Blair: “A true orator” (and, we may add, a correct and effective *reader*) “should be a person of generous sentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned toward the admiration of all those great and high objects which mankind are naturally forced to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he should at the same time possess strong and tender sensibility to all the injuries, distresses, and sorrows of his fellow-creatures; a heart that can readily enter into the circumstances of others, and *make their case his own*.”

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#### KEY TO THE SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS.

Fâte, fât, fâr, càre, làst, call, whàt, mète, mêt, thêre, têrm, prây, pîque, pine, pîn, bird, nôte, nôt, dôve, prôve, wôlf, boôk, mûte, bût, rôle, full.

Call, chàise, chorus, gentle, has, thîne, lon<sup>g</sup>ger, ví<sup>c</sup>ious.



# HARPER'S UNITED STATES SERIES.

## FIFTH READER.

### LESSON I. BUBBLE BLOWING.



1. "COME', Alice'," said Frank to his sister, "be quick':  
We will blow such fine bubbles to-day';  
The basin is ready, and so is the pipe,  
And mamma has just said that we may.  
So lay down your doll, for I long to begin,  
And whoe'er blows the largest and brightest shall win.

2. "You may blow the first bubble—so take up the pipe—  
While I blow them up high in the air.  
Ah! how pretty they look as they float in the sun,  
With their colors so lovely and rare!<sup>a</sup>  
I wish they would last for an hour or more;  
But they burst in the air, or soon sink on the floor.
3. "Ah! look! Alice', look! what a bubble you've blown!  
Such a beautiful yellow and pink!  
'Tis the largest and brightest that I have seen yet,  
And the *highest*, I *really* think.  
Now, Alice', 'tis *my* turn, and *I'll* have a try',  
And you shall blow', 'sister', again, by-and-by."
4. So each blew the bubbles, and both did their best,  
Till at length their mamma came to say  
It was time to attend to their studies again,  
And to put pipe and basin away.  
"But first," said mamma, "I've a few words for each:  
Let us see if the bubble some lesson can teach.
5. "There are bubbles of gold', of pleasure', and fame',  
And their colors are gaudy<sup>b</sup> and bright';  
And many there are who the shadows<sup>c</sup> behold,  
That are dazzled<sup>d</sup> and charmed<sup>e</sup> by the sight;  
But again and again they lead people astray:  
They are bubbles that burst, or soon vanish away."
6. "When temptation<sup>f</sup> shall urge you, my children, to do  
What you know to be wicked and wrong,  
Though the sin may *seem* pleasant, and pretty to view,  
As it floats very gayly along',  
Go not after the phantom,<sup>g</sup> but earnestly say,  
'It is but a bubble that passes away.'"
- Anon.

<sup>a</sup> RÂRE, uncommon, and beautiful.

<sup>b</sup> GAUD'-y, showy; splendid.

<sup>c</sup> SHÂD'-ows, the bubbles of gold, etc., are here called *shadows*.

<sup>d</sup> DÂZ'-ZLED, blinded by the light.

<sup>e</sup> CHÂRMED, delighted.

<sup>f</sup> TÊMPT-Â'-TION, enticement to evil.

<sup>g</sup> PHÂN'-TOM, an unreal, or delusive appearance.

[ANALYSIS of the Lesson, to aid the Teacher in questioning the Class.—Frank and his sister Alice are blowing bubbles, as shown in the cut on the preceding page. Both do their best, till their mamma calls them away to attend to their studies, when she draws a moral from bubble blowing. Different kinds of bubbles: their appearance; they dazzle and charm, and lead people astray. Temptation to wrong, though it may *seem* pleasant, and pretty to view, is but "a bubble that passes away."

What is prose? What is poetry? What is rhyme? (See p. x.) This lesson is in the



form of *descriptive* poetry ; and its leading object is to trace a *simile*, or comparison, between bubbles and the allurements of gold, pleasure, and fame, for the purpose of presenting sinful temptations in a more impressive light. What is a *simile* ? (See p. x.) What beautiful figure of speech is introduced in the 6th verse ? (Ans. A *simile*. Sin is represented as floating gayly along, like a beautiful bubble.)

## LESSON II.

### MARY AND MABEL ; OR, WHO IS RICH ? WHO IS POOR ?

1. "THERE, puss," said little Mary, "you may have my dinner if you want it. I' can't eat it'. I'm *tired*' of bread and milk'. I have bread and milk every' day'." And she gave the bowl of bread and milk to puss, and then went out into the garden.

2. "I'm *tired* of this old brown house," said Mary. "I'm *tired* of that old barn, with its red eaves. I'm *tired* of this garden, with its rows of lilacs, its sunflowers, and its beds of catnip and pennyroyal. I'm *tired* of the old well, with its pole balancing in the air. I'm *tired* of the meadow, where the cows feed, and the hens are always picking up grasshoppers.

3. "I'm tired of *every thing*," said she. "I'm tired of this old brown dress', and these thick leather shoes', and my old sun-bonnet'. Why *shouldn't* I be tired of such old things' ? Why *should* I be happy' ?

4. "There! there comes a fine carriage. Isn't *that* nice' ! How smooth and shiny the horses are' ! How smart the coachman looks, with his white gloves' ! How nice it must be to be rich, and ride in a carriage ! Oh ! there's a little girl in it no older than I, and all alone, too !—a *rich* little girl, with a pretty rose-colored bonnet, and a silk dress, and cream-colored kid gloves. How happy she must be !

5. "See, she has beautiful curling hair ; and when she tells the coachman to go here ; and to go there, he minds her just as if she were a grown lady' ! Why did God make *her* rich', and *me* poor' ? Why did he let *her* ride in a carriage', and make *me* go barefoot' ? Why did he clothe *her* like a butterfly', and *me* like a caterpillar' ?"\*

\* The principle of comparison and contrast (Rule VI.) would require the first clause in

6. I had heard what the little girl said, and I called to her to come to me. Now climb into my lap; lay your head upon my shoulder—so. Now listen. You are well and strong, Mary, are you not'? Yes. You have enough to eat and drink'? Yes. You have a kind father and mother'? Yes. You can jump', and climb fences', and run about', and play almost any where you choose', can you not'? Yes.

7. Well, the little girl with the rose-colored bonnet, whom you saw riding in the carriage, is Mabel Gray: she is a poor little cripple. You saw her fine dress, and pretty pale face, but you did not see her little shrunken foot dangling<sup>a</sup> helplessly beneath the silken robe.

8. You saw the white-gloved coachman, and the silver-mounted harness, and the soft velvet cushions: but did you see the tear in their little owner's soft, dark eye, as she spied<sup>b</sup> you at the cottage door, rosy and light-footed, and free to ramble 'mid the fields and flowers? And yet you thought she *must* be happy.

9. You did not know that her little heart was aching for somebody to love her. You did not know that her mother loved her diamonds, and silks, and satins, better than her own little girl. You did not know that when her crippled limb pained her, and her head ached, she had no one to comfort her.

10. You did not know that through the long, weary day, her mother never took her gently on her lap, nor kissed her pale face, nor read to her pretty stories to charm her pain away, nor told her of that happy home where sickness, and pain, and sorrow never come.

11. You did not know that her mother never went to her child's little bed at night, to smooth her pillow, or put aside the ringlets from the flushed<sup>c</sup> cheek, or kneel by the little bed, and ask our heavenly Father to heal and bless her child. You did not know that the mother often

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each of these three questions to take the rising inflection, and some would read them in that way; but the rule for indirect questions requires the falling inflection, which we think the most appropriate here.

danced till the stars grew pale, while poor little Mabel tossed restlessly<sup>d</sup> from side to side, longing for a cool draught<sup>e</sup> for her parched<sup>f</sup> lips. You did not know how happy you *ought* to be, and how miserable little Mabel *was*.

12. "You won't be naughty any more'?" That's a good child. And now remember that money is not happiness; that fine clothes and fine carriages are not happiness; and that even this bright, beautiful world, with its birds, its flowers, and its sunshine, is dark without loving hearts to rest upon. Thank God for kind parents and a happy home. 'Tis *you* who are truly *rich*, Mary: pray for *poor* Mabel.

<sup>a</sup> DANG'-LING, hanging loosely.

<sup>b</sup> SPIED, saw; observed.

<sup>c</sup> FLUSHED, overspread with a red color.

<sup>d</sup> REST'-LESS, without rest; uneasily.

<sup>e</sup> DRAUGHT (draft), drink.

<sup>f</sup> PARCHED, dry; feverish.

[Little Mary, discontented, and tired of every thing that is old and familiar, thinks she has no cause to be happy: she thinks the little girl whom she sees beautifully dressed, and riding in a fine carriage, must be *very* happy. Who this little girl was, Mabel Gray—a cripple, etc. Mabel's mother. What things do *not* constitute happiness. What children should be thankful for.]

### LESSON III.

#### THE BLUEBIRD.

1. I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,  
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging:  
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary;  
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.<sup>a</sup>
2. Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat—  
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?  
Listen a while, and you'll hear what he's saying,  
Up in the apple-tree, swinging, and swaying.<sup>b</sup>
3. "Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,  
You must be weary of winter, I know;  
Hark while I sing you a message<sup>c</sup> of cheer<sup>d</sup>—  
*Summer* is coming! and *spring-time* is here!"
4. "Little white snowdrop! I pray you, arise;  
Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;  
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,  
Put on your mantles of purple and gold!"

Daffodils' ! daffodils' ! say', do you hear' ?—  
*Summer* is coming' ! and *spring-time* is here' !"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

<sup>a</sup> CHĒER'-Y, cheerful; gay.

<sup>b</sup> SWĀY'-ING, borne backward and forward  
 by the wind.

<sup>c</sup> MĒS'-SĀGE, song; any notice or word  
 sent.

<sup>d</sup> CHĒER, gladness; cheerfulness.

[The bluebird in the apple-tree. Why is the bluebird here called a "brave little fellow?" Which verses are supposed to be the bluebird's song? What figure of speech is it where the bluebird *addresses* the "blossoms" in the 3d verse, and the "snowdrop," "crocus," etc., in the 4th verse? (Apostrophe.) What is an *Apostrophe*?]

## LESSON IV.

### THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.



1. It was bitterly cold. The snow was falling; it was growing dark, and it was the last evening of the year.
2. In the cold and darkness, a poor little bareheaded and

barefooted girl went along the street. When she left home she had slippers on; but little good had they done her. They were very large old slippers, which her mother, since dead, had worn: so large were they that the little girl had lost both of them as she was hurrying across the street to get out of the way of two carriages which rolled rapidly by. One of the slippers was nowhere to be found; and a wicked boy had run off with the other.

3. So the little girl went on, with bare feet, while the snow fell thicker and faster. She carried a quantity of matches in a basket, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought any thing of her during that long day: no one had given her a single penny.

4. Hungry, and shivering with the cold, the poor little thing crept along. The large flakes of snow covered her long fair hair, which fell in ringlets around her thin pale face; but little was she thinking of her appearance now. In a corner between two houses she at length sought what shelter she could from the storm; and, nestling down close to the wall, she covered, as well as she could with her scanty garments, her poor little feet, which were red and blue with the cold.

5. But she grew colder and colder; and she feared to go home, for, as she had sold no matches, and could carry home no pennies to buy bread with, her father would beat her. Besides, it was cold at home; for she lived with her father up under the roof, where the wind and the snow came in, though the largest cracks had been stopped up with straw and rags.

6. Poor little thing! Her hands were already numb with cold. And she thought,—oh how much good one match would do her, if she might take one from the bundle, draw it across the wall, and warm her fingers by the flame! She drew one out—“*Risht!*” how it sputtered! how it burned! It burned with a warm bright flame, like a candle; and she bent her hand around it: it was a wonderful light!



7. It seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large iron stove, in which the fire burned brightly, warming all around. She stretched forth her feet to warm them too: but the flame went out, the stove disappeared, and there she sat with a little piece of the burned-out match in her hand.

8. Another match was lighted. It burned brightly; and the wall, where the light fell upon it, seemed to become like glass, so that she could see into the room beyond. And there was a table, on which was spread a snow-white cloth; and there were china plates; and at one end of the table a roasted goose was smoking. Oh! how delicious the fragrance!

9. But, what was still more delightful, the goose hopped down from the table, and, with a knife and fork sticking in it, waddled up to the little girl, when—the match went out, and nothing but the thick, cold wall and the drifting snow were to be seen.

10. She lighted another match; and, when it blazed forth, all at once she seemed to be sitting under the most splendid Christmas-tree. It was larger, and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen the Christmas before, through the window, in the rich merchant's house.

11. Thousands of little tapers were burning among the green branches; and beautiful pictures, such as she had seen in the shop windows, looked down upon her. The little maiden stretched forth her hands toward them, when—the match went out. But the lights of the Christmas-tree rose higher and higher, until they seemed to be like stars: then one fell—down—down—leaving, for a moment, a long trail of light in the sky.

12. "Some one is dying now," said the little girl; for her old grandmother, who alone had loved her, but who was now no more, had told her that when a star falls a soul takes its flight to heaven.

13. She drew another match across the wall; and in the light which it threw around, her old grandmother



seemed to stand before her; and oh! how bright! how mild was her countenance! and what an expression of love was there!

14. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "oh, take me with you! I am afraid you will go away as soon as the match goes out, just like the warm stove, the delicious roasted goose, and the Christmas-tree!" Then hastily she lighted the rest of the matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother with her as long as possible.

15. And the matches burned so brightly that it was lighter than day. Never before had her grandmother appeared so beautiful, and so tall. She took the little girl in her arms; and, in brightness and joy, they flew high—high up into the heavens, where they felt neither cold, nor hunger, nor fear;—for they were with God!



16. But in the corner between the two houses, at the cold hour of dawn, sat the little match girl, with rosy cheeks, and with a smiling mouth, leaning against the wall, half covered with snow, and frozen to death on that last night of the Old Year. Of her matches, one bundle had been burned.

17. "She has been trying to warm herself," people said.

But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen, nor with what splendor she had entered, with her grandmother, into the joys of a New Year.

HANS ANDERSEN.

[The little match girl described. How she lost her slippers. Had she succeeded in selling matches? Where did she seek shelter from the storm? Why did she fear to go home? How did she try to warm her fingers? Where did she seem to be, and what did she think she saw after each match which she lighted? The table, the roasted goose, the Christmas-tree, the falling-star, the grandmother, etc. What occurred on New Year's morning?

Under which class of prose writings does this lesson fall? What do *Novels* include? Why is this lesson in the *narrative* form? Why is it *descriptive* also? (See p. ix.) Why is it written in the *simple* style? Why is it *pathetic*? (See pp. xii. and xiii.)]

## LESSON V.

### THE TEMPEST.

1. WE were crowded in the cabin,  
Not a soul would dare to sleep;  
It was midnight on the waters,  
And a storm was on the deep.
2. 'Tis a fearful thing in winter,  
To be shattered in the blast;  
And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"
3. So we shuddered there in silence;  
For the stoutest held his breath,  
While the angry sea was roaring,  
And the breakers talked of death.
4. As thus we sat in darkness,  
Each one busy with his prayers—  
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,  
As he staggered down the stairs.
5. But his little daughter whispered,  
As she took his icy hand,  
"*Isn't God upon the ocean,  
Just the same as on the land'?*"
6. Then we kissed the little maiden,  
For we felt in better cheer;  
And we anchored safe in harbor  
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

[What is described in this lesson? What time of the day was it? What time of the year? What moral lesson is taught?

Is the expression, "*angry sea*," plain, or figurative language? (See page x.) The expression, "the breakers *talked of death*?" (What is *figurative language*?)]

## LESSON VI. THE TANGLED SKEIN.



1. It was only once in a great while that George was not willing to do what his mother wished him to do; and he was generally very ready to run and get any thing for her, and save her steps in any way. He was often called upon to aid her in winding a ball of yarn; and he always held the skein<sup>a</sup> for this purpose very willingly.

2. One day, while he was holding the skein for his mother, he was heedless<sup>b</sup> for a moment, and the yarn became very much tangled. He tried to get it straight; and, becoming a little vexed,<sup>c</sup> he pulled this way, and that, and at length the thread broke.

3. Impatiently seeking for the lost end, he soon found one; but the more he pulled on it, the more tangled the skein became; and before his mother could check him, he had broken the thread again!

4. "My child'! my child'!" said his mother, "*that's*' not the way'. You only make it all the more difficult' for me. *Get the right end*, and then, with a little patience, we can disentangle the skein."

5. So, as she was working over the tangled mass, she thought it a good time to give her little boy some good advice. "As you grow up," said she, "almost every thing will at times appear to be in a tangle; and if you get vexed, and lose command of your temper, all your efforts to get matters straight will be of no avail.<sup>d</sup>

6. "When you go out into the world, you will see men, vexed at finding things wrong, and impatient to set them right, pulling this way and that, just as you have been doing, and only making matters worse, because they do not begin *at the right end*.

7. "The impatient' man, the vexed' man, the angry' man, are always taking hold of things at the wrong' end. They walk blindly right into difficulties; and they are so obstinate<sup>e</sup> that they will not turn back; and so they flounder<sup>f</sup> about until they sink down exhausted<sup>g</sup> by their vain efforts.

8. "The way in which the world is managed does not suit some people. They do not see why some are rich' and others poor', some honored' and others despised', some happy' and others wretched', and so they complain about every thing', and find fault with every body', and are vexed because they can't make things change' to suit' them. But they fail in their efforts to mend' matters', because they do not begin *at the right end*.

9. "The world was once all right, just as it should be; but when sin came into it', every thing was thrown into confusion'; and from that day to this, wicked fingers have so tangled the skeins', that it sometimes seems impossible to unwind' them. Many of the skeins, indeed, are never unwound, but are all broken in pieces.

10. "And now, my son, don't you see that life itself is a great tangled skein, with broken threads'? But God has

told us, in his Bible, what he would have us *be'*, and what he would have us *do'*, in order that we may put the skein all right again. We must get hold of *the right end of the thread*; and if we do that, and patiently persevere in our good work, we may be certain that the tangle will soon disappear; and then, how smoothly the skein will unwind!

<sup>a</sup> SKEIN (*skāne*), several folds of thread, silk, or yarn.

<sup>b</sup> HEED'-LESS, careless; inattentive.

<sup>c</sup> VEX'ED, irritated; provoked.

<sup>d</sup> A-VAIL', use; profit; advantage.

<sup>e</sup> OB'-STI-NATE, stubborn; unyielding.

<sup>f</sup> FLOUN'-DER, struggle, as a horse in the mire.

<sup>g</sup> EX-HAUST'-ED (*egz-awst'-ed*), worn out; overcome.

[The story of a tangled skein of thread, with a moral. Narrate the story.

To what kind or class of writings do *stories* belong? (To novels, or fictions. See p. ix.) What kind of a story is this? (A *moral* story.) In what form is the *story* part of the lesson written? (In the *narrative* form.) Why is the moral part of the lesson *didactic*? (Because it contains precepts, or principles, designed for instruction.) What principles are taught in this lesson? (The folly of ever being impatient, vexed, angry, or obstinate; and the importance of beginning at the *right end*, if we would mend matters, and overcome difficulties.) How is life represented in the 10th verse?]

## LESSON VII.

### LITTLE WHITE LILY.



1. LITTLE White Lily  
Sat by a stone,  
Drooping and waiting  
Till the sun shone.  
Little White Lily  
Sunshine has fed;  
Little White Lily  
Is lifting her head.

2. Little White Lily  
Said, "It is good:  
Little White Lily's  
Clothing and food!  
Little White Lily  
Drest like a bride!  
Shining with brightness,  
And crowned beside!

3. Little White Lily  
Droopeth in pain,  
Waiting and waiting  
For the soft rain.

Little White Lily  
Holdeth her cup;  
Rain is fast falling,  
And filling it up.

4. Little White Lily  
Said, "Good again,  
I was so thirsty,  
Longing for rain.

Now I am stronger,  
Now I am cool;  
Heat can not harm me,  
My veins are so full."

5. Little White Lily  
Smells very sweet;  
On her head sunshine,  
Rain at her feet.  
Thanks to the sunshine!  
Thanks to the rain!  
Little White Lily  
Is happy again.

[This is a pretty, fanciful description of the lily—chilled by the cold, and revived by the sunshine; and then drooping for the want of rain, and revived by the gentle shower. What kind of language is it in which the lily is represented as *sitting, waiting, lifting her head, drooping in pain*, etc.? (See p. x.) What figure of speech is it in which the lily is spoken of as "*rest like a bride*?" The whole lesson is, also, an example of *personification*. Why? (See p. xi.)]

## LESSON VIII.

### THE OLD EAGLE TREE.

1. IN a remote field stood a large tulip-tree, apparently\* of a century's growth, and one of the most gigantic of that splendid species. It looked like the father of the surrounding forest. A single tree, of huge dimensions, standing all alone, is a sublime object.

2. On the top of this tree, an old eagle, commonly called the "Fishing Eagle," had built her nest every year for many years, and there, unmolested,<sup>b</sup> had raised her young. What is remarkable, as she procured her food from the ocean, this tree stood full ten miles from the sea-shore. It had long been known as the "Old Eagle Tree."

3. On a warm, sunny day, the workmen were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day the old eagle was known to set off for the sea-side, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree; and, by yelling, and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared



the poor bird that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph.

4. The men soon went away; but Joseph sat down under a bush near by to watch the movements of the bird, which, after making several large circuits<sup>c</sup> around the tree, again returned to her nest. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food, so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous,<sup>d</sup> that the boy was greatly moved.

5. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next."

6. Her indecision was but momentary; again she poised<sup>e</sup> herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to "lie still," balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea!

7. Joseph was determined to see the result. His eye followed her till she grew small, smaller—a mere speck in the sky—and then disappeared. What boy has not thus watched the flight of the bird of his country in this way?

8. She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned, on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons.<sup>f</sup>

9. On nearing the field, she made a circuit around it, to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached her tree, drooping, faint, and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution<sup>g</sup> of a dinner such as—save the cooking—a king might covet.<sup>h</sup>

10. "GLORIOUS BIRD!" cried the boy in ecstasy,<sup>i</sup> and aloud; "what a spirit! Other birds can fly swifter; others can sing more sweetly; others can scream louder; but what *other bird*, when persecuted and robbed—when wea-

ry—when discouraged—when so far from the sea—would do as thou hast done!

11. "GLORIOUS BIRD! I will learn a lesson from thee to-day. I will never forget, that when the spirit is determined, it can do almost any thing. Others would have drooped, and hung the head, and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings; but *thou*, by at once recovering the loss, hast forgotten all.

12. "I will learn of thee, *noble bird!* I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to *do* something, and to *be* something in the world; *I will never yield to discouragements.*"

REV. JOHN TODD.

<sup>a</sup> AP-PÂR'-ENT-LY, evidently; in appearance.

<sup>b</sup> UN-MO-LEST'-ED, undisturbed.

<sup>c</sup> CIR'-CUIT (*sur'-kit*), the act of flying around in a circle.

<sup>d</sup> CLAM'-OR-OUS, noisy; loud.

<sup>e</sup> POISED', balanced.

<sup>f</sup> TAL'-ONS, claws.

<sup>g</sup> DIS-TRI-BU'-TION, division.

<sup>h</sup> CÔV'ET, eagerly desire.

<sup>i</sup> Ee'-STA-SY, excessive joy.

[Tell the story of the fishing eagle. Point out the *descriptive*, and the *narrative* portions of the story. What lesson did the boy learn from the actions of the eagle?]

## LESSON IX.

### FABLE OF THE BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS.

1. It is reported that when the Pigeon first made her appearance upon the earth, the other birds all gathered about her, and offered to teach her how to build a nest.

2. "If you want to live in the woods'," said the Woodpecker', "I will show you an old tree, with a splendid deep hole in it, which I do not want myself. There is also plenty of rotten wood for bedding."

3. "Those old trees are such *close* places—enough to *smother* one!" said the Oriole. "I will teach you to hang your nest on the end of an elm branch; weaving together moss, and hair, and twine, till neither wind nor weather can get through. There you can sit, and look at the world, and swing your cradle—or the wind will rock it for you."

4. "But', after all', there's no place for one's nest like a

good sand-bank'," said the Sand Marten. "People *say* it is dangerous in heavy rains; but *I* never was washed away yet."

5. "It is dangerous, however," said his cousin, the Chimney Swallow. "I will show you how to go down the tall chimneys, and build there, where the air is always warm. And my nest is made of sticks, which are easy to get; and of glue, which I make myself."

6. "You never get washed away', I suppose'," said the Barn Swallow, "with your sticks and your glue! Depend upon it, Mrs. Pigeon, there's nothing like *mud* for building."

7. "Yes, I like mud, and always use it myself," said the little Phoebe; "but, I think, under the cow-shed is more airy and pleasant than under the eaves of that dark barn."

8. "After all'," remarked the Robin, "for all family purposes, give me a good, well-woven nest in the crotch of an apple-tree—the walls of horse-hair, and moss, and twigs, well lined with feathers."

9. "It's pleasant, too, very pleasant, in my rose-bush," said the Sparrow, "where the rose-leaves drop down on my speckled eggs."

10. Now the Pigeon, although a very pretty little thing—very polite, too, for she had not ceased bobbing her head to the other birds all the time they were talking—was yet, I am sorry to say, a little conceited.<sup>a</sup> She walked about on her little red feet, turning her head from side to side, and showing the purple and green tints on her neck, and at last she said:

11. "I am really very much obliged to you all, but I know how."

"What'!"\* cried out all the other birds, "have you been taught'?"

"No," said the Pigeon, bobbing her head as before, "but I know how."

12. The birds were quite silent for a minute (only the

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\* This exclamation, designed as a *question*, has the rising inflection. (See Rule X.)

Robin whistled), but then they again offered their services.

"Thank you," said the Pigeon; "you are very kind, but I know how." And the birds flew away and left her.

13. Then the Pigeon began by herself. She tried to make a mud nest; but, because she did not know enough to mix straws with mud, her nest fell to pieces. She tried weaving; but she got her claws and beak entangled in the moss, and very near hung herself with a long horse-hair. Then she flew off to the sand-bank, where was a whole settlement of Martens; but when she tried to dig a hole in the sand, she came near being buried alive.

14. The Pigeon felt quite discouraged;<sup>b</sup> but she was too proud to ask help of the other birds, and they had no mind to be refused again by a little lady who knew every thing. So the Pigeon went off and sat by the barn, moping,<sup>c</sup> and idle, till at last some man took pity on her, and built her a little house of wood.

15. But there was no neat nest inside—nothing but some loose straw, and there Pigeon laid her white eggs; and to this day she lives in just such a little, dark, close place, or in the woods has a careless little heap of twigs for a nest; and all because she was too proud, or too haughty, or too conceited<sup>a</sup> to learn of others; while the Blackbird sways about merrily on the water reeds, and the Oriole swings on his elm branch, and the Sparrow

"sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt,<sup>d</sup> like a blossom among the leaves."

<sup>a</sup> CON-CĒIT'-ED, vain of her own knowledge. | <sup>c</sup> MÖP'-ING, sad; gloomy.

<sup>b</sup> DIS-CŌUR'-AGED, dejected; disheartened. | <sup>d</sup> A-TILT', tipped forward; tilted.

[What is a *fable*? (See p. ix.) This fable has three objects: 1st, to direct attention to the different kinds of birds' nests; 2d, to show how natural it is for each one to think *his* way is the best; and, 3d, to show the folly of those who are too proud, haughty, or conceited to learn from others. The *kind* of writing here employed is a union of the *descriptive* and *dialogue* forms, which presents greater variety, for reading purposes, than the simple dialogue.

What is reported of the Pigeon? What did the Woodpecker say? The Oriole? The Sand Marten? Chimney Swallow? Barn Swallow? Phoebe-bird? Robin? Sparrow? What do you learn about the Pigeon in the 10th verse? What is said of her efforts to build a nest? Of the result? What kind of a nest has the Pigeon?

## LESSON X.

### THE BROWN THRUSH.



- 1 "THERE's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree—  
     He's *singing* to me'! he's singing to *me'!*"  
     And what does he say', little girl', little boy'?  
     " "Oh, the world's running over with joy'!  
         Don't you hear'? Don't you see'?  
         Hush'! Look'! In my tree,  
         I'm as happy as happy can be!" "
2. And the brown thrush keeps singing—"A nest do you see,  
     And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper-tree'?  
     Don't meddle'! don't touch'! little girl', little boy',  
     Or the world will lose some of its joy'.  
     Now I'm glad'! Now I'm free'!  
     And I *always* shall be',  
     If you never bring *sorrow* to me'."
3. So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree',  
     To you and to me', to you and to me';  
     And he sings all the day', little girl', little boy',  
     Oh, the world's running over with joy';  
     But *long*' it won't be',  
     Don't you know'? don't you see'?  
     Unless we are *as good as can be'* ?

LUCY LARCOM.

[This lesson furnishes a good exercise for elocutionary drill.

In the first two lines of the first verse a little girl is represented as telling what she sees, and what the bird does. In the third line a person asks the girl what the bird says. In the remaining four lines of the first verse the little girl *tells* what the bird *says*. In the second and third verses the person before alluded to tells what the thrush "keeps singing." Why should we *not* meddle with the thrush's eggs? How only may the world be kept running over with joy?]

## LESSON XI.

### THE STORY OF TIP-TOP.—AN ALLEGORY.

[Adapted from "Our Young Folks."]



1. A PAIR of robins had begun to build their nest on a branch of the old apple-tree, which grew up under the nursery-window; and day after day five little children might be seen peeping out of that window, watching the movements of the birds.

2. There were Alice and Mary, bright-eyed, laughing little girls, of seven and eight years; and then came stout little Jamie and Charlie; and finally little Puss, whose real name was Ellen, but who was called Puss, and Pussy, and



Birdie, and Toddle, and any other pet name that came to mind.

3. The birds soon became so familiar with the curly heads at the window, that they readily caught up, and wove into their nest, little bits of cotton, and bits of thread and yarn, that were thrown out to them. Charlie even cut one of the flossy curls from Toddle's head, and threw it out; and all laughed to see Toddle's golden hair figuring<sup>a</sup> in a bird's nest!

4. Great was the joy of the children when the little nest was finished; and they called it "our nest;" and the two robins they called "our birds:" but greater still was their joy, when, one morning, they saw in the nest a beautiful pale-green egg. In five days there were *five* little eggs; and then Alice, the oldest girl, said, "That makes one for each of us, and each of us will have a little bird by-and-by"—at which all the children laughed, and clapped their hands, and jumped for glee.<sup>b</sup>

5. And now the mother-bird began to sit on the eggs, and there she sat, day after day. "How long, long, long she waits!" said Jamie, impatiently. "I don't believe she is ever going to hatch." "Oh, yes she is!" said grave little Alice. "Old Sam says his *hens* set three weeks; only think, almost a month!"

6. At length, one morning, as they looked out of the window, lo! the patient mother-bird was gone! and there seemed to be nothing in the nest but a bunch of something hairy. But when the children cried out to their mamma to come there, five little red mouths opened in the nest; and they knew there were five little birds there.

7. The children wished to feed the little things, but their mamma told them that the old birds knew best how to take care of them. And, sure enough, while they were speaking, back came Mr. and Mrs. Robin, whirring<sup>c</sup> through the green branches; and then all the little red mouths flew open, and the birds put something into each.

8. After this it was great amusement to watch the daily

feeding of the little birds, and to observe how, when not feeding them, the mother sat brooding on the nest, warming them under her soft wings, while the father-bird sat on the topmost bough of the apple-tree, and sang to them.

9. When the young birds were almost fully grown, "I'm going to give my robin a name'," said Mary. "I call him Brown-eyes'."

"And I call mine Tip-top," said Jamie, "because I know he'll be a tip-top bird."

"And I call mine Singer," said Alice.

10. "I'll call mine Toddy," said little Toddle, who would not be behindhand in any thing that was going on.

"Hurrah for Toddle," said Charlie; "hers is the best of all. For my part, I call mine Speckle."

11. The birds grew rapidly, and soon the nest was very crowded. Now Tip-top was the biggest and strongest, and he was always shuffling and crowding the others, and clamoring for the most food; and when Tip-top was too noisy, Speckle, who was a bird of spirit, would peck at him.

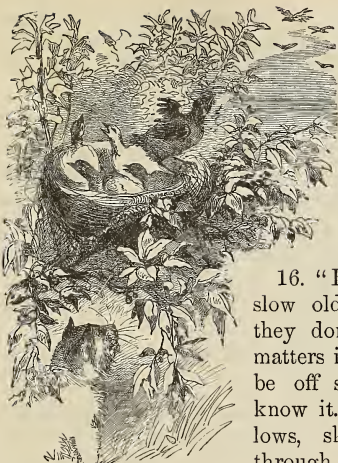
12. Little Brown-eyes was a meek, tender little fellow, and would sit winking and blinking with fear while his big brothers quarreled. As to Toddy and Singer, they were sister-birds, very fond of chattering; and they used to scold their badly-behaving brothers in a way that made the nest quite lively.

13. Mr. and Mrs. Robin were much grieved by the wranglings in their family circle. "I say," said Tip-top one day to them, "this old nest is a dull, mean, crowded hole, and it's quite time some of us were out of it. Just give us lessons in flying', won't you'? and let us go."

14. "My dear boy," said Mother Robin, "we shall teach you to fly as soon as your wings are strong enough."

"You are a very little bird," said his father, "and ought to be good and obedient, and wait patiently till your wing-feathers grow; and then you can soar away to some purpose."

15. "Wait for my wing-feathers'? Humbug'!" Tip-



top would say, as he sat balancing himself on the very edge of the nest, with his little short tail, and little clumps of wings, looking up into the blue clouds above, or down into the grass and clover-heads below.

16. "Father and mother are slow old birds," said he. "If they don't hurry up I'll take matters into my own claws, and be off some day before they know it. Look at those swallows, skimming and diving through the blue air! That's

the way I want to do."

17. His little sisters tried to reason with him. "Shut up your preaching," said Tip-top; "what do you girls know about flying?"

"About as much as *you*," said Speckle; and so the quarreling grew worse and worse every day, while Tip-top would get out on the edge of the nest, and threaten to 'go away.'

18. "My dear boy," said the mother, "do go into the nest, and be a good little bird, and then you will be happy."

"That's always the talk," said Tip-top. "I'm too big for the nest, and I want to see the world. It's full of beautiful things, I know. Now there's the most lovely creature, with bright eyes, that comes under the tree every day, and wants me to come down in the grass and play with her."

19. "My son! my son! beware!" cried the frightened mother. "That lovely-seeming creature is our dreadful enemy, the cat! a horrid monster, with teeth and claws!"

At this all the little birds shuddered, and cuddled<sup>d</sup> deeper in the nest; only Tip-top did not believe a word of it. "I'm too old a bird," said he to himself, "to believe *that* story. I'll show her that I can take care of myself."

20. So the next morning, after the father and mother were gone, Tip-top got on the edge of the nest again, and looking over he saw lovely Miss Pussy washing her face among the daisies under the tree. As Tip-top looked down, he thought her yellow eyes were beautiful; and then she said, so sweetly, "Little birds', little birds', come down'; Pussy wants to play' with you."

21. "Only look at her'!" said Tip-top; "her eyes are like gold'."

"No, don't look," said Singer and Speckle. "She will bewitch you, and then eat you up."

22. "I'd like to see her try to eat me up," said Tip-top, again balancing himself over the nest. "Just as if she would'! She's just the nicest, most innocent creature going', and only wants us to have fun. We never *do* have any fun in this *old nest*."

23. Then the brilliant eyes below glared up at Tip-top again, and a voice sweet as silver said, "Little birds', little birds', come down'; Pussy wants to play' with you."

24. "Her paws are as white as velvet'," said Tip-top; "and so soft'! I don't believe she *has* any claws."

A moment after a scream was heard from the nursery-window, where the children were looking out upon the nest. "Oh, mamma, mamma, do come here! Tip-top has fallen out of the nest, and the cat has got him!"

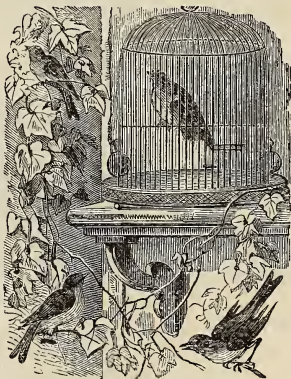
25. Away ran Pussy with foolish Tip-top in her mouth; and he squeaked dreadfully when he felt her sharp teeth. Jamie ran after the cat, crying, as loud as he could scream, "I'll kill her! I'll kill her!"

26. Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who had just come home, joined their plaintive<sup>e</sup> cries to the general confusion; and Mrs. Robin's bright eyes soon discovered her poor little son, where Pussy was patting him and rolling him from one

paw to the other under the currant-bushes. Lighting on the bush above, she called the little folks to the spot by her cries.

27. Jamie plunged under the bush, and catching the cat, with one or two blows he obliged her to let Tip-top go. The poor thing was not dead; but some of his feathers were torn out, and one of his wings was broken. Tip-top was put back into the nest. The cat had shaken all the nonsense out of him: he was a dreadfully humbled young robin.

28. In a short time all the other birds in the nest learned to fly; but poor Tip-top sat there all alone, sad enough, with a broken wing. Finally Jamie took him out of the nest, and made a cage for him, and took so good care of him that he seemed tolerably contented: but he was a poor lame-winged robin all his days. He never ceased to mourn the folly which had made him a cripple, and had so nearly cost him his life.



*Moral.*

29. "Little boys," said Jamie's mother, "when they are

about half grown up, sometimes do just as Tip-top did. They are in a great hurry to get away from home into the great world; and then Temptation comes, with bright eyes, and smooth velvet paws, and promises them fun; and they go to bad places; they get to smoking, and then to drinking; and finally the bad habit gets them in its teeth and claws, and plays with them as a cat does with a mouse.

30. "They try to reform,<sup>g</sup> just as the little robin tried to get away from the cat; but their bad habits pounce on them, and drag them back. And so, when the time comes that they want to begin life, they are miserable broken-down creatures, like the broken-winged robin.

31. "So, Jamie, remember the fate of Tip-top. Don't try to be a man before your time, but let your parents judge for you while you are young. When you are tempted to do any thing wrong, remember Pussy is there; and Pussy's claws are long, and her teeth are strong; and if she gives you one shake in your youth, you will be like a broken-winged robin all your days."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

<sup>a</sup> FIG'-UR-ING, appearing conspicuously.

<sup>b</sup> GLEE, exceeding joy.

<sup>c</sup> WHIR'-RING, flying with noise.

<sup>d</sup> CUD'-DLE, to lie close down.

<sup>e</sup> PLAINT'-IVE, lamenting; sorrowing.

<sup>f</sup> HUM'-BLED, humiliated.

<sup>g</sup> RE-FORM', change for the better.

[This lesson furnishes great variety in emphasis, inflections, pitch, and quality of voice; and pupils should be required to give the *natural expression* in all cases.

This is an *allegory* (see p. xi.), in which, in a very interesting and natural manner, several young *birds* are introduced, and then described so as to represent the characters of different *persons*. The principal of these characters is represented by "Tip-top;" and the *moral* applicable to his case is given at the close of the lesson.

*Allegory* is peculiarly adapted to the young, because it is addressed to the *senses*, those first inlets of ideas. The young feel strongly, long before they judge accurately; and if we can excite curiosity, awaken the feelings, and enlist the imagination to the perception of moral truths, we shall find little difficulty in giving the right bias to the understanding. He who "spake as never man spake," frequently adopted the mode of instructing by allegory.]

## LESSON XII.

### SONG IN PRAISE OF SPRING.

1. WHEN the wind blows  
     In the sweet rose-tree',  
 And the cow lōws  
     On the fragrant lea',<sup>2</sup>



And the stream flows,  
 All light and free',  
 'Tis not for *me*', 'tis not for *thee*';  
 'Tis not for any *one*' here, I trōw':<sup>b</sup>  
 The gentle wind blōweth',  
 The happy cow lōweth',  
 The merry stream flōweth',  
*For all' below!*  
*Oh, the Spring'! the bountiful<sup>c</sup> Spring!*  
*She shineth and smileth on every thing'.*

2. Where come the sheep'?  
 To the rich man's moor.<sup>d</sup>  
 Where cometh sleep'?  
 To the bed that's poor.  
 Peasants must weep',  
 And kings endure';  
 This is a fate' that none can cure':  
 Yet Spring doeth all she can', I trōw';  
 She bringeth' the bright hours',  
 She weaveth' the sweet flowers',  
 She dresseth her bowers',  
*For all' below!*  
*Oh, the Spring'! the bountiful Spring!*  
*She shineth and smileth on every thing'.*

BARRY CORNWALL.

<sup>a</sup> LĒA, meadow or sward land.<sup>b</sup> TRōw, think; trust; believe.<sup>c</sup> BŌUN'-TI-FUL, giving in abundance.<sup>d</sup> MOOR, lands; level plains.

[This song in praise of Spring expresses *the emotions of the poet*; and it is this characteristic which distinguishes modern *lyric* poetry. What is *lyric* poetry? (See p. ix.) The *emotions* here expressed are those of joy, exultation, and gratitude for the goodness of Spring, which showers her blessings on *all* below.

Point out some examples of *figurative* language in this lesson. (See p. x.) The poetry is animated and joyous. What *pitch of voice* is required in the reading of it? (See p. xiv.) What *stress of voice*? What *time*? What *quality of voice*? (The *pure tone*.)]

## HOME.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,  
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,  
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,  
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;  
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,  
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

J. MONTGOMERY.

LESSON XIII.  
"LITTLE BENNY."



1. "LITTLE BENNY'!" So the simple head-stone said'. Only those two little words! But why did my eyes fill with tears? I never *saw* the little creature'. I never looked in his laughing eye'; or heard his merry shout'; or listened for his tripping tread'. I never pillowed his little head'; or bore his little form'; or smoothed his silken locks'; or laved<sup>a</sup> his dimpled limbs'; or fed his cherry lips with dainty<sup>b</sup> bits'; or kissed his rosy cheek' as he lay sleeping'.

2. I did not see his eye grow dim'; or his little hand droop powerless'; or the dew of agony<sup>c</sup> gather on his pale forehead'. I stood not with clasped hands, and suspended<sup>d</sup> breath', by his little bed'; I saw not the look, that comes but once', flit over his cherub<sup>e</sup> face'. And yet, "little

Benny'," my tears are falling'; for, *somewhere*, I know there's an empty crib', a vacant chair', useless robes and toys', a desolate hearth-stone', and a weeping mother'.

3. "Little Benny'!" It was all that mother's full heart could utter'; and it was enough'. It tells the whole story of a mother's love', a mother's loss', a mother's sorrow'.

4. But does it tell nothing more'? "*Little Benny'!*" Does it bring no balm<sup>f</sup> to that mother's wounded heart'? Does she not recall those words of a Savior's love, "Suffer *little children* to come unto me, for *of such is the kingdom of heaven'*?"

<sup>a</sup> LĀVED, bathed; washed.

<sup>b</sup> DĀINT'-Y, nice; delicious.

<sup>c</sup> AG'-O-NY, extreme suffering.

<sup>d</sup> SUS-PEND'-ED, made to cease for a time.

<sup>e</sup> CHER'-UB, angelic.

<sup>f</sup> BĀLM, consolation; a soothing of grief.

[What do the quotation-marks at the beginning of the first verse show? This lesson is supposed to be the reflections of some one who was looking upon the stone at the head of the grave of a little child. What are some of the thoughts that passed through the mind of this person? What words of consolation are quoted in the closing verse?

To what *feelings* is this lesson addressed? Then what is the character of the piece? (*Pathetic*, p. xiii.) What degree of *force* should be used in reading it? Of *time*? What *pitch of voice*? (*Low pitch*.)]

## LESSON XIV.

### THE CHURCH BELL.



1. "HARK'! the deep-toned bell is calling—  
     'Come', oh' come'!  
   Weary ones', where'er you wander',  
     Come', oh' come'!  
   Louder now and louder pealing,  
   On the heart that voice is stealing—  
     'Come', nor longer' roam'.

2. "Now, again, its tones are pealing—  
     'Come', oh' come'!  
 In the sacred temple kneeling',  
     Seek thy home';  
 Come, and round the altar bending',  
 Love the place where God, descending',  
     Calls the spirit home'.'
3. "Still the echoed voice is ringing—  
     'Come', oh' come'!  
 Every heart, pure incense bringing,  
     Hither come'!  
 Father! round thy footstool bending,  
 May our souls, to heaven ascending,  
     Find in thee a home!"

[This beautiful little poem, written in the language of *emotion*, and embracing both *description* and *appeal*, should be read with much feeling. It is a fine example of *lyric* poetry (see p. ix.), and is admirably adapted for recitation by a *good* reader or speaker.]

## LESSON XV.

### THE EVIL ADVISER.

1. *Thomas*. WHAT'S your hurry', Frank'? Stop a minute', will you'?
2. *Frank*. I can't stay'! Father sent me with this letter to the railroad dépôt.<sup>a</sup>
3. *Th*. Well, the dépôt won't run away.
4. *Fr*. But the *cars*' will';—there's a gentleman going to New York, who promised to carry this letter, and there's money in it for my brother.
5. *Th*. But don't you see it's but ten minutes past three'? The cars don't start till *four*, and you have time enough for what I want of you.
6. *Fr*. Well, what do you want'?
7. *Th*. Just step in here to see the wild beasts with me. You have never been—have you'?
8. *Fr*. No. I'll go when I come back from my errand.
9. *Th*. No, you can't; for then it will be time to go to the writing-master.

10. *Fr.* Then I'll go with you to-morrow.

11. *Th.* No, you can't; for this is the last day of the exhibition.<sup>b</sup>

12. *Fr.* Is it? That's too bad! I did not know there were any beasts in town till to-day. How many are there?

13. *Th.* Ever so many; there's a white polar bear', and an elephant', and a most beautiful rhinoceros<sup>c</sup>—

14. *Fr.* I have seen a rhinoceros, and he is the ugliest creature that ever was; his skin sits as loosely upon him as a sailor's trowsers.

15. *Th.* Well, there's a royal tiger—

16. *Fr.* Is there? I never saw a royal tiger.

17. *Th.* Oh, he's a beauty!—all yellow, and covered with black stripes. Then there are little leopards,<sup>d</sup> playing just like kittens; and— There! there! do you hear that? That's the lion roaring!

18. *Fr.* What a loud noise he makes! How long will it take to see them all?

19. *Th.* Oh, not half an hour; and it won't take you five minutes to go down to the dépôt afterward, if you run as fast as you can.

20. *Fr.* Are there any monkeys?

21. *Th.* Plenty of them!—the funniest monkeys you ever saw; they make all sorts of faces, and are up to all kinds of tricks.

22. *Fr.* Well—I don't know—what if I should be too late for the cars?

23. *Th.* No danger of that, I tell you; the town clock up there is too fast; it's all out of order; and, besides, you might see half the beasts while you are standing here thinking about it, looking up the street and down the street.

24. *Fr.* Well, come along, then. Where's your money?

25. *Th.* Oh, I don't pay! I got acquainted with the door-keeper after I had been in twice, and now he lets me in for nothing every time I bring a fellow that *does* pay.

26. *Fr.* Oh ho! Well, I suppose it's a quarter of a dollar, and I have one somewhere in my pockets.

[*Pulling out his handkerchief to search for the money, drops the letter.*]

Ah! here it is! Come, Tom; no time to be lost. Mind you do not let me stay too long.

[*They go into the exhibition-booth. Frank's father, passing along, picks up the letter, examines it, looks round for Frank, and passes hastily away. After some time the boys come out.*]

27. *Th.* You did not see *half* of them, you were in such a hurry and worry.

28. *Fr.* I know it. Are you sure that clock is too fast, Tom'?

29. *Th.* I don't know; but I suppose so. The clocks are wrong half the time.

30. *Fr.* Why, you told me it was too fast, Tom! and now I'm very sure that I shall be too late. I wish I hadn't gone in.

31. *Th.* Well, why don't you move', then'? What are you rummaging'<sup>e</sup> after'?

32. *Fr.* Why, after my letter. I'm sure I put it in this pocket. What in the name of wonder has become of it'?

33. *Th.* Look in the other pocket.

34. *Fr.* It isn't there, nor in my hat. What shall I do'?

35. *Th.* Why, you can't have lost it, can you'?

36. *Fr.* I *have* lost it; I am as sure as can be I had it in this very pocket just before I met you; and now it's gone.

37. *Th.* Maybe somebody stole it in the crowd.

38. *Fr.* That's' comfort'! There was *ever* so much money in it, for I heard father talking about it at dinner-time.

39. *Th.* Oh, I'll tell you what's become of it.

40. *Fr.* What'? What'?

41. *Th.* Why, I guess the elephant took it out of your pocket.

42. *Fr.* You ought to be ashamed to stand there laugh-



ing, after you have got me into such a scrape! I have a great mind to go in again and look all round.

43. *Th.* They won't let you in again unless you pay.

44. *Fr.* Oh, Tom, what will my father say to me? Where shall I look? I wish I had never heard of the beasts. There was no comfort in looking at them, for I was thinking of the cars all the time; and now my letter is lost, and Brother Henry's money, and all; and what will father do to me?

45. *Th.* What's the use of telling him any thing about it? He'll never know whether the letter went or not, if you don't *say* a word'.

46. *Fr.* Yes, he will; my brother will write to inquire for the money.

47. *Th.* Well', and can't you say you gave the letter to the gentleman'?

48. *Fr.* No', Tom'; I can't do that'. I can't tell a lie', and, above all, to my father'.

49. *Th.* The more *fool you*! But you needn't look so sad' about it'. There's your father coming now. Run and tell him, quick, and get a whipping!

50. *Fr.* He will punish me, Tom; that he will. What shall I do'?

51. *Th.* Take my advice. I'll tell a fib' for you, and do you hold to it.

52. *Fr.* I never told a lie in my life, Tom.

53. *Th.* Then it's high time you did; you'll have to tell a great many before you die.

54. *Fr.* I don't believe that.

55. *Th.* Well, here's your father. Now see how I'll get you out of the scrape. That's right! keep staring up at the handbill on the wall.

[*Enter Father: Frank stares at the handbill.*]

56. *Father.* Why, Frank, you have run yourself out of breath. I trust that letter will go safely, for your brother wants the money very much.

57. *Th.* Frank was just in time, sir. The cars were just starting.

58. *Fath.* Oh, you went with him'—did you'?

59. *Th.* Yes, sir; and I saw the gentleman put the letter in his pocket-book. I fancy it will go safe enough.

60. *Fath.* I fancy it will. What is in that handbill, Frank, that interests you so much?

61. *Fr.* I don't know, sir.

62. *Fath.* What's the matter', my boy'?

63. *Fr.* I can't stand it, father! I can't stand it! I would rather take ten whippings, Tom, any day—than—

64. *Fath.* Ho, ho! What is all this'?

65. *Th.* You are a fool, Frank.

66. *Fr.* I know I am a fool; but I can't tell a lie. I went to see the wild beasts with Thomas, and lost the letter.

67. *Fath.* And this precious<sup>s</sup> fellow wanted you to deceive me about it—did he'?

68. *Th.* Why, I thought—

69. *Fath.* Frank! I would willingly lose a dozen letters, with ten times as much money in them, for the pleasure of finding you resist this temptation! Come here, my boy, and leave off crying. I found the letter, and carried it myself to the dépôt in time for the cars. I can forgive your folly, since it has not ended in a base lie; but remember one thing; I shall not forgive you, if, hereafter, you associate<sup>h</sup> with this bad boy!

70. (*To Thomas.*) Begone, sir'! I am glad to see shame on your face. Had my boy taken your advice, he, too, would have been at this moment a detected and despised liar; but he is holding up his head, and his heart is light in his bosom. You are the very boy, Thomas, whom I was requested to take into my employment; but I will have nothing to do with you. Never come near my son again:

GOODRICH.

<sup>a</sup> DĒ-PŌ', or DĒ'-PŌ.

<sup>b</sup> EX-III-BĪ'-TION, public show.

<sup>c</sup> RHĪ-NOC'-E-ROS (rĭ-nos'-e-ros.)

<sup>d</sup> LEOP'-ARD (lep'ard.)

<sup>e</sup> RUM'-MA-GĪNG, searching in every corner.

<sup>f</sup> FIB, a lie; a falsehood.

<sup>g</sup> PRE'-CIOUS, worthless; contemptible.\*

<sup>h</sup> AS-SO'-CI-ATE (as-so'-shâte) keep company with.

[This lesson is introduced as an example of plain prose *dialogue*. What is a dialogue? (See p. viii.) In what sense is the word *precious* used in the 6th verse? In what does *irony* consist? (See p. xi.)

The pupil, aided, where necessary, by the teacher's questions, should *analyze* the lesson somewhat after the following manner: Frank, sent by his father with a letter to the dōpôt, is urged by Thomas to go with him to the show to see the wild beasts. Being over-persuaded, he accompanies him; but hurrying out of the show, is behind time, loses the letter, and is in vain urged by Thomas to tell a lie. Thomas tells Frank's father a falsehood; but Frank confesses the whole. Frank's father commends his son for his truthfulness, but severely reprove<sup>s</sup> and dismisses Thomas.]

## LESSON XVI.

## A LITTLE MORE.

1. "FIVE hundred pounds or more I've saved—  
A rather moderate store<sup>a</sup>—  
No matter; I shall be content  
When I've a little more.
2. "Well, I can count *ten thousand* now—  
That's better than before;  
And I may well be satisfied  
When I've a little more.
3. "Some *fifty thousand*—pretty well—  
But I have earned it sore;<sup>b</sup>  
However, I shall not complain  
When I've a little more.
4. "*One hundred thousand*—sick and old—  
Ah! life is half a bore;<sup>c</sup>  
Yet I can be content to live  
When I've a little more."
5. He dies, and to his greedy<sup>d</sup> heirs  
He leaves a countless store;  
His wealth has purchased him a tomb—  
*And very little more!*

<sup>a</sup> STORE, quantity; supply.  
<sup>b</sup> SORE (adv.) after much toil.

<sup>c</sup> BORE, a wearisome thing.  
<sup>d</sup> GREEDY, eager for gain.

[This poem is a *soliloquy*—a written composition reciting what a person is supposed to speak to himself. It portrays the character of one who began life with moderate expectations, but whose desires increased with his acquisitions, so that he never reached the point of *contentment*. What is the *moral*, as expressed in the 5th verse?]

WEALTH is a relative thing; since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, and wants more.

## LESSON XVII.

## HOW CHEAP PLEASURE IS.

1. Do you know how *cheap* pleasure is'? Do you know how little it takes to make most people happy'? Do you know that such trifles as a penny, a word, and a smile, often do the work'?

2. Do you see those boys passing along the street'? Give each of them a handful of chestnuts, and how smiling they will look! They will not be cross for an hour. A poor widow and her children live in that humble dwelling: send in half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy.

3. That child has lost his arrow'—all the world to him'—and he mourns sadly'. Help him find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play again upon his face!

4. There is a boy who has been sent to pile up a load of wood, and some of the sticks are very heavy. Assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he will forget his task, or work away without minding it.

5. Is that lad your apprentice? Has he been a little careless, for once? Has he forgotten something you told him? Has he dropped the mug and broken it? Say to him, "You scoundrel'!" and he will be miserable; or he will be angry: but remark, "I am sorry—try to do better," and he will be cheerful, and thankful; and he will be more careful in future.

6. Have you employed a man to work for you'? Pay him cheerfully', not grudgingly'. "Is not the laborer worthy of his hire'?" When he leaves you, weary with toil, speak a pleasant word to him, and he will go home with a contented heart, to light up his hearth with smiles of gladness.

7. As you pass along the street you meet many a familiar face. Do not treat any, even your inferiors, with cold-

ness or neglect. Do not pass *children*, however poor and humble they may be, without noticing them. Say, "Good-morning;" have a smile and a kind word for all, as though *you* felt happy, and it will make others happy also.

8. Pleasure is cheap: who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine, and flowers all around us, let us not clutch them with a miser's grasp, and lock them away in our *own* hearts'. No! Rather let us take them and scatter them about us—in the cottage of the widow', among the groups of children in the street', where men of business assemble', in our own families', and every where'. We can do much to make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the vicious virtuous, and at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it'?

[The way to make those around us happy. What little things will do it. Illustrations: The boys in the street. The poor widow and her children. The child that has lost his arrow. The boy piling up wood. Your apprentice. The day laborer. How to treat children generally. Do not act the part of a miser in hoarding up pleasure.]

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### THE TWO VISIONS.

1. "I SAW her in the stately dance  
Move proudly, like a queen;  
Her perfect head was raised, her glance  
Was steady, calm, serene.  
I said, 'Would that the world of such were full,  
For she is very beautiful.'
  2. "I saw her by the low bedside  
Of sickness gently move;  
Upon her face no look of pride,  
But sympathy and love.  
I said, 'Would that the world of such were full,  
For she is *more* than beautiful!'"
- 

"WHY is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French only fight for honor?"

"I suppose," said the Switzer, "that each fights for what he most lacks."

## LESSON XVIII.

## UNCLE JOLLY.

[Adapted from "Little Ferns."]



1. "WELL, I declare'! here it is'; New Year's morning again, and cold as Greenland, too'!" said Uncle Jolly, as he raised his head from his pillow and looked around; "frost half an inch thick on the windows'; water all frozen in the pitcher'; and I an old bachelor'. Heighho! nobody to give any presents to—no little feet to come patting up to my bed to wish me a happy New Year!

2. "Wonder what ever became of that sister of mine, who ran off with that poor artist'?<sup>a</sup> She *would* marry him. Wish I could find her with two or three children for me to love and pet. What a miserable thing it is to be all alone in the world, as I am!"

3. Uncle Jolly broke the ice in the basin with his frost-



nipped fingers, and buttoned his dressing-gown tightly up to his chin; then he went down stairs', swallowed a cup of coffee, an egg, and a slice of toast. Then he put on his overcoat', buttoned it up snugly,' and went out of the front door into the street.

4. What a crowd there was buying New Year's presents'! The toy shops were filled with grandpas, and grand-mas, and aunts, and uncles, and cousins. As to the shop-keepers, they were so busy with telling prices, answering forty questions in a minute, and doing up parcels, it was enough to make them crazy.

5. Uncle Jolly slipped along over the icy pavements, and finally halted in front of Tim Nonesuch's toy shop. You should have seen *his* show windows'! Beautiful dolls at five dollars apiece, and with such plump little fingers that one longed<sup>b</sup> to pinch them; and tea-sets, and dinner-sets, cunning enough for a fairy to keep house with.

6. Then there were dancing-jacks, and jumping-jennies, and little darkies as black as the chimney-back, with the wool on their heads made of a raveled black stocking. And there were little work-boxes with gold thimbles and bodkins, and scissors in crimson-velvet cases, and snakes that squirmed so naturally as to make you hop up on the table to get out of the way, and little innocent-looking boxes that contained a little spry mouse that jumped into your face as soon as you raised the lid, and music-boxes to place under your pillow at night to lull you to sleep.

7. Oh! I can tell you that Mr. Nonesuch understood keeping a toy shop. There were plenty of carriages always in front of it; plenty of taper fingers pulling over his wares; and plenty of husbands and fathers who were thankful that New Year's didn't come *every* day!

8. "Don't stay here, dear Susy, if it makes you cry," said the elder of two little girls, who were looking in at the shop window. "I thought you said it would make you happy to come out and *look* at the New Year's presents, though we couldn't *have* any."

9. "I *did* think so," said Susy, wiping the tears from her eyes; but it makes me think of last New Year's, when you and I lay cuddled together in our little bed, and papa came creeping up in his slippers, thinking we were asleep, and laid our presents on the table, and then kissed us both, and said, 'God bless the little darlings!' Oh, Katy, all the little girls in that shop have their papas with them. I want *my* papa;" and little Susy laid her head on Katy's shoulder, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

10. "Don't, dear Susy," said Katy, wiping away her own tears, "don't cry; mamma will see how red your eyes are—poor, sick, tired mamma; don't cry, Susy."

11. "Oh, Katy, I can't help it. I *must* cry. See that tall man with the black whiskers—don't he look like papa'?—kissing that little girl. Oh, Katy"—and Susy's tears flowed afresh.

12. Uncle Jolly had heard them, and he could not stand it any longer. He rushed into the toy shop, bought an *armful* of playthings helter-skelter, and ran after the two little girls.

13. "Here', Susy'! here', Katy'!" said he; "here are some New Year's presents from Uncle Jolly."

"Who is Uncle Jolly'?"

"Well, he's uncle to all the poor little children who have no kind papa."

14. "Now, where do you live', little pigeons'?—got far to go'?—toes all out of your shoes here in January'? Don't like it—*my* toes are not out of *my* shoes. Come in here, and let us see if we can find any thing to cover them."

15. And Uncle Jolly fitted a pair to each of them. "There, now, that's something like," said he; "it will puzzle Jack Frost to find your toes now. Cotton clothes on in winter'? I don't wear cotton clothes'. Come in here and get some woolen shawls. Which do you like best'—red, green, or blue'? plaids or stripes', hey'?"

16. "'Mother won't like it'?" Don't tell *me*'; mothers

don't generally scratch people's eyes out for being kind to their little ones. I'll take care of that, little puss. Uncle Jolly's going *home* with you. How do *I* know whether you have any dinner or not'? *I* have a dinner'—*you* shall have a dinner, too'. Pity if I can't have my own way—New Year's day, too'.

17. "Is *that* your home'? Up there'? I don't know about trusting my old bones up those rickety stairs'; old bones are hard to mend'; did you know that'?"

18. Little Susy opened the door, and Uncle Jolly walked in. Their mamma turned her head, then, with one wild cry of joy, threw her arms about his neck, while Susy and Katy stood in the doorway, in wonder at what they saw, and uncertain whether to laugh or cry.

19. "Come here, come here," said Uncle Jolly; "I didn't know I was so near the truth this morning when I called myself your *Uncle* Jolly; I didn't know what made my heart leap so when I saw you there in the street. Come here, I say; don't you ever shed another tear; you see *I* don't cry;" and Uncle Jolly tried to smile, as he drew his coat-sleeve across his eyes.

20. Was not that a merry New Year's night in Uncle Jolly's little parlor'? Was not the fire warm and bright'? Were not the tea-cakes nice'? And did not the children have a good supper that time'? Were their toes ever out of their shoes again'? Did they wear cotton shawls in January'? Did cruel landlords<sup>d</sup> ever again make their mamma tremble and cry'?

21. In the midst of all this plenty, did they forget "papa'?" No, no! Whenever little Susy met in the street a tall, fine-looking man, with large black whiskers, she would look at Katy, and nod her little curly head sorrowfully, as much as to say, "Oh, Katy, I never—never can forget *my own dear papa*."

<sup>a</sup> ART'-IST, one who practices one of the liberal arts—as a painter, sculptor, etc.

<sup>b</sup> LONG'ED, earnestly desired.

<sup>c</sup> CUD'-DLED, close or snug together.

<sup>d</sup> LAND'-LOED, one who owns and rents houses, lands, etc.

[This lesson begins with a *soliloquy* (see Lesson XVI.) by Uncle Jolly. What Uncle Jolly said and did. What he saw in the street. What could be seen at Tim Nonesuch's

toy shop. What Susy and Katy said. How Uncle Jolly made their acquaintance, went home with them, and whom he found there. How Susy, Katy, and their mother lived after that.

This is an example of the abrupt, exclamatory, abbreviated, and, at the same time, *pathetic* style; and while in its subject-matter it is very simple, its great variety of emphasis, tones, and inflections makes it one of the best reading exercises.

What induced the expression "Mother won't like it?" at the beginning of the 16th verse? Observe how much more *vivacity* is given to the *declarations* in the 20th verse by putting them in the form of *questions*.]

## LESSON XIX.

### THE BARREN TREE.

*Cut it down: why cumbereth it the ground?—Luke xiii., 4.*

1. A FAIR-LOOKING tree in a garden once grew;  
It was warmed by the sun, it was fed by the dew;  
The gardener tended and watched it with care,  
And believed that ere long it would blossom and bear.
2. It threw out its branches above and around,  
Till it covered and shaded a large plot<sup>a</sup> of ground;  
The gardener came yearly his basket to fill,  
But he found the fine tree was a cumberer<sup>b</sup> still.
3. "Cut it down," said his master: "I'm sorry to see  
In my flourishing garden so barren a tree;  
*I've* waited with patience, *you've* watched it with care—  
Cut it down and make room for another to bear."
4. "Oh, spare it a little while longer, and then  
When I've dug round, and pruned it, and dressed it again,  
If it blossom and bear not, no more I require:<sup>c</sup>  
At once I will fell it, and burn it with fire."
5. And thus does our heavenly Husbandman bear  
With the trees he has planted and nourished with care;  
And shall I, too, who grow in his garden so green,  
Still bearing no fruit to his glory, be seen?
6. Ah, no! as the years shall pass over my head,  
May my soul with the dew of his Spirit be fed!  
And, growing in grace, may I ripen, and fill  
With fragrant luxuriance, till, plucked at his will,  
In his garner<sup>d</sup> he'll place me, with myriads<sup>e</sup> more,  
To bloom in his presence, and live evermore!

<sup>a</sup> PLOT, space; extent.

<sup>b</sup> CUM'-BER-ER, any thing useless, and in the way: an encumbrance.

<sup>c</sup> RE-QUÍRE', ask; request.

<sup>d</sup> GAR'-NER, a store-house.

<sup>e</sup> MYR'-I-ADS, multitudes.

[This little poem is founded on the *parable* of the barren fig-tree. Under what figure of speech is the parable included? (See p. xi.) The *parable*—a word which originally meant “a comparison”—always conveys a moral or religious truth; and, unlike the fable, it never transgresses the laws of nature. What objects are compared in this parable? What religious truth is gathered from it?]

## LESSON XX.

## FINE FEATHERS AND FINE BIRDS.

## A FABLE.

1. A PEACOCK came with his plumage<sup>a</sup> gay,  
Strutting with regal<sup>b</sup> pride one day,  
Where a small bird hung in a gilded cage,  
Whose song might a seraph's<sup>c</sup> ear engage.<sup>d</sup>  
The bird sung on, while the peacock stood  
Vaunting<sup>e</sup> his plumes in the neighborhood;  
And the radiant<sup>f</sup> sun seemed not more bright  
Than the bird that basked in the golden light.  
But the small bird sang to his own sweet words,  
“*Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds.*”
2. The peacock strutted. A bird so fair  
Never before had ventured there  
While the small bird sang in the cottage door.  
And what could a peacock wish for more?  
Alas! the bird of the rainbow wing  
Was not contented: he tried to sing!  
And they who gazed on his beauty bright',  
Scared by his screaming', soon took flight';  
While the small bird sang in his own sweet words,  
“*Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds.*”

<sup>a</sup> PLŪ'-MAĖ, feathers.

<sup>b</sup> RE'-GAL, like a king.

<sup>c</sup> SER'APH, an angel.

<sup>d</sup> EN-GĀĖ', attract the attention of; charm.

<sup>e</sup> VĀUNT'-ING, making a vain display of.

<sup>f</sup> RĀ'-DI-ANT, brightly shining.

[Under what figure of speech is the *fable* included? (See p. xi.) The *fable* is a fiction intended to enforce some useful truth or moral precept; but, unlike the *parable*, it transgresses natural laws, as by representing animals as speaking, etc.]

This fable teaches that beauty and wisdom are not always combined; and that those who assume a false position, and make pretensions to what they are not fitted, only render themselves ridiculous.]

IGNORANCE AND ERROR.—Ignorance is not so bad as error: the former is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but the latter is a scribbled one, from which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still; but, although error moves, it goes in the *wrong direction*.

## LESSON XXI.

## THE STORY OF CAN AND COULD.

1. ONCE upon a time COULD went out to take a walk on a winter's morning. He was very much out of spirits,<sup>a</sup> and he was made more so by the necessity, under which he found himself, of frequently repeating his own name — "Oh, if I *could*;" and, "Oh that I were rich and great, for then I *could* do so and so."

2. About the tenth time that he said this, CAN opened the door of her humble dwelling, and set out<sup>b</sup> on an errand. She went down a back street, and through a poor neighborhood. She was not at all a grand personage, nor was she so well dressed, or so well lodged, or so well educated as Could. In fact, she was altogether more humble, both in her own esteem<sup>c</sup> and in that of others. She went on, neither sauntering<sup>d</sup> nor looking about her, for she was in a hurry.

3. All on a sudden, however, this busy little Can stopped, and picked up a piece of orange-peel. "A dangerous trick," she observed,<sup>e</sup> "to throw orange-peel about, particularly in frosty weather, and in such crowded streets;" and she bustled on till she overtook a group of little children, who were scattering it very freely. They had been buying oranges at a fruit-stand, and were eating them as they went along.

4. "Well, it's little enough that *I* can do," thought Can, "but certainly I can *speak* to these children, and try to persuade them to leave off strewing orange-peel."

5. Can stopped. "That's a pretty baby that you have in your arms," she said to one of them: "how *old* is he'?"

6. "He's fourteen months old," answered the little nurse, "and he begins to walk. I teach him; he's my brother."

7. "Poor little fellow," said Can; "I hope you are *kind*



to him'? You know, if you were to let him fall, he might never be able to walk any more."

"I never let him drop," replied the child; "I always take care of the baby."

8. "And so do I'"; "And so do I", repeated other shrill voices; and two more babies were thrust up for Can's inspection.<sup>f</sup>

9. "But if you were to slip down yourselves on this hard pavement, you would be hurt; and the baby would be hurt in your arms. Look'! how *can* you be so careless as to throw all this peel about'? Don't you see how slippery it is'?"

10. "We always fling it down," said one.

"And I never slipped down but once on a piece," remarked another.

"But was not that once too often'?"

"Yes. I grazed my arm very badly, and broke a cup that I was carrying."

11. "Well, now, suppose you pick up all the peel you can find; and to the one who finds most, when I come back, I will give a penny." They said they would do this, and, setting about it very cheerfully, promised that they would never commit this fault again.

12. Can then went on; and it is a remarkable circumstance that, just at that very moment, as Could was walking in quite a different part of the city, he also came to a piece of orange-peel, which was lying in his path.

13. "What a shame'!" he said, as he passed on; "what a disgrace it is to the city that this practice of sowing seed, which springs up into broken bones, can not be punished'! There is never a winter that one or more accidents does not arise from it! If *I* could only put a stop to it, how glad I should be! If I had the power—"

14. "By your leave, sir," said a tall, strong man, with a heavy basket of coal on his shoulders.

15. Could, stepping aside, permitted the coal-carrier to pass him. "Yes," he continued, "if *I* had the power, I

would punish every body who throws orange-peel on the sidewalk." The noise of a heavy fall, and the rushing down as of a great shower of stones, made Could turn hastily around. The coal-carrier had fallen on the pavement, and the coal lay in heaps around his head. Several people ran to him, and some were trying to raise him. Could went near enough to see that the man was stunned; and he also observed<sup>s</sup> that a piece of orange-peel was adhering to the sole of his shoe.

16. "How sad!" said Could, as he passed along. "Now here is the bitter result of this abuse. If *I* had been in authority, I could have prevented this. Poor fellow! he is badly hurt, and has a broken limb; he is lamed, perhaps, for life. What the poet says may be true enough:

" 'Of all the ills that human kind endure,  
Small is the part which *laws* can cause or cure.'"

And yet I think *I* could frame<sup>h</sup> a law that would prevent such accidents, or, at least, that would punish the people who cause them."

17. Could soon got into an omnibus, and as he was riding along he was thinking of how much good he could do, if he only had the means. "Now there," said he to himself, "is a 'Home for Consumptive Patients.' What a fine building, and pleasant grounds! How I would like to be the founder of such a noble institution, if I only had the means. But it is my lot to sigh over the troubles of mankind, without being able to relieve them; for, alas! with only small means, I can do no more than provide for my *own* wants. I can not gratify my benevolent wishes; but how willingly I would, if I could."

18. The omnibus stopped, and a pale-faced man, in clean working-clothes, inquired if there was a seat inside.

"No, there is not one," said the conductor, as he looked in. Most of the passengers were women. "Would any gentleman," he asked, "like to go outside'?"

19. "Like'!" thought Could with a laugh. "Who would like to ride outside in such a wind as this! Thank Heav-

en, I never take cold, but I don't want a blast like this to air the lining of my waistcoat, and chill the very shillings in my pocket!"

20. "Because," continued the conductor, "if any gentleman would like to go outside, here is a person who has been ill, and would be very glad of a place within." No answer came from within.

21. "I must ride outside, then," said the man, "for I have not much time for waiting." So he got up with the driver, and as the omnibus rumbled on, a hollow cough now and then was heard from the sick man, which told very plainly that he was not likely to trouble any one long.

22. After telling you so much about *Could*, his kind wishes, and grand projects, and regrets that he could not do some great good, I am almost ashamed to mention *Can* to you again. However, I think I will venture, though, poor little thing, her hopes and wishes are very humble, and she scarcely knows what a *project* means.

23. So, you must know that, having finished most of her business, she entered a shop to purchase something for her dinner; and while she waited to be served, a child entered, carrying a basket much too heavy for her strength, and having a shawl folded up on her arm.

24. "What have you in your basket'?" asked Can.

"Potatoes for dinner," said the child.

"It is very heavy for you," remarked Can, observing how she bent under the weight of it.

25. "Mother is ill, and there is nobody to go to the shop but me," replied the child, setting down the basket, and blowing her numbed fingers.

"No wonder you are cold'," said Can; "why don't you put your shawl *on*', instead of carrying it *so*'?"

26. "It's so big'," said the child, in a piteous voice. "Mother put a pin in it, and told me to hold it up; but I can't, the basket's so heavy; and I trod on it and fell down."

27. "It's enough to give the child her *death* of cold',"

said the mistress of the shop, "to go crawling home in this bitter wind, with nothing on but that thin frock."

28. "Come," said Can, "I think I can tie a child's shawl so as not to throw her down."

So she made the little girl hold out her arms, and drawing the garment closely around her, knotted it securely at her back. "Now, then," she said, having inquired where she lived, "I am going your way, so I can help you to carry your basket."

29. Can and the child went out together, while Could, having reached his comfortable home, sat down before the fire, and made a great many reflections: and he thought over a great many projects<sup>i</sup> for doing good on a grand scale. He made reflections on baths', and wash-houses', and model lodging-houses for the poor'. He made castles in the air'; and when, in imagination, he had made a great many people happy', he felt that a benevolent<sup>j</sup> disposition is a great blessing, and fell asleep by the fire.

30. Can was too busy to make projects: she only made two things. When she had helped to carry the child's basket, she kindly made her sick mother's bed, and then she went home and made a pudding. JEAN INGELow.

<sup>a</sup> "OUT OF SPIRITS," dejected; sad.

<sup>b</sup> "SET OUT," departed; went forth.

<sup>c</sup> ES-TEEM', opinion; estimation.

<sup>d</sup> SAUN'-TER-ING, loitering; wandering lazily.

<sup>e</sup> OB-SERV'ED, remarked; said.

<sup>f</sup> IN-SPEC'-TION, examination.

<sup>g</sup> OB-SERV'ED, noticed.

<sup>h</sup> FRÄME, make.

<sup>i</sup> PROJ'-ECT, plan; scheme.

<sup>j</sup> BE-NEV'-O-LENT, kind; desirous of doing good.

[COULD takes a walk: his reflections. CAN sets out on an errand: her appearance and character. She finds a piece of orange-peel. What she thought, and what she did. Conversation with the children. What they promised. COULD, also, finds a piece of orange-peel. What *he* said to himself. The coal-carrier's fall and injury. COULD's reflections. His ride in an omnibus. His reflections about the "Home for Consumptive Patients." The sick poor man. More about CAN. The child with the heavy basket. How CAN aided her. COULD at home. What *he* made. What CAN made.

This story illustrates the characters of two opposite classes of individuals. First, COULD represents those who form numerous plans and projects for doing *great* things, and who are always thinking about what they could do, and would do, *if they had the means*; while they utterly neglect to do any of the thousand little useful things which are within the power of every one. Secondly, CAN represents those who, modest and unassuming, and perhaps possessed of little means, neglect no opportunities of doing good on a small scale, and thus make themselves constantly useful. The latter are the real benefactors of mankind.]

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LOSE no opportunity of doing a good action. Deeds are fruits: words are but leaves.

## LESSON XXII.

## WHAT WE SHOULD HAVE.

1. HAVE a tear' for the wretched'; a smile' for the glad';  
For the worthy', applause';<sup>a</sup> an excuse' for the bad';  
Some help' for the needy'; some pity' for those  
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows`.
2. Have a laugh for the child in her play at your feet;  
Have respect for the aged'; and pleasantly greet  
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee;  
Have a covering to spare, if he naked should be.
3. Have a hope in thy sorrow, a calm in thy joy;  
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;  
And, oh! above all things on this side the sod',<sup>b</sup>  
Have peace with thy conscience', and peace with thy God`.

<sup>a</sup> AP-PLAUSE', approbation and praise. | <sup>b</sup> Sod. Here used for *the grave*.

[This little poem lays down certain rules and principles of moral conduct. What are they, as to the wretched? The glad? The worthy? The bad? The erring? As to children? The aged? The stranger? In thine own sorrow? In thy joy? Thy life-work? And, to crown all—? What kind of writing is this? What is *didactic* writing? (See p. ix.)]

## LESSON XXIII.

## THE SPELLING-MATCH.

1. ONCE a neighboring school sent word to ours that on a certain day, in the afternoon, they would visit our school-house for a spelling-match with us. As the time was short, most other studies were suspended,<sup>a</sup> and at school, and at home in the evenings, all were busy, studying their spelling-books, in preparation for the approaching contest.

2. At length the day arrived, and, as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxiety<sup>b</sup> were great. The scholars were arranged in a standing position on opposite sides of the room, and the words were given out to each side alternately:<sup>c</sup> the scholar that "missed" was to sit down.

3. It did not take long to thin out the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school had but eight on the

floor, and theirs six. After a few rounds more the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart."

4. At last the number was reduced to one on each side. Our opponents<sup>d</sup> were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town; and our own school by myself, a little ragged boy of ten summers, who had sat up night after night, while my mother, with no other light than that of a pine-knot, examined me in my lessons.

5. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the honor was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools, and was declared victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

6. As soon as the school was dismissed, my competitor,\* who was much older than myself, came and sat down by my side, and congratulated<sup>f</sup> me on my success, inquiring my name and age, and in a flattering manner predicting<sup>g</sup> my future success in life.

7. Just at this moment, Master George Sumner, the son of the rich man of our neighborhood, tauntingly<sup>h</sup> said to me, in the presence of my fair friend, and before a number of boys from the other school, "Oh, you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

8. How the taunt<sup>i</sup> stung me! I was happy no more; I was a drunkard's son; and how could I look my new friends in the face? My heart seemed to rise in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes, but I kept them back; and as soon as possible, quietly slipping away from my companions, I procured<sup>j</sup> my dinner-basket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart, for my home.



9. But what a home! "My folks are poor, and my father is a drunkard!" I repeated to myself. But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking'; and, assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood. Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste liquor, and to show Master George, even if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But all my resolution was produced by his taunting words and haughty manner.

10. In this frame of mind—my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen—I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap, and burst into tears. Seeing my grief, she waited until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added, passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected like other people."

11. At first my mother seemed almost overwhelmed; but, quickly rallying, she said, "My son, I feel very sorry for you, and regret that your feelings have been so injured. George has twitted<sup>k</sup> you about things you can not help. But never mind, my son. Be always honest; never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study, and improve your mind. Depend on your own exertions, trusting in God; and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man.

12. "I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and could realize the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your *own* faults. Pray to God to help you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account."

13. This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have gone since that

day, and I have passed through many trying scenes; but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless<sup>1</sup> remark of George Sumner. It was so unjust<sup>2</sup>, so cruel<sup>3</sup>, so uncalled<sup>4</sup> for. Now, boys, remember always to treat your mates with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks toward any one; and remember that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities<sup>m</sup> as keen as your own.

14. But I have not told you the whole of this story. A few days ago a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not know him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he, "being at a spelling-school on a certain time, and that a rude, thoughtless boy twitted<sup>k</sup> you of poverty, and of being a drunkard's son?" "I do, most distinctly," said I.

15. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There probably has not been a month of my life since then but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame; and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling on you, and asking your forgiveness for that act."

16. George Sumner acted honorably then, and I gave him my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say yes. I *forgave*; but, while memory lasts, I can not *forget* the anguish which his cruel words caused me. And let me urge it upon you, boys, never to reproach others for misfortunes which they can not avoid.

<sup>a</sup> SUS-PEND'-ED, omitted; stopped.

<sup>b</sup> ANX-I'-E-TY, anxious concern.

<sup>c</sup> AL-TERN'-ATE-LY, by turns.

<sup>d</sup> OP-PÖ'-NENTS, those on the other side.

<sup>e</sup> COM-PET -I-TOR, rival; opponent.

<sup>f</sup> CON - GRAT'- U - LA - TED, complimented; wished joy.

<sup>g</sup> PRE-DICT'-ING, foretelling.

<sup>h</sup> TÄUNT'-ING-LY, insultingly.

<sup>i</sup> TÄUNT, scoff; reproach.

<sup>j</sup> PRO-CUE'D, got; obtained.

<sup>k</sup> TWIT'-TED, reproached; upbraided.

<sup>l</sup> HEÄRT'-LESS, cruel; unfeeling.

<sup>m</sup> SEN-SI-BIL'-I-TIES, feelings, easily affected by shame or praise.

[The proposed spelling-match. The preparation. The incidents of the match. The victor congratulated. George Sumner's taunting remarks. Their effect upon the successful competitor. His reflections—resolutions. His interview with his mother. Her advice. The effect. How boys should treat their mates. The remainder of the story. The concluding advice.

This is a *description* of a spelling-match: but it embraces *narration* also. What portions are *didactic*? What is *descriptive* writing? What is *narrative* writing? What is *didactic* writing? (See p. ix.)]

## LESSON XXIV.

## YOU AND I.

1. WHO would scorn his humble fellow  
For the coat he wears'?  
For the poverty he suffers'?  
For his daily cares'?  
Who would pass him in the footway  
With averted<sup>a</sup> eye'?  
Would *you*, brother'? No'—*you would* not.  
If *you* would—not *I*.
2. Who, when vice or crime repentant,<sup>b</sup>  
With a grief sincere,  
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—  
More than heaven severe'?  
Who, to erring woman's sorrow,  
Would with taunts<sup>c</sup> reply'?  
Would *you*, brother'? No'—*you would* not.  
If *you* would—not *I*.
3. Would you say that Vice is Virtue .  
In a hall of state'?  
Or, that rogues are not dishonest  
If they dine off plate'?<sup>d</sup>  
Who would say Success and Merit  
Ne'er part company'?  
Would *you*, brother'? No'—*you would* not.  
If *you* would—not *I*.
4. Who would give a cause his efforts  
When the cause is strong ;  
But desert it on its failure,  
Whether right or wrong ?  
Ever siding<sup>e</sup> with the upmost,  
Letting downmost lie'?  
Would *you*, brother'? No'—*you would* not.  
If *you* would—not *I*.
5. Who would lend his arm to strengthen  
Warfare with the right'?

Who would give his pen to blacken  
 Freedom's page of light' ?  
 Who would lend his tongue to utter  
 Praise of tyranny' ?<sup>f</sup>  
 Would *yóu*, brother' ? No'—*you would not*.  
 If *yóu* would—not *I*.

CHARLES MACKAY.

<sup>a</sup> A-VERT'-ED, turned aside.<sup>b</sup> RE-PENT'-ANT, showing sorrow.<sup>c</sup> TÁUNTS, scoffs; reproaches.<sup>d</sup> PLÁTE, gold or silver dishes.<sup>e</sup> SID'-ING, taking part.<sup>f</sup> TYE'-AN-NY, cruelty; oppression.

[This is a lesson on moral conduct, in which the principles designed to be inculcated are the *negatives*, or *opposites*, of the questions asked. It is therefore, in substance, though not in form, a didactic poem. What is *didactic* writing? (See p. ix.)

Notice the two kinds of the circumflex inflection in the last two lines of each verse. What is the circumflex? (See p. xxiii.)]

## LESSON XXV.

## THE YOUTHFUL WITNESS.



1. A LITTLE girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness<sup>a</sup> in a court of justice, against a prisoner<sup>b</sup> who was on trial for a crime committed in her father's house.

2. "Now, Emily," said the counsel<sup>c</sup> for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath." "I don't know

what you mean," was the simple answer. "There," said the counsel, addressing the judge, "is any thing farther necessary to show that this witness should be rejected'? She does not understand the nature of an oath."

3. "Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter." Encouraged by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently<sup>d</sup> up in his face with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless<sup>e</sup> and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

4. "Did you ever take an oath'?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood came up in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No, sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed!<sup>f</sup>

5. "I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean, were you ever a witness before'?" "No, sir, I never was in court before," was the answer.

6. He handed her the Bible open. "Do you know that book, my daughter'?" She looked at it, and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible." "Can you tell me what the Bible is'?" inquired the judge. "It is the word of the great God," she answered.

7. "Well," said the judge, "place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated, slowly and solemnly, the following oath: "Do you swear that, in the evidence which you shall give in this case, you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and that you ask God to help you'?" "I do," she replied.

8. "Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness: will you tell me what will befall<sup>g</sup> you if you do not tell the truth'?" "I shall be shut up in the State Prison," answered the child. "Any thing else'?" asked the judge. "I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

9. "How do you know' this?" asked the judge again. The child took the Bible, turned rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, and pointing to the one which reads, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," said, "I learned that before I could read."

10. "Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man'?" inquired the judge. "Yes, sir," she replied; "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth. And when I came here with father she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

11. "Do you believe this'?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion. "Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her full belief in its truth. "God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother." "The witness is competent,"<sup>n</sup> he continued, turning to the prisoner's counsel. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

12. She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was; but there was that in her manner and words which carried conviction<sup>i</sup> of her truthfulness to every heart. The counsel for the prisoner asked her a multitude of ingenious<sup>j</sup> questions; but in nothing did she vary from her first statement.

13. The truth, as spoken by that little child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury,<sup>k</sup> on the part of the prisoner, had preceded her testimony, and villainy<sup>l</sup> had made up for him a sham defense. But by her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices<sup>m</sup> of matured<sup>n</sup> villainy<sup>l</sup> to pieces, like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her; and the sublime and terrible simplicity with which she spoke,



terrible to the prisoner and his associates, was like a revelation from God himself.

S. H. HAMMOND.

\* WIT'-NESS, one who is sworn in court to tell what he saw or heard.

<sup>b</sup> PRIS'-ON-ER, one accused of a crime.

<sup>c</sup> COUN'-SEL, a lawyer; an adviser.

<sup>d</sup> CON-FI'-DING-LY, with confiding trust.

<sup>e</sup> ART'-LESS, sincere; truthful.

<sup>f</sup> BLAS-PHE'ME', to take God's name in vain.

<sup>g</sup> BE-FALL', happen to.

<sup>h</sup> COM'-PE-TENT, legally qualified.

<sup>i</sup> CON-VIC'-TION, full belief.

<sup>j</sup> IN-GEN'-IOUS, artful; shrewd.

<sup>k</sup> PEE'-JU-RY, false statement under oath.

<sup>l</sup> VIL'-LAIN-Y, wickedness.

<sup>m</sup> DE-VI'-CES, evil plans or purposes.

<sup>n</sup> MA-TUR'-ED, thoroughly planned.

[The little girl in court. Questioned by the counsel for the prisoner, etc. By the judge. Her answers. She is sworn. Further questions and answers. She is declared competent to testify. How she told her story. The effect.]

This lesson beautifully illustrates the simplicity and power of truth. It is both *descriptive* and *pathetic*. What is the *pathetic* in writing? (See p. xiii.)]

## LESSON XXVI.

### THE BETTER LAND.

1. I HEAR thee speak of the better land;  
Thou call'st its children a happy band:  
Mother'! oh, where is that radiant<sup>a</sup> shore'?  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more'?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows',  
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs'?  
"Not there, not there, my child!"
2. Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies'?  
Or 'mid the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant<sup>b</sup> forests perfume<sup>c</sup> the breeze,  
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things'?  
"Not there, not there, my child!"
3. Is it far away in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold'?  
Where the burning rays of the ruby<sup>d</sup> shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine',  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand'<sup>e</sup>,  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?  
"Not there, not there, my child!"
4. Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy';  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy';

Dreams can not picture a world so fair';  
 Sorrow and death may not enter there';  
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;  
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
 It is there, it is there, my child!

MRS. HEMANS.

<sup>a</sup> RA'-DI-ANT, sunny; beautiful and bright.

<sup>b</sup> FRĀ'-GRANT, sweet-smelling; odorous.

<sup>c</sup> PĒB-FUME', fill with fragrant odors.

<sup>d</sup> RŪ'-BY, a precious stone of a red or violet color.

<sup>e</sup> ĒŌR-AL STRAND, a shore abounding in corals.

[Who are represented as speaking in this lesson? Where does the child fancy this better land to be? What does he think its joys and pleasures must consist in? What is this "better land," as described in the 4th verse?]

## LESSON XXVII.

### WHAT WAS IT?

1. BY the wide lake's margin I marked<sup>a</sup> her lie—  
 The wide, weird<sup>b</sup> lake where the rushes sigh—  
 A fair young thing, with a shy, soft eye;  
 And I deemed<sup>c</sup> that her thoughts had flown  
 To her home', and her brethren', and sisters dear',  
 As she lay there, watching the dark, deep mere,<sup>d</sup>  
 All motionless—all alone.
2. Then I heard a noise, as of men and boys;  
 And a boisterous troop' drew nigh'.  
 Whither now will retreat those fairy feet'?  
 Where hide till the storm pass by'?  
 One glance—the wild glance of a hunted thing—  
 She cast behind her; she gave one spring;  
 And there followed a splash, and a broadening ring  
 On the lake where the rushes sigh.
3. She had gone from the ken<sup>e</sup> of ungentle<sup>f</sup> men'!  
 Yet scarce did I mourn for that;  
 For I knew she was safe in her own home then,  
 And, the danger past, would appear again—  
*For she was a water-rat!*

*Aunt Judy's Magazine.*

<sup>a</sup> MARK'ED, noticed; saw.

<sup>b</sup> WEIRD (wēörd), wild and witching.

<sup>c</sup> DEEM'ED, thought; supposed.

<sup>d</sup> MERE, a pool or lake.

<sup>e</sup> KEN, view; sight.

<sup>f</sup> UN-GEN'-TLE, harsh; rude; unkind.

[This beautiful little descriptive poem, which is rendered all the more interesting by exciting the reader's curiosity as to "What was it?" and continuing it to the very last line, is admirably adapted for recitation.]

## LESSON XXVIII.

## THE FABLE OF THE WIND AND THE FLOWERS; OR, TRAINING AND RESTRAINING.



The Garden in its pride and beauty.

1. A CERTAIN lady had a beautiful flower-garden, which she and her little daughter had planted, and tended with care; but, as they were going to be absent from home for some little time, the lady left the garden in charge of a Gardener, with directions that he should continue the training which she had begun, that her little pets might be in perfect holiday trim when she and her little girl returned.

2. The lady and her daughter had not been long away, when one day the WIND made that garden a visit. As he looked about, he thought to himself, "What fine fun it would be to spoil all this!" Then he planned in what manner he should carry out his evil designs. He ap-

proached the flowers in his blandest<sup>a</sup> mood—bowing, and smiling, and with flattering words on his lying tongue.

3. "What a fuss is made about you, my dear little friends!" murmured he. "I am surprised that you submit so patiently and meekly to all the troublesome things that are done to you! I have been watching your friend, the Gardener, for some time to-day; and now that he is gone at last, I am curious to know what you think and feel about your *unnatural bringing up*."

4. "*Is it unnatural?*" inquired a beautiful Morning-glory, from the top of a tapering pole, up which she had crept, and from which her large velvet flowers hung down like purple gems.

5. "I smile at your question," was the answer of the Wind. "You surely can not suppose that in a *natural* state you would be forced to climb regularly up one tall bare stick, such as I see you upon now'?'\* Oh dear, no! Your cousin, the Wild-creeper, whom I left in the fields this morning, does no such thing. She runs along, and climbs about—now this way, and now that way—twisting here, and curling there—and does *just as she pleases*.

6. "A very different sort of life is yours," continued the Wind, "very different, indeed! with a Gardener always after you, trimming you in one place, fastening up a stray tendril<sup>b</sup> in another—as much as to say, '*musn't go here*'—'*musn't go there*.' Poor thing! How I pity you!

7. "Still, I must say, you make me smile; for you look so proud, and so conscious of your beauty all the time, that one would think you did not know how ridiculous all this restraint<sup>c</sup> makes you appear."

8. Now the Morning-glory's pride was quite taken down by the words of the Wind, for she had been very much puffed up that morning in consequence of having heard the Gardener say something very flattering about her beauty; so she hung down her rich bell-flowers rather lower than usual, and made no reply.

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\* This sentence is virtually a question, although it has not the form of one.

9. But the Carnation<sup>d</sup> put in *her* word. "What you say about the Morning-glory may be true enough, but it can not apply to *me*. I do not know that I have any poor relations in this country, and I myself certainly require all the care that is bestowed upon me. This climate is both too cold and too damp for me. My young plants require heat, or they would not live; and the pots we are kept in protect us from those cruel wire-worms who destroy our roots."

10. "Oh!" cried the Wind, "our friend the Carnation is quite learned in her remarks, and I admit the justice of all she says about damp, and cold, and wire-worms; but"—and here the Wind gave a low-toned whistle as he took a turn round the flower-bed—"but what I maintain,<sup>e</sup> my dear, is, that when you are once strong enough and old enough to be placed in the soil, those gardeners ought to leave you alone, to grow *just as you choose*."

11. "But no! They must always be clipping, and trimming, and twisting up every leaf that strays aside out of the trim<sup>f</sup> pattern they have chosen for you to grow in. Why not allow your silver tufts to spread out in a *natural* manner<sup>g</sup>? Why must every single flower be tied up by its delicate neck to a stick the moment it begins to open<sup>h</sup>? Really, with *your* natural grace and beauty, I think you might be trusted to *yourself* a little more!"

12. And the Carnation began to think so, too; and her color turned deeper, as a feeling of indignation arose within her at the childish treatment she had received. "With *my* natural grace and beauty," repeated she to herself, "they might certainly trust me to *myself* a little more!"

13. But the Rose-tree declared that there must be some great advantages in a Gardener's care; "for am I not," said she, "altogether superior to my wild relations in the woods<sup>i</sup>? Only see what a difference in size, in color, and in fragrance!"\*

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\* All our roses come from the wild-brier, which is a wild rose without any fragrance, and with only five petals. All the changes have been produced by *cultivation*. And what has produced the changes in mankind from the savage to the civilized state, but the "training and restraining" processes of *cultivation*?

14. This puzzled the Wind a little: but, after a moment, he said he did not mean to dispute the advantage of her living in a rich soil; only, there was a *natural* way of growing, even in a garden; and he thought it a great shame that the gardeners should do so much pruning. "Why not," said he, "let the healthy Rose-tree grow as it chooses'? Can it grow *too* high, or *too* broad'? Can its flowers be *too* numerous'? Oh, Rose-tree, you know your own surpassing merits too well to make you think this possible!"

15. And the Rose-tree, as she recollected the spring and autumnal prunings she had to submit to, and the quantities of little branches that were yearly cut from her sides, and carried away in a wheelbarrow, began to think that the Wind was right. "It is a cruel and monstrous system, I fear," said she.

16. Then the Wind took another frolic round the garden, and stopping by the large white Lily, whispered into her ear that he did not see why her thick powerful stem should be propped up against a stupid, ugly stick! He really grieved to see it! "To be deprived of *freedom*," said he, "would be absolute *death* to me. I detest every form of slavery!"

17. "Not more than *I* do!" cried the proud white Lily, leaning as heavily as she could against the strip of matting that tied her to the stick. But it was of no use, she could not get free; and the Wind only shook his sides, and laughed spitefully<sup>h</sup> as he left her, and then rambled away to talk to the Honeysuckle that was trained up against a wall.

18. Indeed, there was not a flower into whose ears he did not whisper words of mischief. He murmured among them all; laughed the trim-cut Box-edges to scorn; hoped the Sweet-peas enjoyed growing in a circle, and running up a quantity of crooked sticks'; and told the flowers, generally, that he should report their unheard-of submission and meek obedience wherever he went!



19. Then the white Lily, sorely nettled by these remarks, called out to him, and told him he mistook their characters altogether. They only submitted to these degrading restraints because they could not help themselves; but if he would lend them his powerful aid, they might free themselves from at least a *part* of the bonds which deprived them of their natural rights. To which all the flowers nodded assent.

20. The wicked Wind, seeing that his wily words had succeeded, replied, in great glee, that he would do his best; and so he went away, chuckling at the discontent he had caused.

21. Very early the next morning there began to be a sighing and a moaning in the distant woods, and by the time the sun was up the clouds were driving fast along the sky, and the trees were bending about in all directions. The Wind had returned, but now he had come in his roughest and wildest mood, knocking over every thing before him!

22. He managed the affair very cleverly, it must be confessed. Making a sort of eddying circuit round the garden, he knocked over the pole which supported the Morning-glory, tore the strips of matting from the stick that held up the white Lily, loosed all the Carnation flowers from their fastenings, broke the Rose-tree down, and leveled the Sweet-peas to the ground. In short, in one half hour he desolated the pretty garden; and when his work was accomplished, he flew off to other countries to rave about his deed of destruction.

23. But the poor flowers of the garden—how fared it with them? The Wind was scarcely gone before a sudden and heavy rain followed, so that all was confusion for some time. When, at length, toward the evening, the weather cleared up, the white Lily stood somewhat upright, but no friendly pole supported her juicy stem; and there was a crack in one part of her stalk, which told her that she must soon double over, and trail upon the ground.

24. The Morning-glory fared still worse. Prostrate on the ground, her velvet bells were choked up by the wet soil, and she could have cried for grief. Oh, that she were once more climbing up the friendly fir-pole! The Hon-ey-suckle escaped no better; and the Carnation was ready to die of vexation at finding that the freedom which she had so much desired had been the cause of her ruin.

25. When the Gardener returned from his farm-work that evening, he was greatly surprised at the havoc<sup>k</sup> which the Wind had made. The flowers were nearly all ruined. Discouraged, he turned, sorrowful, away. In a short time weeds sprang up; a few blighted<sup>l</sup> flowers vainly struggled with them; and a dreary confusion reigned<sup>m</sup> in the once orderly and brilliant little garden.



The Garden in ruins.

26. When the mistress of the place returned with her little girl, they went out at once to see their garden pets. The lady lifted up her hands in astonishment, and the lit-

the girl shed tears of grief. "How very sad it is!" said the daughter.

27. "It would be sadder still, my darling," said the mother, "if we did not learn a useful lesson from the ruin which here meets our view. We can plant more flowers, and tie up some of these anew; but what I have been thinking is, that now, at last, you can understand what I have so often told you about the necessity of *training*, and *restraint*, and *culture*, not only for flowers, but for us also in a fallen world.

28. "The wind has torn away these poor things from their fastenings, and they are growing wild, among the weeds, whichever way they please. I know some argue that the *natural* mode of growing is the best. But who can say so when they see such a result as this! These poor flowers are doing whatever they like, without restraint; and the end is, that our beautiful GARDEN is turned into a WILDERNESS!"

*Adapted.*—MRS. GATTY.

- <sup>a</sup> BLAND'-EST, mildest; gentlest.
- <sup>b</sup> TEN'-DRIL, a thread-like shoot that winds around another body.
- <sup>c</sup> RE-STRĀINT', keeping back; abridgment of liberty.
- <sup>d</sup> CĀR-NĀ'-TION, a kind of pink.
- <sup>e</sup> MĀIN-TĀIN', declare; affirm.
- <sup>f</sup> TRIM, snug; orderly; constrained.

- <sup>g</sup> MON'-STROUS, unnatural.
- <sup>h</sup> SPITE'-FUL-LY, maliciously.
- <sup>i</sup> NET'-TLED, fretted; irritated.
- <sup>j</sup> WI'-LY, cunning; crafty.
- <sup>k</sup> HAV'-OC, destruction.
- <sup>l</sup> BLIGHT'-ED, injured; blasted.
- <sup>m</sup> REIGN'-ED, prevailed.

[The lady and her flower-garden. Directions to the Gardener. The Wind's visit, plans, etc. How he made the flowers discontented. His talk with the *Morning-glory*. The effect. What the *Carnation* said. What the Wind remarked to her. The effect upon the *Carnation*. What the *Rose-tree* said. The Wind's artful reply. The effect upon the *Rose*. What the Wind whispered to the *Lily*. The *Lily*'s reply, remarks, etc. What the Wind promised the *Lily*. The return of the Wind. In what manner he came *this* time. How he managed, and what he did. How the flowers fared. Return of the Gardener. The mistress of the garden. The MORAL.

What is a *fable*? (See p. xi.) Under what figure of speech is it included? (See p. xi.) What moral precept is this fable intended to enforce? (See verse 27.) What, then, is the garden of flowers here designed to represent?

## LESSON XXIX.

### THE POWER OF HABIT.

1. I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara River."

2. "Well, it is here a beautiful and tranquil stream," said I. "How far off are the rapids'?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

3. "Is it *possible* that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence<sup>a</sup> it must show near the Falls'?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

4. Now launch<sup>b</sup> your bark on that Niagara River whose surface is so bright, and smooth, and beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow: the silver wake<sup>c</sup> you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide—oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, as you set out on your pleasure excursion.

5. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "*Young men', ahoy'!*"<sup>d</sup>

"What is it'?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

6. "Ha! ha!" you laugh back; "we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast', then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore: we will set the mast in the socket', hoist the sail', and speed to the land'. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed—there is no danger."

7. The boat glides swiftly along, while scarcely a ripple in the smooth waters tells you it is moving *down the stream*. Soon another warning call reaches you from the shore:

8. "*Young men', ahoy' there!*"

"What is it'?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

9. "Ha! ha!" you shout back again. "We will laugh and quaff: all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw' it'. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof'. Let us enjoy life while we may, and catch pleasure as it flies. *This'* is enjoyment'. Time enough yet to steer out of danger'."

10. And so full of glee are you', that you do not know

how rapidly the current is bearing you onward—onward—into the very jaws of destruction! Another shout reaches you—*louder*—**FIERCER** than before. It startles you.

11. "YOUNG MEN, AHOY!"

"*What is it?*"

"BEWARE! BEWARE! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU!"

12. Now you see the water foaming all around. How fast you pass that point! "*Up with the helm!*" Now you turn! You pull hard! "*Quick! quick! quick! Pull for your lives, men!*" Ah! now you pull. You pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins show like whip-cords upon your brows! "*Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail!*" Ah! ah! it is too late! too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over you go.

13. Young men! thousands go over the rapids of *Intemperance* every year just in this way, through self-confidence and *the power of habit*, crying out all the while, "*When I find that temperate drinking is injuring me, I will give it up!*"

*Adapted.*—J. B. GOUGH.

<sup>a</sup> TUR-BU-LENCE, disturbed state; commo-

<sup>b</sup> LAUNCH, set afloat.

[tion.]

<sup>c</sup> WAKE, track of the boat.

<sup>d</sup> A-HOY, a sea term used in hailing.

[This is an *allegorical* illustration of the danger to be apprehended from the *habit* of temperate drinking—a habit which leads the young onward so gradually toward the *rapids* of Intemperance that they apprehend no danger until they are on the very brink of destruction. What object is here described, and what is represented by it?]

## LESSON XXX.

### THE PLEASURE-PARTY.

1. A **SHORT** distance from the western coast of Norway is a terrific whirlpool, called the Mæl'strom. At certain times of the tide the water near it is kept in the most fearful commotion,<sup>a</sup> and ships that are drawn into its vortex<sup>b</sup> quickly disappear.

2. On the shore nearly opposite to this dreadful place, one fine day in summer, a party of young people were walking for pleasure. A proposition was made to embark<sup>c</sup> for an

excursion upon the water; and some of the party, against the advice of their companions, stepped into a boat lying by the shore.

3. None of those who thus embarked were accustomed to the dangers of the sea. The young men could not ply<sup>d</sup> the oars as dexterously<sup>e</sup> as those who are practiced in the labor. They supposed there could be no danger. The sea was so calm, the day so pleasant, and the winds breathed so softly', they felt all was safe.

4. Soon the boat was in motion, propelled<sup>f</sup> rapidly by the oars. Ere long, however, the young men, fatigued with the exertion, ceased rowing, and were pleased to find that the boat continued to glide smoothly yet swiftly along.

5. They saw no danger, and apprehended<sup>g</sup> none. They knew not that they were within the influence of the whirlpool, and that, although then passing around on its outermost circle, they were slowly but surely drawing nearer to a point whence there could be no escape.

6. Borne rapidly onward by the deceitful current, they soon came round nearly to the place whence they had embarked. At this critical moment, the only one in which it was possible for them to escape, those on shore perceived the danger of the unhappy party, and gave the alarm. They entreated those in the boat to make at least one desperate effort, and, if possible, reach the shore.

7. They entreated in vain. The party in the boat laughed at the fears of their friends, and suffered themselves to glide onward, without making one exertion for deliverance from the impending<sup>h</sup> destruction. They passed around the second circle, and again appeared to their terrified friends on shore.

8. Expostulation<sup>i</sup> and entreaty were redoubled,<sup>j</sup> but in vain. To launch another boat would only bring sure destruction to those who might embark. If any of the party were saved, their own efforts alone could accomplish the work.



9. But they continued their merriment; and now and then peals of laughter would come over the waters, sounding like the knell of death upon the ears of those on shore; for the latter well knew that now there was no relief, and that soon the thoughtless revelers<sup>k</sup> would see their folly and madness, and awake to their danger only to find that there was no longer a way of escape open to them.

10. Again they came round; but their mirth was terminated. They had heard the roarings of the whirlpool, and had seen in the distance the wild tumult of the waters. The boat began to quiver like an aspen leaf, and to shoot like lightning from wave to wave.

11. The foam dashed over them as they sped along, and every moment they expected to be engulfed. They now plied the oars and cried for help. No help could reach them. No strength could give the boat power to escape from the vortex<sup>b</sup> toward which it was hastening.

12. A thick, black cloud, as if to add horror to the scene, at this moment shrouded the heavens in darkness, and the thunder rolled fearfully over their heads. With a desperate struggle the oars were again plied. They snapped asunder, and their last hope gave way to the agony of despair. The boat, now trembling, now tossed, now whirled suddenly around, plunged into the yawning abyss,<sup>l</sup> and, with the unhappy persons which it carried, disappeared forever.

13. Thus perished the pleasure-boat, and all who had embarked in it. And thus perish thousands in the whirlpool of dissipation, who at first sailed smoothly and thoughtlessly around its outmost circle, and laughed at those who saw and faithfully warned them of their danger. But, rejecting all admonition, and closing their ears to all entreaties, they continued on their course till escape was hopeless, and ruin inevitable.

14. Let every youth remember that the real danger lies in entering the *first* circle. Had not the pleasure-boat entered *that*, that unhappy party had never been dashed in

pieces in the vortex of the whirlpool. Pleasure may, indeed, beckon on, and cry, "There is no danger," but believe her not.

15. The waves and rocks of ruin are in her path; and to avoid them may not be in your power if one wrong step be taken. Many a man, who commenced with an occasional glass, relying upon his strength of mind and firmness of purpose to continue a *temperate* drinker, has passed around the whole circle of drunkenness, and lain down in a dishonored grave.

<sup>a</sup> COM-MO'-TION, agitation; disturbance.

<sup>b</sup> VOR'-TEX, the water that moves round in a circuit.

<sup>c</sup> EM-BARK', go on board ship or boat.

<sup>d</sup> PLY, handle; use.

<sup>e</sup> DEX'-TER-OUS-LY, skillfully.

<sup>f</sup> PRO-PELL'ED, urged forward.

<sup>g</sup> AP-PRE-HEND'-ED, feared; anticipated.

<sup>h</sup> IM-PEND'-ING, threatening; near.

<sup>i</sup> EX-POS-TU-LA'-TION, earnest remonstrance.

<sup>j</sup> RE-DOUB'-LED, increased.

<sup>k</sup> REV'-EL-ER, a carouser.

<sup>l</sup> A-BYSS', gulf, pit.

[This vivid description of the pleasure-party is of the same character, and has the same moral as the preceding lesson. One subject is described for the purpose of illustrating another. Thus the incidents of the pleasure excursion are used, by way of *simile* or comparison, to point out the dangers that lurk in the circle of pleasures which surround the path of the temperate drinker.]

### GOOD-MORNING.

THE eagle on its rocky height—

He knows the hour of waking,

And waves his pinions in the light,

The midnight dew off-shaking;

And I must shake off sleep and slôth,

Since rosy day is dawning;

And, even as the eagle doth,

I'll wish the world *good-morning*.

The rose-bud, in her woven bower,

Among the leaves is peeping;

She bares her bosom more and more,

For 'tis no hour for sleeping:

Then is it meet that I repose,

When such as these give warning'?

I'll look abroad as doth the rose,

And wish the world *good-morning*.

## LESSON XXXI.

## FATHER'S GROWING OLD, JOHN!



1. OUR father's growing old', John'!  
His eyes are growing dim',  
And years are on his shoulders laid—  
A heavy weight for him.  
And you and I are young and hale,<sup>a</sup>  
And each a stalwart<sup>b</sup> man',  
And we must make his load as light  
And easy as we can.
2. He used to take the brunt',<sup>c</sup> John',  
At cradle and the plough',  
And earned our porridge by the sweat  
That trickled down his brow :

- Yet never heard we him complain,  
Whate'er his toil might be,  
Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat  
Upon his solid knee.
3. And when our boy-strength came, John',  
And sturdy grew each limb',  
He brought us to the yellow field,  
To share the toil with him';  
But he went foremost in the swath,<sup>d</sup>  
Tossing aside the grain,  
Just like the plough that heaves the soil,  
Or ships that cleave the main.
4. Now we must lead the van',<sup>e</sup> John',  
Through weather foul and fair',  
And let the old man read and doze,  
And tilt<sup>f</sup> his easy chair;  
And he'll not mind it, John, you know,  
At eve to tell us o'er  
Those brave old days of British times—  
Our grandsires and the war.
5. I heard you speak of ma'am', John';  
'Tis Gospel what you say,  
That caring for the like of us  
Has turned her hair to gray!  
Yet, John, I do remember well  
When neighbors called her vain',  
And when her hair was long, and like  
A gleaming<sup>g</sup> sheaf of grain.
6. Her lips were cherry red', John',  
Her cheeks were round and fair',  
And like a ripened peach they swelled  
Against her wavy hair.  
Her step fell lightly as the leaf  
From off the summer tree',  
And all day busy at the wheel',  
She sang to you and me.
7. She had a buxom<sup>h</sup> arm, John,  
That wielded well the rod,

Whene'er with willful step our feet  
 The path forbidden trod;  
 But to the heaven of her eye  
 We never looked in vain,  
 And evermore our yielding cry  
 Brought down her tears like rain.

8. But this is long ago, John,  
 And we are what we are,  
 And little heed we, day by day,  
 Her fading cheek and hair:  
 And when beneath her faithful breast  
 The tides<sup>1</sup> no longer stir',  
 'Tis then, John, we the most shall feel  
 We had no friend like her!
9. Yes, father's growing old', John',  
 His eyes are getting dim',  
 And mother's treading softly down  
 The deep descent with him;  
 But you and I are young and hale,<sup>a</sup>  
 And each a stalwart<sup>b</sup> man,  
 And we must make their path as smooth  
 And level as we can.

<sup>1</sup> HÁLE, healthy; robust.

<sup>b</sup> STÁL'-WART, strong; stout.

<sup>c</sup> BRUNT, hardest part.

<sup>d</sup> SWATH, line of grass or grain cut by the scythe.

<sup>e</sup> VAN, the front rank.

<sup>f</sup> TILT, tip backward or forward.

<sup>g</sup> GLEAM'-ING, shining; golden.

<sup>h</sup> BUX'-OM, strong and active.

<sup>i</sup> TIDES, flow of blood.

[As to its *moral* character, this is a poem on filial affection and filial duty. In *form*, it is both *descriptive* and *declarative*—as it describes what *has* been, and declares or asserts what *is*. By whom, and to whom, is it supposed to be spoken? How is the father described as being, now, and in the past? The mother? How are the sons, now, to show their affection for both parents?]

### WHAT MAKES EARTH BEAUTIFUL.

It is not much the world can give,  
 With all its subtle art,  
 And gold and gems are not the things  
 To satisfy the heart:  
 But oh! if those who cluster round  
 The altar and the hearth,  
 Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
 How beautiful is earth!

## LESSON XXXII.

THE VALLEY OF TEARS.—AN ALLEGORY.



1. I ONCE had a dream—and yet it was not *all* a dream—in which it seemed to me that I set out upon a long journey through a dark valley, which was called the VALLEY OF TEARS.

2. The valley had this name because those who were traveling through it met with many sorrowful trials on their way, and most of them left it in very great pain and anguish. It was full of all manner of people—of all ages, and colors, and conditions; yet all were traveling in the same direction; or rather, although they were taking many different little paths, these all led to the same common end.

3. I noticed, also, that these people, though differing so



much in complexions, ages, and tempers,<sup>a</sup> were all alike in one respect:<sup>b</sup> each had a burden on his back, which he was compelled to carry, through the toil and heat of the day, until he should arrive at his journey's end.

4. It would have been very hard for the poor pilgrims<sup>c</sup> to bear up under the toils of such a journey, had not the lord of the valley, out of compassion for them, provided, among other things, the following means for their relief. In their full view, over the entrance to the valley, he had written, in great letters of gold—"Bear ye one another's burdens."

5. Now I saw, in my vision,<sup>d</sup> that many of the pilgrims<sup>c</sup> hurried on without stopping to read this inscription: some read it, but paid very little attention to it, while a third sort thought it very good advice for *other* people, but seldom applied it to *themselves*.

6. I saw, indeed, that very many of those who were staggering along wearily under their loads, were of opinion that they had burdens enough of their own, without taking upon themselves those of other people; and so each tried to get along as well as he could, without so much as casting<sup>e</sup> a thought on a poor overloaded neighbor who was toiling by his side.

7. And here I made a singular discovery, which showed to me the great folly of these selfish people; for I observed that things had been so ordered by the lord of the valley, that if any one stretched out his hand to lighten a neighbor's burden, he found that the kind act never failed to lighten his own!

8. As I stood looking upon the passing throng, I noticed a sorrowful widow, bound down with the burden of grief for the loss of an affectionate<sup>f</sup> husband: but I saw that her children stepped forward to aid and comfort her; and their kindness, after a while, so much lightened the burden, that she not only went on her way with cheerfulness, but more than repaid<sup>g</sup> their help by the future assistance which she gave to them.

9. I next saw a poor old man tottering under a burden so heavy, that it seemed every moment as if he must sink under it. I peeped into his pack, and saw it was made up of many sad articles: there were poverty, sickness, debt; and, what made by far the heaviest part, the unkindness of undutiful children.

10. I was wondering how he got along at all, till my eye fell upon his wife, a kind, meek, Christian woman, who was doing her utmost to assist him. I noticed that she quietly went behind him, and gently putting her hand to the burden, carried much the larger portion of it. The benefit seemed to be all the greater, that she tried to conceal from him the aid which she had rendered.

11. And she not only sustained him by her strength, but cheered him by her counsels. In short, she so supported his fainting spirit, that he was enabled<sup>h</sup> to "run with patience the race that was set before him."

12. An infirm blind woman was creeping forward with a very heavy burden, in which were packed sickness and want, with many more of those materials which make up the great sum of human misery. She was so weak that she would not have got along at all, had it not been for the kind assistance of another woman almost as poor, and almost as heavily burdened as herself.

13. This friend had, indeed, little or nothing to give: but her voice of kindness and encouragement was a balm to the soul of the weary one. Then I saw how much good an affectionate look and kind word can do. And I said to myself, "When we know that some human being cares for us, how much it lightens the burdens of life!"

14. But to return to this kind neighbor. She had a little book in her hand, the leaves of which were much worn by use; and when she saw the blind woman ready to faint, she would read to her a few words out of this book, such as the following: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

15. These words quickened the pace and sustained the spirits of the blind pilgrim; and the kind neighbor, by thus directing the attention of the poor sufferer to the blessings of a *better* world', did more to enable her to bear the infirmities of *this*', than if she had bestowed upon her any amount of worldly wealth.

16. I saw a pious minister toiling sadly along under the weight of a distressed parish, whose worldly wants sorely troubled him, when a charitable man came forward, and took all the sick and hungry on his *own* shoulders, as *his* part of the load. The two, then, were able to bear the weight of a whole parish; though singly, either of them must have sunk under the attempt. It was always pleasant to see the poor pilgrims sharing one another's burdens; but it troubled me greatly to observe, that of all the laws of the valley, there was not one more frequently broken than the *law of kindness*.

17. I noticed, also, that those pilgrims who were the most impatient under their burdens, only made them the heavier; but what surprised me most was to learn, that the heaviest part of the load which each bore was a certain *inner packet*, which most of the travelers took pains to conceal, and which they never complained of!

18. In spite of all their caution, however, I contrived to get a peep at this *secret packet*. I found that in all it had the same label, and that the word SIN was written on it, and in ink so black that they could not wash it out. But what seemed to me very strange, was, that most of them tried—not to get rid of the *load*, but the *label*! and that those whose secret packet was the largest, most stoutly denied that they had any such article!

19. There were some, however, who labored hard to get rid of the contents of this inward packet; and they always found that, as it shrunk in size, the lighter was the other part of their burden also. Moreover, I observed that, with such, the traces on the label grew fainter and fainter, although the odious word was never wholly effaced.

20. Then methought I heard a voice, as it had been the voice of an angel, saying, "Ye unhappy pilgrims, why are ye troubled about the burden which ye are doomed to bear through this valley of tears'? Know ye not, that if ye remove the secret load of sin which so oppresses you, the whole burden will finally drop off'?"

21. "Learn, then, and *do* the whole will of the lord of the valley. Let faith and hope cheer you. The pilgrimage, though it seem long to weary travelers, will soon be ended; and beyond, there is a land of everlasting rest, where ye shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more—where ye shall be led beside living fountains of waters, and all tears shall be wiped away from your eyes."

"Bear ye one another's burdens;  
 Bear, ye strong, with weakness,  
 Youth with age, and age with youth;  
 Bear ye, all, in meekness.  
 Bear ye one another's burdens;  
 Joyful hearts with sadness—  
 Anxious ones with cheerful hope,  
 Mourning ones with gladness."

*Adapted.*—HANNAH MORE.

- <sup>a</sup> TEM'-PERS, dispositions; character.  
<sup>b</sup> RE-SPECT', particular.  
<sup>c</sup> PIL'-GRIMS, wanderers; travelers.  
<sup>d</sup> VI'-SION, dream, imaginary seeing.

- <sup>e</sup> CAST'-ING, having; taking.  
<sup>f</sup> AF-FEC'-TION-ATE, loving; fond.  
<sup>g</sup> RE-PÄID', paid back.  
<sup>h</sup> EN-A'-BLED, made able.

[This lesson is given as an example of a very complete *allegory*: and for the purpose of impressing, more clearly, the distinctive character of an allegory upon the minds of pupils, the aid of the artist has been called in to picture forth the scenes described. This kind of writing is well adapted to enforce moral truths. Explain the allegory.]

## LESSON XXXIII.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO.

1. I've wandered to the village, Tom'; I've sat beneath the tree,  
 Upon the school-house play-ground, which sheltered you and me';  
 But none were left to greet<sup>a</sup> me, Tom'; and few were left to know,  
 That played with us upon the green some twenty years ago.

2. The grass is just as green, Tom'; barefooted boys at play  
Were sporting just as we did then', with spirits just as  
gay';  
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er  
with snow,  
Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.
3. The old school-house is altered now'; the benches are re-  
placed<sup>b</sup>  
By new' ones', very like the same our penknives had de-  
faced';<sup>c</sup>  
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings  
to and fro,  
Its music just the same', dear Tom', 'twas twenty years ago.
4. The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same  
old tree';  
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same  
with me  
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throw-  
ing—so and so;  
The leader had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.
5. The river's running just as still; the willows on its side  
Are *larger* than they were, Tom; the stream appears *less*  
wide—  
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we  
played the beau,<sup>d</sup>  
And swung our sweethearts—"pretty girls"—just twen-  
ty years ago.
6. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the  
spreading beech,  
Is very low—'twas once so high, that we could almost  
reach;  
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom', I started so,  
To see how sadly I am changed, since twenty years ago.
7. Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your  
name',  
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom', and you did *mine*  
the same:

Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark—'twas dying,  
 sure but slow,  
 Just as that one, whose name you cut, died twenty years  
 ago.

8. My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my  
 eyes;

I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties:  
 I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to  
 strow

Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years  
 ago.

9. Some in the church yard laid—some sleep beneath the sea;  
 But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;  
 And when *our* time shall come, Tom, and we are called  
 to go,

I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years  
 ago.

<sup>a</sup> GREET, to welcome; salute.

<sup>b</sup> RE-PLACED', exchanged for.

<sup>c</sup> DE-FACED', injured; cut.

<sup>d</sup> BEAU (bō), a gallant.

[Description of a visit to the old school-house play-ground, and of the changes which twenty years had produced. This poem, mostly *descriptive*, is of a meditative, almost melancholy and *pathetic* character. (See p. xiii.) What degree of *force* is required in the reading of it? Of *time*? What *pitch of voice*? What is the meaning of "to know," at the end of the 3d line, 1st verse? Why are the willows *larger* than they were twenty years ago, and why does the stream appear *narrower*?

In several cases in this lesson the *falling* inflection is given to "Tom," apparently in violation of Rule II., "direct address." But in the cases in which the word takes the falling inflection in this lesson, it is really an *expletive*, spoken in a musing mood, and not designed as an "address" to arrest attention. Hence, *in such cases*, it comes under the principle of "positive and complete ideas," requiring the falling inflection.]

## LESSON XXXIV.

### A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

1. WHO'LL press, for gold, this crowded street,  
 A hundred years to come'?  
 Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,  
 A hundred years to come'?  
 Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,  
 And childhood with his brow of truth,  
 The rich and poor, on land, on sea—  
 Where will the mighty millions be  
 A hundred years to come'?



2. We all within our graves shall sleep,  
     A hundred years to come;  
 No living soul for us will weep  
     A hundred years to come:  
 But other men our land will till,  
 And others, then, our streets will fill,  
 And other words they'll sing as gay,  
 And bright the sunshine as to-day,  
     A hundred years to come.

[This is a proper sequel to the preceding lesson, as it looks forward to the vast changes which the short period of a hundred years will produce. The thoughts here expressed ought deeply to impress every one with the exceeding brevity of human life, and the van-ity of all earthly things.]

## LESSON XXXV.

### THE WELCOME HOME.

Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.—*Matt. vii., 13, 14.*

And a little child shall lead them.—*Isaiah xi., 6.*

1. "WILL you come with me, my pretty one'?"  
     I asked a little child—  
     "Will you come with me and gather flowers'?"  
     She looked on me and smiled.  
     Then in a low, sweet, gentle voice,  
     She said, "I can not come',  
     I must not leave this narrow path',  
     For I am going home'."
2. "But will you not'?" I asked again;  
     "The sun is shining bright,  
     And you might twine<sup>a</sup> a lily-wreath  
     To carry home at night;  
     And I could show you pleasant things  
     If you would only come:"  
     But still she answered as before,  
     "No; I am going home."
3. "But look', my child': the fields are green,  
     And 'neath the leafy trees  
     Children are playing merrily,  
     Or resting at their ease.

Does it not hurt your tender feet  
 This stony path to tread'?"  
 "Somètimes'; but I am going home'!"  
 Once more she sweetly said.

4. "My father bāde<sup>b</sup> me keep this path,  
 Nor ever turn aside;  
 The road which leads away from him'  
 Is very smooth and wide;  
 The fields are fresh, and cool, and green;  
 Pleasant the shady trees;  
 But those around my own dear home  
 Are lovelier far than these.

5. "I must not loiter<sup>c</sup> on the road,  
 For I have far to go;  
 And I should like to reach the door  
 Before the sun is low.  
 I must not stay; but will you not—  
 Oh, will you not come too'?  
 My home is very beautiful,  
*And there is room for you."*

6. I took her gentle hand in mine;  
 Together we went on;  
 Brighter and brighter o'er our path  
 The blessed sunbeams shone.  
 At length we saw the distant towers;  
 But ere we reached the gate,  
 The child outstripped<sup>d</sup> my lingering feet,  
 Too overjoyed<sup>e</sup> to wait.  
 And, as she turned her radiant<sup>f</sup> face,  
 Once more to bid me come',  
 I heard a chorus of glad songs—  
 The ANGELS' "*Welcome Home!*"

*Friends' Review.*

<sup>a</sup> TWINE, form into a wreath.  
<sup>b</sup> BĀDE, ordered; commanded.  
<sup>c</sup> LOI'-TER, linger; delay.

<sup>d</sup> OUT-STRIP'PED, outran.  
<sup>e</sup> O-VER-JOYED', having great joy.  
<sup>f</sup> RĀ'-DI-ANT, beaming with joy.

[A child is described as passing along a narrow stony path: being invited to turn aside into wider and smoother paths, and into the green fields, to gather flowers, and enjoy the pleasures which others found there, she declines, because her "father" had told her to keep in the "narrow way," and because she was "going home." While hastening onward, she urges the questioner to go with her. Both walk on together: they come within

sight of the distant towers, when the child, too overjoyed to wait, hurries forward alone, when, as the gates of the city open, there is heard the ANGELS' "*Welcome Home.*"

It is evident that this poem has a meaning different from its literal signification, and that something beyond what at first appears is intended to be represented by it. What, then, is the character of the poem? (See p. xi.) Although not a complete allegory, it is *allegorical* in character. The teacher, after questioning the pupils on the lesson, should explain to them its full meaning.]

## LESSON XXXVI.

### THE CADİ'S DECISIONS.

#### AN ARABIAN TALE.

1. BOU-AKAS, at one time the shēik<sup>a</sup> or chief ruler of Algeria, having heard that the cādī of one of his twelve tribes administered<sup>b</sup> justice in an admirable manner, and pronounced decisions in a style worthy of King Solomon himself, determined to judge, from his own observation, of the truth of the report.

2. Accordingly, dressed like a private individual, without arms or attendants, he set out for the cādī's town, mounted on a docile Arabian steed. Having arrived there, he was just entering the gate, when a cripple, seizing the border of his garment, asked him for alms<sup>c</sup> in the name of the prophet.<sup>d</sup> Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still maintained his hold.

3. "What dost thou want?" asked the shēik.<sup>a</sup> "I have already given thee alms."

"Yes," replied the beggar, "but the law says not only, 'Thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'Thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'"

"Well! and what can I do for thee?"

4. "Thou canst save me—poor crawling creature that I am!—from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules, and camels, which would certainly happen to me in passing through the crowded square, in which a fair is now being held."

"And *how* can I save thee?"

5. "By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business."

"Be it so," replied Bou-Akas. And, stooping down, he

helped the cripple to get up behind him ; a business which was not accomplished without much difficulty.

6. The strangely-assorted<sup>e</sup> riders attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets ; and at length they reached the market-place.

"Is this where you wish to stop'?" asked Bou-Akas.

"Yes."

"Then get down."

"Get down yourself'."

"What for'?"

7. "To leave me the horse."

"To leave you my horse'! What mean you by that'?"

"I mean that he belongs to *me*. Know you not that we are now in the town of the just cādi', and that, if we bring the case before him, he will certainly decide in my favor'?"

8. "Why should he do so, when the animal belongs to me'?"

"Don't you think that, when he sees us two, you, with your strong, straight limbs, which Allah<sup>f</sup> has given you for the purpose of walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted<sup>g</sup> feet, he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has most need of him'?"

9. "Should he do so, he would not be the *just* cādi," said Bou-Akas.

"Oh, as to that," replied the cripple, laughing, "although he is *just*, he is not *infallible*."<sup>h</sup>

The shēik<sup>a</sup> was greatly surprised. "But," he thought to himself, "this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge." Then he said aloud, "I am content, we will go before the cādi."

10. On arriving at the tribunal,<sup>i</sup> where the judge, according to the Eastern custom, was publicly administering<sup>j</sup> justice, they found that two trials were already in waiting, and would, of course, be heard before theirs.

11. The first was between a *taleb*, or learned man, and a peasant. The point in dispute was the *taleb's* wife, whom the peasant claimed as his own.

12. The woman remained obstinately silent, and would not declare for either; a feature in the case which rendered its decision exceedingly difficult. The judge heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here, and return to-morrow."

13. The learned man and the laborer each bowed, and retired; and the next cause was called. This was a difference between a butcher and an oil-seller. The latter appeared covered with oil, and the former was sprinkled with blood.

14. The butcher spoke first, and said:

"I went to buy some oil from this man, and, in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go; and here we are, having come before your worship,<sup>k</sup> I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist. Now, I assert that this man is a liar, when he says that I stole his money; for the money is truly mine own."

15. Then spoke the oil-merchant:

"This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, 'Have you change for a piece of gold?' I searched my pocket, and drew out my hand full of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking off with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist, and cried out, 'Robber!'"

16. "In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money; so I brought him here, that your worship might decide the case. Now, I assert that this man is a liar, when he says that I want to steal his money; for it is truly mine own."

17. The cādi caused each man to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original<sup>l</sup> statement. He reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the money with me, and return to-morrow."

18. The butcher placed the coins, which he had never

let go, on the edge of the cādi's mantle. After which, he and his opponent<sup>m</sup> bowed to the tribunal,<sup>i</sup> and departed.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

19. "My lord cādi," said the former, "I came hither from a distant country, with the intention of purchasing merchandise. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd.

20. "I consented, but, when we reached the market-place, he refused to get down, asserting that my horse belonged to him, and that your worship would surely adjudge<sup>n</sup> it to him who wanted it most. That, my lord cādi, is precisely the state of the case."

21. "My lord," said the cripple, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the roadside, apparently half dead from fatigue. I kindly offered to take him up behind me, and let him ride as far as the market-place, and he eagerly thanked me.

22. "But what was my astonishment, when, on our arrival, he refused to get down, and said that my horse was his. I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us. That is the true state of the case."

23. Having made each repeat his statement, and having reflected for a moment, the cādi said, "Leave the horse here, and return to-morrow."

It was done, and Bou-Akas and the cripple withdrew in different directions.

#### THE CADİ'S DECISIONS.—*Continued.*

1. ON the morrow, a number of persons besides those immediately interested in the trials assembled to hear the judge's decisions. The *taleb* and the peasant were called first.

2. "Take away thy wife," said the cādi to the former,



"and keep her." Then, turning toward an officer, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows." He was instantly obeyed, and the *taleb* led away his wife.

3. Then came forward the oil-merchant and the butcher. "Here," said the *cādi* to the butcher, "is thy money; it is truly thine, and not his." Then, pointing to the oil-merchant, he said to his officer, "Give this man fifty blows."

4. It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money. The third cause was then called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward.

"Wouldst thou recognize thy horse among twenty others?" said the judge to Bou-Akas.

5. "Yes, my lord."

"And thou'?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple.

"Follow me," said the *cādi* to Bou-Akas.

6. They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse among the twenty which were standing side by side.

"Tis well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary hither."

7. The disguised *shēik*<sup>a</sup> obeyed, delivered his message, and the cripple hastened to the stable, as quickly as his distorted<sup>s</sup> limbs could carry him. He had quick eyes, and a good memory, so that he was able, without the slightest hesitation, to place his hand on the right animal.

8. "'Tis well," said the *cādi*; "return to the tribunal."

His worship resumed his place, and when the cripple arrived, judgment was pronounced.

"The horse is thine," said the *cādi* to Bou-Akas. "Go to the stable and take him." Then, turning to the officer, he said, "Give this cripple fifty blows." It was done; and Bou-Akas went to take his horse.

9. When the *cādi*, after concluding the business of the day, was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him.

"Art thou discontented with my award'?"<sup>o</sup> asked the judge.

10. "No, quite the contrary," replied the shēik.<sup>a</sup> "But I want to ask by what means thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not that the other two causes were decided as correctly as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, Shēik<sup>a</sup> of Algeria, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed<sup>b</sup> wisdom."

11. The cādi bowed to the ground, and kissed his master's hand.

"I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to know the reasons which determined your three decisions."

"Nothing, my lord, can be more simple. Your highness<sup>a</sup> saw that I detained, for a night, the three things in dispute'?"

"I did."

12. "Well, early in the morning, I caused the woman to be called, and I said to her suddenly, 'Put fresh ink in my inkstand.' Like a person who had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put in the cotton again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dexterity.

13. "So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands—she must belong to the *taleb*.'"

"Good," said Bou-Akas, nodding his head. "And the money'?"

"Did your highness remark that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil'?"

"Certainly I did."

14. "Well, I took the money, and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'If this money belonged to the oil-merchant, it would be greasy from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the *butcher's* story must be true."

15. Bou-Akas nodded, in token of approval.

"Good," said he. "And my horse'?"

"Ah! that was a different business; and, until this morning, I was greatly puzzled."

"The cripple, I suppose, did not recognize the animal?"

"On the contrary, he pointed him out immediately."

"How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?"

16. "My object in bringing you separately to the stable was, not to see if you would know the *horse*, but if the horse would know *you*. Now, when you approached him, the creature turned toward you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the cripple touched him, he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master."

17. Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said,

"Allah has given thee great wisdom. Thou oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine. But I fear I could not fill thy place as *cādi*!"

<sup>a</sup> SHĒIK, an Arabic word, meaning *elder*, or *eldest*.

<sup>b</sup> AD-MIN'-IS-TERED, decided in disputes.

<sup>c</sup> ĀLMS, charitable gifts.

<sup>d</sup> PROPH'-ET, the prophet *Mo-ham'-med*.

<sup>e</sup> STRĀNGE'-LY-AS-SORT'-ED, oddly selected and brought together.

<sup>f</sup> AL'-LAH, the Arabic name of the Supreme Being.

<sup>g</sup> DIS-TORT'-ED, deformed.

<sup>h</sup> IN-FAL'-LI-BLE, unerring.

<sup>i</sup> TRI-BŪ'-NAL, court of justice.

<sup>j</sup> AD-MIN'-IS-TER-ING, deciding in disputes.

<sup>k</sup> WŌR'-SHIP, a title of respect or honor.

<sup>l</sup> O-RĪG'-I-NAL, first.

<sup>m</sup> OP-PŌ'-NENT, one who opposes.

<sup>n</sup> AD-JUDGE', give; award.

<sup>o</sup> A-WĀRD', decision.

<sup>p</sup> RE-PŪ'-TED, reported.

<sup>q</sup> HIGH'-NESS, title of respect or honor.

[Bou-Akas. His journey. Meeting with a cripple, whom he allows to ride behind him. The artifice of the cripple. They go before the *cadi*. Give an account of the two trials there. Of the case of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

Give an account of the *cadi*'s decisions in the three cases. Of the subsequent interview between Bou-Akas and the *cadi*. Describe the reasons which led to the *cadi*'s decisions in the three cases. The closing remarks of the sheik.

This Arabian tale is introduced, not merely as a good reading-lesson, but more especially for the purpose of showing the difference between a simple *story* and an allegory or a fable. In the allegory, as before shown, while one subject is described, *another* subject is really the one intended to be represented; but, in this *story*, there is no hidden meaning, and no design to represent any additional subject. It is intended as a simple *narrative*, but which may be either a history or a fiction.]

## LESSON XXXVII.

### CLEAR THE WAY.

1. MEN of thought'! be up and stirring night and day:

Sow the seed'! withdraw the curtain'! clear the way'!

There's a fount about to stream';

There's a light about to beam';

There's a warmth about to glow';

There's a flower about to blow';

There's a midnight darkness changing into gray:  
Men of thought, and men of action', clear the way'!

2. Once the welcome light has broken', who shall say  
What the unimagined glories of the day'?  
What the evils that shall perish in its ray'?

Aid the daring tongue and pen'!

Aid it, hopes of honest men'!

Aid it, paper'! aid it, type'!

Aid it, for the hour is ripe'!

And our efforts must not slacken into play':  
Men of thought, and men of action', clear the way'!

3. Lo'!—a cloud's about to vanish from the day'!  
Lo'!—the right's about to conquer'; clear the way'!  
And a broken wrong to crumble into clay.

With that right shall many more

Enter smiling at the door:

With that giant wrong shall fall

Many others, great and small,

That for ages long have held us for their prey:

Men of thought, and men of action', clear the way'!

CHARLES MACKAY.

[This is a lesson on the *Spirit of Progress*—the advancement of light, and truth, and human rights—the crumbling away of wrongs, and the ushering in of a better future. Men of thought and action—the daring tongue, and pen, and type—are called upon to aid in the glorious consummation. It is an earnest, soul-stirring piece, well adapted for declamation.

Why is the style *bold and nervous*? (See p. xii.) Why is *loud* force required? Why *rapid* time? *High* pitch? *Orotund* tone? What is the meaning of "midnight darkness changing into gray?" This is represented as being *like* what? Construct the *simile* in full.

Observe that the clause "Men of thought!" in the first verse, has the *rising* inflection, because it is a case of direct address; that "Lo!" in the third verse, requires the *pause of suspension*, without any inflection; and that in all other cases the exclamatory phrase takes the *falling* inflection.]

THE excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable, with interest, about thirty years after date.

Those who value themselves merely on their ancestry, have been well compared to potatoes—all that is good of them is under ground.

A few drops of oil will set machinery at work, when a ton of vinegar would only corrode the wheels, and canker the movements. (What is the moral?)

## LESSON XXXVIII.

## THE NUTCRACKERS OF NUTCRACKER LODGE.

[Adapted from "Our Young Folks."]



1. MR. and MRS. NUTCRACKER were as respectable a pair of squirrels as ever wore gray brushes over their backs. They were animals of a settled and serious turn of mind, not disposed to run after novelties,<sup>a</sup> but filling their station in life with prudence and sobriety.<sup>b</sup>

2. Nutcracker Lodge was a hole in a sturdy<sup>c</sup> old chestnut overhanging a shady dell, and was held to be as respectably kept an establishment as there was in the whole forest. Even Miss Jenny Wren, the greatest gossip of the neighborhood, never found fault with its arrangements; and old Parson Too-whit, a venerable owl who inhabited a branch somewhat more exalted,<sup>d</sup> as became his profession, was in the habit of telling his parishioners to "look

at the Nutcrackers," if they wanted to see what it was to live a virtuous life.

3. Every thing had gone on prosperously with them, and they had reared<sup>e</sup> many successive families of young Nutcrackers, who went forth to take their places in the forest of life, and to reflect<sup>f</sup> credit on their bringing up—so that naturally enough they began to have a very easy way of considering themselves models of wisdom.

4. But at last they had a son named Featherhead, who was destined to bring them a great deal of anxiety. Nobody knows what the reason is, but the fact was, that Master Featherhead was as different from all the former children of this worthy couple as if he had been dropped out of the moon into their nest.

5. Young Featherhead was a squirrel of some smartness; but he was sulky, and contrary, and unreasonable; and he always found matter of complaint in every thing his respectable mamma and papa did. Instead of assisting in the cares of a family—picking up nuts, and learning other lessons proper to a young squirrel—he seemed to have, from his earliest years, a sort of lofty contempt for the Nutcrackers, for Nutcracker Lodge, and for all the good old ways of the domestic hole, which he declared to be stupid and unreasonable, and entirely behind the times.

6. To be sure, he was always on hand at meal-times, and played a very lively tooth on the nuts which his mother had collected, always selecting the very best for himself; but he seasoned his nibbling with so much grumbling and discontent, and so many severe remarks, as to give the impression that he considered himself a peculiarly ill-used squirrel in having to "eat their old grub," as he called it.

7. Papa Nutcracker, on these occasions, was often fiercely indignant;<sup>g</sup> and poor little Mamma Nutcracker would shed tears, and beg her darling to be a little more reasonable; but the young gentleman seemed always to consider himself the injured party.

8. Now nobody could tell why Master Featherhead



thought himself aggrieved,<sup>h</sup> since he was living in a good hole, with plenty to eat, and without the least care or labor of his own; but he seemed rather to value himself upon being gloomy and dissatisfied. While his parents, and brothers, and sisters, were cheerfully racing up and down the branches, busy in their domestic toils, and laying up stores for the winter, Featherhead sat gloomily apart, declaring himself weary of existence, and feeling himself at liberty to quarrel with every body and every thing about him.

9. Nobody understood him, he said; he was a squirrel of a peculiar nature, and needed peculiar treatment; and nobody treated him in a way that did not grate on his feelings. He had higher notions of existence than could be bounded by that old rotten hole in a hollow tree; he had thoughts that soared far above the miserable, petty details of every-day life; and he *could* not and *would* not bring down these soaring aspirations<sup>k</sup> to the contemptible toil of laying up a few chestnuts or hickory-nuts for winter.

10. "Depend upon it, my dear," said Mrs. Nutcracker solemnly, "that fellow must be a genius."

"Fiddlestick on his genius!" said old Mr. Nutcracker; "what does he *do*?"

"Oh, nothing, of course; that's one of the first marks of genius. Geniuses, you know, never can come down to common life."

11. "He *eats* enough for any two," remarked old Nutcracker, "and he never helps gather nuts."

"My dear, ask Parson Too-whit; he has conversed with him, and quite agrees with me that he says very uncommon things for a squirrel of his age; he has such fine feelings—so much above those of the common crowd."

12. "Fine feelings be hanged!" said old Nutcracker. "When a fellow eats all the nuts that his mother gives him, and then grumbles at her, I don't believe much in his fine feelings. Why don't he set himself about something?"

I'm going to tell my fine young gentleman, that, if he doesn't behave himself, I'll tumble him out of the nest, and see if hunger won't do something toward bringing down his fine airs."

13. But then Mrs. Nutcracker fell on her husband's neck with both paws, and wept, and besought him so pitiously to have patience with her darling, that old Nutcracker, who was himself a soft-hearted old squirrel, was prevailed upon to put up with the airs of his young scapegrace<sup>1</sup> a little longer; and, secretly, in his silly old heart, he asked himself if possibly it might not be that a great genius was actually to come of his household!



The Chipmunks, of Chipmunk Hollow.

14. The Nutcrackers belonged to the old established race of the Grays; but they were sociable, friendly people, and kept on the best of terms with all branches of the Nutcracker family. The Chipmunks, of Chipmunk Hollow, were a very lively, cheerful, sociable race, and on the very best of terms with the Nutcracker Grays.

15. Young Tip Chipmunk, the oldest son, was in all respects a perfect contrast<sup>m</sup> to Master Featherhead. He was always lively and cheerful, and so very active in providing for the family, that old Mr. and Mrs. Chipmunk had very little care, but could sit sociably at the door of their hole and chat with neighbors, quite sure that Tip would bring every thing out right for them, and have plenty laid up for winter.

16. Now Featherhead took it upon him, for some reason or other, to look down upon Tip Chipmunk, and on every occasion to speak of him as a very common kind of squir-

rel, with whom it would be best not to associate<sup>a</sup> too freely.

17. "My dear," said Mrs. Nutcracker one day, when he was talking in this manner, "it seems to me that you are too hard on poor Tip: he is a most excellent son and brother, and I wish you would be civil to him."

18. "Oh, I don't doubt that Tip is *good* enough," said Featherhead, carelessly; "but then he is so very common! he hasn't an idea in his skull above his daily drudgery. He is good-natured<sup>d</sup> enough, to be sure—these very ordinary people often are 'good-natured'—but he wants manner<sup>e</sup>; he has really no manner at all<sup>f</sup>; and as to the deeper feelings<sup>g</sup>, Tip hasn't the remotest<sup>h</sup> idea of them. I mean always to be civil to Tip when he comes in my way; but I think the less we see of that sort of people the better; and I hope, mother, you won't invite the Chipmunks at Christmas—these family dinners are such a bore!"

19. "But, my dear, your father thinks a great deal of the Chipmunks; and it is an old family custom to have all the relatives here at Christmas."

20. "And an awful bore<sup>i</sup> it is!" said Master Featherhead. "Why must people of refinement<sup>a</sup> and elevation<sup>b</sup> be forever tied down because of some distant relationship<sup>c</sup>? Now there are our cousins, the High-fliers—if we could get them, there would be some sense in it. Young Whisk rather promised me for Christmas; but it's seldom now you can get a flying squirrel to show himself in our parts; and if we are intimate with the Chipmunks it isn't to be expected."



The High-fliers.

21. "Confound him for a puppy!" said old Nutcracker, when his wife repeated these sayings to him. "Featherhead is a fool. Common, forsooth! I wish good, industrious, painstaking sons like Tip Chipmunk *were* common. For my part, I find these uncommon people the most tiresome: they are not content with letting us carry the whole load, but they sit on it, and scold at us while we carry them."

22. But old Mr. Nutcracker, like many other good old gentlemen squirrels, found that Christmas dinners and other things were apt to go as his wife said; and his wife was apt to go as young Featherhead said; and so, when Christmas came, the Chipmunks were not invited, for the first time in many years. The Chipmunks, however, took all pleasantly, and accepted poor old Mrs. Nutcracker's awkward apologies with the best possible grace; and young Tip looked in on Christmas morning with the compliments of the season, and a few beech-nuts which he had secured as a great dainty.<sup>t</sup>

23. The fact was, that Tip's little striped fur coat was so filled up and overflowing with cheerful good-will to all, that he never could be made to understand that any of his relations meant to slight him; and therefore Featherhead looked down on him with contempt, and said he had no tact, and couldn't see when he was not wanted.

24. It was wonderful to see how young Featherhead at last got nearly all the family to look up to him as something uncommon. But at last old papa declared that it was time for the young chap to settle himself to some business in life, roundly declaring that he could not always have him as a hanger-on in the paternal hole.

25. "What are you going to do', my boy'?" said Tip Chipmunk to him one day. "We are driving now a thriving trade in hickory-nuts, and if you would like to join us—"

"Thank you," said Featherhead; "but I confess I have no fancy for any thing so slow as the hickory trade; I never was made to grub and delve in that way."

26. The fact was, that Featherhead had lately been forming alliances<sup>w</sup> such as no respectable squirrel should even think of. He had more than once been seen going out evenings with the Rats of Rat Hollow—a race whose reputation for honesty was more than doubtful. The fact was, farther, that old Longtooth Rat, an old sharper and money-lender, had long had his eye on Featherhead as just about silly enough for their purposes—engaging him in what he called a *speculation*, but which was neither more nor less than *downright stealing*.



Featherhead and his new Acquaintance  
from Rat Hollow.

27. Near by the chestnut-tree where Nutcracker Lodge was situated, was a large barn filled with corn and grain, besides many bushels of hazel-nuts, chestnuts, and walnuts. Now old Longtooth proposed to young Featherhead that he should nibble a passage into the loft, and there establish himself in the commission business, passing the nuts and corn to him as he wanted them.

28. Old Longtooth knew what he was about in the proposal, for he had heard talk of a brisk Scotch terrier that was about to be bought to keep the rats from the grain; but you may be sure he kept his knowledge to himself, so that Featherhead was none the wiser for it.

29. "The nonsense of fellows like Tip Chipmunk!" said Featherhead to his admiring brothers and sisters. "The perfectly stupid nonsense! There he goes, delving<sup>v</sup> and poking, picking up a nut here and a grain there. when *I* step into property at once."

30. "But I hope, my son, you are careful to be *honest*



in your dealings," said old Nutcracker, who was a very moral squirrel.

With that, young Featherhead threw his tail saucily over his shoulder, winked knowingly at his brothers, and said, "Certainly, sir! If honesty consists in getting what you can while it is going, I mean to be honest."

31. Very soon young Featherhead appeared to his admiring companions in the height of prosperity. He had a splendid hole in the midst of a heap of chestnuts, and he seemed to be rolling in wealth: he never came home without bringing gifts for his mother and sisters; he wore his tail jauntily over his back, and patronized\* Tip Chipmunk with a gracious nod whenever he met him, and thought that the world was going well with him.

32. But one luckless day, as Featherhead was lolling in his hole, up came two boys with the friskiest, wiriest Scotch terrier you ever saw. His eyes blazed like torches, and poor Featherhead's heart died within him as he heard the boys say, "Now we'll see if we can't catch the rascal that eats our grain."

33. Featherhead tried to slink<sup>y</sup> out at the hole he had gnawed to come in by, but found it stopped.

"Oh, you are there, are you, Mister'?" said the boy. "Well, you don't get out; and now for a chase!"



Featherhead in Difficulty.

34. And, sure enough, poor Featherhead ran distracted with terror up and down, through the bundles of hay, between barrels, and over casks; but with the barking terrier ever at his heels, and the boys running, shouting, and cheering his pursuer on. He was glad at last to escape

through a crack, though he left half of his fine brush behind him—for Master Wasp, the terrier, made a snap at it



just as he was going, and cleaned all the hair off of it, so that it was as bare as a rat's tail.

35. Poor Featherhead limped off, bruised, and beaten, and bedraggled,<sup>z</sup> with the boys and dog still after him; and they would have caught him if Tip Chipmunk's hole had not stood open to receive him. Tip took him in, like a good-natured fellow as he was, and took the best of care of him; but the glory of Featherhead's tail had departed forever.

36. He had sprained his left paw, and the fright and fatigue which he had gone through had broken up his constitution, so that he never again could be what he had been: but Tip gave him a situation as under-clerk in his establishment; and from that time he was a sadder and wiser squirrel than he ever had been before.

## HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

- <sup>a</sup> NOV'-EL-TIES, new things.
- <sup>b</sup> SO-BRI'-E-TY, quietness; soberness.
- <sup>c</sup> STUR'-DY, stout; hardy.
- <sup>d</sup> EX-ALT'-ED, elevated; higher up.
- <sup>e</sup> REAR'-ED, brought up
- <sup>f</sup> RE-FLECT', bring back.
- <sup>g</sup> IN-DIG'-NANT, angry and disdainful.
- <sup>h</sup> AG-GRIEV'-ED, unjustly treated.
- <sup>i</sup> PET'-TY, small; little.
- <sup>j</sup> DE-TAILS', parts or portions.
- <sup>k</sup> AS-PÍ-RÁ'-TIONS, ardent wishes or desires.
- <sup>l</sup> SCÁPE'-GRÁCE, a wild, giddy fellow.
- <sup>m</sup> CON'-TRÁST, opposite in character.
- <sup>n</sup> AS-SO'-CIÁTE, be in company with.
- <sup>o</sup> RE-MÓ'-TEST, most distant.

- <sup>p</sup> BÓRE, a disagreeable thing that wearies.
- <sup>q</sup> RE-FÍNE'-MENT, elegance of manners.
- <sup>r</sup> EL-E-VÁ'-TION, dignity; high rank.
- <sup>s</sup> COM'-PLI-MENTS, expressions of good wishes.
- <sup>t</sup> DÁINT'-Y, something nice to the taste.
- <sup>u</sup> GRUB, to dig—as to dig up roots.
- <sup>v</sup> DELVE, to dig—as with a spade.
- <sup>w</sup> AL-LI'-AN-CES, treaties; compacts.
- <sup>x</sup> PÁT'-RON-IZED, showed condescension; favored.
- <sup>y</sup> SLINK, to sneak; creep away meanly.
- <sup>z</sup> BE-DRA'-GLED, soiled by drawing through the mud.

[This lesson is, mostly, an *allegory*—and is designed as a *satire* upon the manners and characters of society. It is blended with occasional irony. (What is an *allegory*? What is *satire*? What is *irony*? See p. xi.)

The story is a lively painting of certain manners of society, under the similitude of the characters of certain animals that are remarkably well adapted, by their habits, to the purposes for which they are here introduced. Why, then, is the story, as a whole, a *simile*?

Describe the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Nutcracker. Who was Miss Jenny Wren? Parson Too-whit? What is the character of Featherhead? (Sulky, contrary, unreasonable, discontented, complaining, lazy, idle, conceited, setting himself up above others, aristocratic, dishonest, etc. Wherein was he aristocratic?) Describe the character of Tip Chipmunk. (Wherein was he *democratic*?) The character of Longtooth Rat? What was probably the character of the High-fliers?]

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

Prudence guides the wise, but passion governs the foolish.  
Some act first, think afterward, and repent forever.

## LESSON XXXIX.

## THE COMMON PATH.

1. Do not despise the common path  
Your fellow-creatures tread,  
Who strive, by honest toil, to earn,  
At least, their daily bread ;  
But, rather, shed upon its gloom  
What ray of light you may,  
Remembering that a flower may bloom  
Upon the common way !
2. Do not avoid the common path',  
For, if your deeds be good',  
'Tis there, amid the very throng,  
They best are understood :  
There is no secret road to fame,  
By fraud or folly led ;  
The wide highways of nature are  
The paths for *men* to tread.
3. Do not forsake the common path,  
If fame, at last, be thine ;  
The sun itself would fade, without  
A world on which to shine :  
The glory of a noble mind  
Is not *itself* alone,  
But in the oft-reflected light  
Emitted from its own !

J. E. CARPENTER.

[This is a lesson of advice and precept. What is the meaning of "the common path?" The "wide highways of nature?" The meaning of the word "emitted," in the last line?]

## LESSON XL.

## WHY AN APPLE FALLS.

1. "I HAVE somewhere read," said Willie, "that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make some of his great discoveries by seeing an apple fall from a tree. But *I* don't see

any thing wonderful in the fall of an apple'. Why should *not* an apple fall when its stem is broken'?"

2. "Let me ask you in return," said Uncle John, "if you see any reason why an apple *should*' fall' when its stem is broken'? Can you tell *why* any thing falls to the ground'?"

3. "I *suppose* an apple falls from a tree when its stem is broken," said Willie, "because—because—there is nothing to *hold it up* any longer. It is *forced*' to fall'. It can't *help*' it'."

4. "Just' so', just' so'," said Uncle John; "it is *forced*' to fall'. It *can't*' help' it. But *what is it* that *forces* the apple to fall'? Do you think the apple has any power to move itself'?"

5. Willie thought a while, and then said that he did not suppose the apple could *move itself*'. "But I should like to know," said he, "*what makes it fall*."

6. "That is the very question that Newton asked himself," said Uncle John. "And when he could answer *that* question', he could answer a great many more questions that had long puzzled all the philosophers before him."

7. "But I don't see, yet, what makes the apple fall," said Willie. "There must be something that *pulls it down to the earth*."

8. "Just' so', just' so'," said Uncle John. "The *earth* pulls the apple to it."

"But I don't *see* the earth pull it'," said Willie; "and I don't see how the earth *can* pull it."

9. "Nor does any body know *how*' it can do it'. All we know is the *fact* that there *is* a force or power in the earth which draws the apple; and that power Newton called *attraction*. We say, the earth *attracts* the apple to it. The earth attracts *us* also, and keeps us from falling off."

"But do not *other* bodies have this power of attraction'?" asked Willie.

10. "Certainly. The apple has the same kind of power; but its power is very small, compared with the power

of the great earth itself. One body thus acts upon any other body, just in proportion to the amount of matter it contains, and its nearness to the other. If I lift up a stone it is *heavy*, because the earth *attracts*, or *draws* it downward; and the more matter the stone contains', the *heavier* it is."

11. "But what would happen," asked Willie, "if the earth should suddenly *lose* this power of attraction'?"

12. "If the earth should lose this power," Uncle John replied, "and the sun and the moon should retain *their* powers of attraction, the same as now, every thing on the earth would be drawn away to the sun or the moon; and the earth itself would fall in pieces, and be drawn away also."

13. "Then the power which makes an apple fall to the earth," said Willie, "is pretty important after all, although I at first thought there was nothing wonderful about it."

14. "It is one of those great laws," said Uncle John, "which God has made to bind the universe together, and which helps to keep the earth and the other planets in their places."

[This lesson is sufficiently simple in composition for an earlier book, but sufficiently suggestive of thought for one more advanced. It teaches that some of the most common things we see are the greatest of wonders, when we begin to *think* about them. If I hold up an apple, and then let it drop, I may say it falls *because* I let go of it. But this is, really, no reason at all. The only ultimate reason we can give for any thing is, *God wills it.*]

## LESSON XLI.

### FORGIVENESS.—A PARABLE.

*Bible.*—Matt. xviii, 23-35.

1. THEN came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him'? Till seven times'? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until *seven* times', but, until *seventy times seven*.

2. Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king which would take account of his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him which owed him ten thousand talents. But foras-

much as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant therefore fell down, and worshiped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.

3. But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him a hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, *Pay me that thou owest.* And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not; but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt. So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.

4. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, Oh thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him. So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.

[This lesson is one of the numerous *parables* of the New Testament. A *parable* is a short tale, which conveys a moral or religious truth. Unlike the fable, the *parable* never violates nature. It differs from the allegory, in distinctly comparing one thing *with* another, at the same time preserving them apart; not transferring, as does the allegory, the properties, qualities, and relations of one thing *to* another.

What two things are compared in this parable? (A certain king and his servants on the one hand, and God and the subjects of his moral government on the other.) What moral duty is here enforced?]

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THE sun should not set upon our anger, neither should it rise upon our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.

## LESSON XLII.

## FORGIVENESS.

1. O God! my sins are manifold;<sup>a</sup>  
 Against my life they cry;  
 And all my guilty<sup>b</sup> deeds foregone,<sup>c</sup>  
 Up to thy temple fly.  
 Wilt thou release my trembling soul,  
 That to despair is driven?  
 “*Forgive!*” a blessed voice replied,  
 “*And thou shalt be forgiven.*”
2. My foemen,<sup>d</sup> Lord, are fierce and fell;<sup>e</sup>  
 They spurn me in their pride;  
 They render evil for my good;  
 My patience they deride.<sup>f</sup>  
 Arise! my king! and be the proud  
 In righteous ruin driven!  
 “*Forgive!*” the awful answer came,  
 “*As thou wouldst be forgiven!*”
3. Seven times, O Lord, I’ve pardoned them;  
 Seven times they’ve sinned again;  
 They practice still to work me woe,  
 And triumph in my pain;  
 But let them dread my vengeance now,  
 To just resentment driven!  
 “**FORGIVE!**” the voice in thunder spake,  
 “**OR NEVER BE FORGIVEN!**”

BISHOP HEBER.

<sup>a</sup> MAN'-I-FÖLD, many; numerous.<sup>b</sup> GUILT'-Y, wicked; sinful.<sup>c</sup> FÖRE-GONE' (gawn'), heretofore; previous.<sup>d</sup> FÖE'-MEN, enemies.<sup>e</sup> FELL, furious; blood-thirsty.<sup>f</sup> DE-RIDE', treat with scorn; laugh at.

[This striking and beautiful poem, also enforcing the duty of forgiveness, is a fitting sequel to the foregoing parable.

What confession is made in the first verse? What is God asked to do? What reply is made? What complaint, request, and reply, in the second verse? The continued complaint, request, and reply, in the third verse?

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Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.  
 Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury.



## LESSON XLIII.

## THE FORGIVEN DEBT.

1. THE old merchants who transacted<sup>a</sup> business on the Long Wharf, in Boston, when I was a boy, are nearly all dead. Among them was one whom I recollect often to have heard spoken of in terms of the highest praise for his great kindness and generosity. As he was for many years largely engaged in the fishing business, his name was familiar to all the hardy fishermen of Cape Cod. This noble merchant died in a good old age, and, as he left no will, his eldest son was appointed to settle the estate, and divide the property among the heirs.

2. After the death of the old merchant, a package of very considerable size was found among his papers, carefully tied up, and labeled<sup>b</sup> as follows: "Notes, due-bills, and accounts against sundry<sup>c</sup> persons down along shore. Some of these may be got by suit, or severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had 'fishermen's luck.' My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think, with me, that it is best to burn this packet entire."

3. "About a month," said my informant, "after our father died, the sons met together, and, after some general remarks, our eldest brother, the administrator,<sup>d</sup> produced this package, of whose existence we were already informed, read the superscription,<sup>e</sup> and asked what course should be taken in regard to it.

4. "Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong, impulsive<sup>f</sup> temperament,<sup>g</sup> unable at the moment to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a sudden movement of the other toward the fire-place, indicated his desire to have the paper put into the flames.

5. "It was suggested<sup>h</sup> by another of our number, that it might be well first to make a list of the debtors' names,

and of the dates, and accounts, that we might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment that their debts were forgiven. On the following day we again assembled; the list had been prepared, and all the notes, due-bills, and accounts, whose amount, including interest, exceeded thirty-two thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

6. "It was about four months after our father's death, in the month of June, that, as I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting-room, waiting for an opportunity to speak to him, there came in a hard-favored,<sup>j</sup> little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to the windward of him for seventy years.

7. "He asked if my brother was not the executor.<sup>k</sup> He replied that he was administrator,<sup>d</sup> as our father died intestate.<sup>l</sup> 'Well,' said the stranger, 'I have come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman.' My brother requested him to be seated, being at the moment engaged.

8. "The old man sat down, and, putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather wallet, and began to count his money. When he had done—and there was quite a parcel of notes—as he sat, waiting his turn, slowly twisting his thumbs, with his old, gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed; and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, *came hard*; and I secretly wished the old man's name might be found upon the forgiven list.

9. "My brother was soon at leisure,<sup>m</sup> and asked him the common questions, his name, etc. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars: it had stood a long time, and, with the interest, amounted to a sum between seven and eight hundred dollars. My brother went to his desk, and after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and told me the truth at a glance—the old man's name was there!

10. "My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation ensued<sup>n</sup> between them, which I shall never

forget. 'Your note is outlawed,'<sup>o</sup> said my brother; 'it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years: there is no witness, and no interest has ever been paid: you are not bound to pay this note: we can not recover the amount.'

11. "'Sir,' said the old man, 'I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed<sup>o</sup> here; but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God, and wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it;'<sup>o</sup> and he laid the bank-notes before my brother, and requested him to count them over.

12. "'I can not take this money,' said my brother.

"The old man became alarmed. 'I have cast simple interest for twelve years and a little over,' said he. 'I will pay you compound interest if you say so. That debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father, sir, was very indulgent: he knew I had been unfortunate, and told me not to worry about it.'

13. "My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and, taking the bills, returned them to the old man, telling him that, although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due-bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

14. "For a moment the worthy old man seemed to be stupefied.<sup>o</sup> After he had collected himself, and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he stated that, from the time he had heard of our father's death, he had raked and scraped, and pinched and spared, to get the money together for the payment of this debt. 'About ten days ago,' said he, 'I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay upon my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow, and make up the difference, and get the heavy burden off my spirits. I did so—and now what will my wife say?

15. "'I must get home to the Cape, and tell her this

good news. She'll probably say over the very words she said when she put her hands on my shoulder as we parted—"I have never seen the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." After a hearty shake of the hand, and a blessing upon our father's memory, he went upon his way rejoicing.

16. "After a short silence, seizing his pencil and making a few figures—'There,' exclaimed my brother, 'your part of the amount would be so much. Contrive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation, and the money is at your service.'" Such is the simple tale, which I have told as it was told to me.

*Boston Transcript.*

<sup>a</sup> TRANS-ACT'-ED, carried on; managed.

<sup>b</sup> LĀ'-BELED, having a label attached.

<sup>c</sup> SUN'-DRY, several; various.

<sup>d</sup> AD-MIN-IS-TRĀ'-TOR, a man appointed to settle the estate of one who dies without a will.

<sup>e</sup> SU-PER-SCRIP'-TION, the writing on the outside.

<sup>f</sup> IM-PUL'-SIVE, quick; earnest; active.

<sup>g</sup> TEM'-PER-A-MENT, habit of body and mind.

<sup>h</sup> SUG-GEST'-ED, hinted; intimated.

<sup>i</sup> DEBT'-ORS, those who owe debts.

<sup>j</sup> HĀRD-FA'-VORED, having coarse features.

<sup>k</sup> EX-EC'-U-TOR, a man appointed by one who makes a will to settle his estate.

<sup>l</sup> IN-TES'-TATE, without having made a will.

<sup>m</sup> LĒIS'-URE, free from business.

<sup>n</sup> EN-SUED', followed; took place.

<sup>o</sup> OUT'-LAWED, not legally collectible.

<sup>p</sup> STŪ'-PE-FIED, confused; having the senses dulled.

[The generous merchant. The package of old notes, etc. Its consideration by the brothers. What was done with it. The call from a debtor. Describe the scene which followed. The conclusion.

This touching story of the forgiven debt, similar, in its moral, to the two preceding lessons, shows the beauty of kindness and generosity in matters of business, and is well calculated to cultivate generous and kind feelings in those who read it.]

## THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

1. OH, call not this a vale of tears,  
     A world of gloom and sorrow;  
     One half the grief that o'er us comes,  
     From self we often borrow.  
     The earth is beautiful and good:  
     How long will man mistake it?  
     The folly is within ourselves;  
     *The world is what we make it.*
2. If truth, and love, and gentle words,  
     We took the pains to nourish,  
     The seeds of discontent would die,  
     And peace and concord flourish.  
     Oh, has not each some kindly thought?  
     Then let's at once awake it:  
     Believing that for good or ill,  
     *The world is what we make it.*

LESSON XLIV.  
THE BOOK OF LIFE.



1. Book of Life! to thee I fly  
When the world weighs heavily—  
Heavily upon my heart,  
And earthly thoughts no peace impart,<sup>a</sup>  
Earthly hopes all hollowness<sup>b</sup>—  
Earthly joys deceitfulness—  
Earthly praise, a tinsel<sup>c</sup> gain—  
Earthly pleasure, after-pain—  
Earthly stay, an ebbing wave—  
Earthly end, the dark cold grave.
2.       Wearily, wearily,  
From worldly wastes, so drearily  
      That round me lie—  
From trouble, toil, and vanity,  
      From care and strife,  
To thee I turn, to thee I fly,  
      Book of Life.

<sup>a</sup> IM-PÄRT', give ; bestow.

<sup>b</sup> HOL'-LOW-NESS, without substance.

<sup>c</sup> TIN'-SEL, shining and showy only.

<sup>d</sup> EBB'-ING, flowing back ; falling away

[What is the "Book of Life?" When do we turn to its pages for comfort and consolation? Why is it called "*the* Book of Life," instead of "*a* Book of Life?"]

## LESSON XLV.

### OUT OF THE WAY.



1. "OLD Mr. Worthy," as he was called, had worked at his trade of watchmaker, until he was able to retire from business on a very snug little fortune. So he bought a pretty little house in the outskirts of the town, with a garden full of flowers, and a fountain in the middle of the garden, and there he enjoyed himself very much.

2. His wife enjoyed herself too ; but never so much as when the neighbors, as they passed by, peeped over the



fence, and said, "What a pretty place! What lucky people the watchmaker and his wife are! How they must enjoy themselves!"

3. On such occasions Master Frank, their only son, would be sure to hear what the neighbors said; and when they were gone he would exclaim, "Isn't it grand, mother, that every body should think that?"\* "It is, my son," his mother would reply: but old Mr. Worthy would shake his head, and say to his wife, "You are filling that boy's head with nonsense."

4. Now Frank's mother thought her son remarkably smart; and when she thought his education was complete, she requested Mr. Worthy to dismiss<sup>a</sup> all Frank's teachers, give him a handsome<sup>b</sup> sum of money, and let him go off to see the world and make his fortune.

5. The old gentleman shook his head at first, and called it all sheer<sup>c</sup> folly. Moreover, he declared that Master Frank was a mere child<sup>d</sup> yet, and would get into a hundred foolish scrapes in less than a week<sup>e</sup>; but mamma expressed her opinion so positively<sup>f</sup>, and repeated it so often<sup>g</sup>, that at last papa began to entertain it too, and gave his consent to the plan.

6. When Frank was about to leave home, with his pockets full of money, his mother took him privately aside, to give him some parting advice. "Your education," said she, "is now finished. You can play on the piano<sup>h</sup>, and dance<sup>i</sup>, and sing<sup>j</sup>, and talk before any body<sup>k</sup>, and make yourself noticed wherever you go. Now mind that you *do* make yourself noticed—or *who*<sup>l</sup> is to find out your merits<sup>m</sup>? Don't be shy and downcast when you come among strangers. All you have to think about, with *your*<sup>n</sup> advantages<sup>o</sup>, is to put yourself forward<sup>p</sup>, and make yourself agreeable<sup>q</sup>."

7. But Frank's father, knowing nothing of the lesson which the vain mother had just given him, also took him

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\* If this be spoken merely as a question, it should have the rising inflection; if it be exclamatory, it comes under Rule X. See also Rule I., Note 2.

aside, and spoke to him as follows: "Now', my dear boy', before you go, let me give you one word of parting advice. We have all made too much' of you, and praised whatever you have done'; and you have been a sort of *idol*' and *wonder*' among us. But, now that you are going among strangers', you will find yourself Mr. Nobody; and you must be contented to *be* Mr. Nobody at first.

8. "Keep yourself in the background till people have found out your merits for themselves, and *never get in anybody's way*. Just keep *out* of the way. It's the secret of life for a young man. Why', Frank', how impatient you are! Now mark my words. All you have to attend to, with *your*' advantages', is to *keep out of the way*."

9. Frank had listened to his father's advice very impatiently. As he passed out, his mother called to him, "Remember what I've said." "Trust' me," was Frank's reply. The driver was calling, so he walked off to the stage-coach. He was just in time; but a sudden thought struck him, that it would be well for the driver and passengers to know how well educated he had been.

10. So, while he stood leisurely<sup>d</sup> pulling on his kid gloves, he began to talk about the country; and as there were two roads leading to the next village, he thought it well to advise the driver which to take. "Jump in, jump in," called out the driver. "Certainly not till I've made you understand what I mean'," said Master Frank, quite pompously.<sup>e</sup>

11. But, then, crack went the whip, the horses made a start forward, and the front wheel passed over the tip of Master Frank's boot. It might have been worse'; but Frank called out very angrily about "disgraceful carelessness," on which the driver cracked his whip again, and shouted, "Gentlemen that won't keep out of the way must expect to have their toes trodden on." Every body laughed at this, and Frank was obliged to spring hastily inside, or he would have been left behind.

12. After his arrival at the great hotel of the city, he

found that there was to be a public dinner there that evening, which every body might attend who chose to pay for it. So he dressed himself in his neatest suit, and, when the time arrived, strode pompously<sup>e</sup> into the large dining-hall, where was a long table, set out with plates, and fast filling with people, not one of whom he knew. He felt a little confused at first, but, recalling his mother's advice, he repeated to himself her parting words, and took courage.

13. He had certainly forgotten the text, "When thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room;" for, passing by the *lower* end of the table, where were several unoccupied places, he walked boldly forward to the *upper* end, where groups of people were already seated, talking and laughing together. Observing<sup>g</sup> an unoccupied seat next to a well-dressed young lady, "Why, this is the very thing'," thought he to himself. There was a card, it is true', in the plate opposite the vacant seat; but "what of that?" thought he, "first come, first served', I suppose'."

14. So, sitting down, and thinking of his mother's advice to "put himself forward," he bowed and smiled to the young lady; but the next instant he was tapped on the shoulder by the waiter, who, pointing to the card in the plate, said, in a low voice, "This place is engaged, sir!"

15. "Oh, if that is all," said Frank, speaking quite loud, "here's another to match;" on which he drew one of his own cards from his pocket, and threw it into the plate. "*The place is engaged, sir!*" repeated the waiter in a louder voice; but Frank showed no disposition<sup>h</sup> to abandon his seat; and as he had already attracted the attention of the whole table, there was a general cry of "Turn him out."

16. "Turn me out'!" shouted Frank, jumping up; but at that moment a voice behind him called out, a hand laying hold of him by the shoulders at the same time, "Young man, I'll trouble you to get *out of my chair*; and OUT OF MY WAY; and to KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!"\*

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\* This is a good example of increasing emphasis.

17. Frank found himself half way down the room before he knew what was happening; for, after the gentleman had let go of him, the waiter seized him and hustled him along. There was no longer any room for him at the lower end of the table; but he at length found a seat at a side-table in a corner, at which sat two men in foreign dress, not one word of whose language he could understand.

18. His first unlucky adventure had sobered him a little; but presently, with his mother's advice running in his head, he resolved to make another attempt to "put himself forward," and "make himself agreeable," if possible. So, at the next burst of merriment from the foreign gentlemen, he affected<sup>j</sup> to enter into the joke, threw himself back in his chair, and laughed as loudly as *they* did.

19. The men stared for a second, then frowned; one of them shouted angrily at him, and the other called loudly to the waiter. A moment after, Frank found himself being conveyed by the waiter through the doorway into the hall, with the remark sounding in his ears, "What a foolish young gentleman you must be! Why can't you keep out of people's way!"

20. The waiter advised Frank to go to bed, where he might be out of the way; "but," said Frank, "I understand there's to be dancing here to-night, and I can dance, and—"

21. "Pooh! pooh!" said the waiter; "what's the use of dancing, if you are to be in every body's way"; and I know you will be." So Frank went to bed, where he lay a long time awake, wondering what *could* be the cause of the failure of his attempts to make himself agreeable.

22. The next night he went to a public concert,<sup>k</sup> where he made himself so conspicuous<sup>l</sup>—first applauding,<sup>m</sup> then hissing, and even speaking his opinions to the people around him—that a set of young college students combined together to get rid of him; and so, before the entertainment was half through, Mr. Frank, after a little hard usage, found himself in the street.

23. He had several letters of introduction to people in the city; one to an old partner of his father, who had settled there some years before; another to some people of more consequence. Of course, Mr. Frank went to call upon the latter first, as there seemed a nice chance of making his fortune among such great folks.

24. And, really, the great folks would have been civil enough, if he had not spoiled every thing by what *he* called "making himself agreeable." He was too affectedly<sup>n</sup> polite, too talkative, too instructive by half! He assured<sup>o</sup> the young ladies that he approved very highly of their singing; trilled out a little song of his own, unasked, at his first visit; fondled the pet lap-dog on his knee; congratulated papa on looking wonderfully well for his age; asked mamma if she had tried the last new spectacles; and, in short, gave his opinions, advice, and information so freely, that as soon as he was gone all exclaimed, "What a disagreeable, impertinent<sup>p</sup> fellow!"

25. Things went on in this way for some time, for he called very often, as he had too high an opinion of himself to take the hints that were thrown out that his visits were not agreeable. At last, however, he could find "nobody at home" when he called, as the young ladies managed to get out of *his* way, as he would not keep out of *theirs*.

26. The unfortunate young man was *compelled* to take the hint at last, and in his despondency<sup>a</sup> he found a good friend in the waiter at the hotel. "I thought," murmured Frank, in broken, almost sobbing accents, "I thought—the young ladies—would have been delighted—with—my song; you see—I've been—so well taught—and I can sing—"\*

27. "Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" interrupted the waiter. "What's the use of singing, if you've not been asked? Much better go to bed." Poor Frank, deeply mortified,<sup>r</sup>

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\* This is a difficult passage, as its proper reading requires an imitation of the sobbing, broken accents of the young man.

now gave himself up to tears, and ordered his dinner up stairs, for he felt as though he could not be seen by any body. The folly of his past conduct, and of his mother's advice, appeared to him, all at once, in a new light.

28. Before the waiter had been gone five minutes, he returned with a letter in his hand. Frank trembled as he took it. It was an invitation to dinner from his father's old partner. Frank threw the note on the floor—declared he would go nowhere—would see nobody any more!

29. The "officious fellow"—as he would have called the waiter at another time—took up the note and read it. "Why!" said he, "it's from your father's old partner! he wishes you had called'; but as you *haven't* called', he asks you to dinner'. Now you're wanted', Mr. Frank', and must go'."

30. "But I shall only get into *difficulty* again'," cried he, despondingly. "Nonsense. You've only to keep out of every body's way', and all will be right'," insisted the waiter, as he left the room.

31. "Only to keep out of every body's way', and all will be right'," repeated Frank to himself, as he looked at his crestfallen face in the glass. "It's not the rule *mother* gave me for getting on in life'!"

32. Frank went, trembling for the consequences, but resolved to take his *father's* advice *this time'*. In truth', he felt that he had no courage now to "put himself forward." It was the funniest thing in the world to hear him, as he went along, repeating to himself, "*All you have to do, with your advantages, is to—make yourself—no, no! not to make myself agreeable—is to—keep out of the way! That's it!*"\*

33. When Frank arrived at the house, he rang the bell so gently that he had to ring twice before he was heard. When he was ushered<sup>t</sup> into the drawing-room, the old partner came forward to meet him, took him kindly by the

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\* This is another somewhat difficult passage. Observe the sudden change of manner with "No, no!" and "That's it!"



hands, and, after one searching look into his downcast face, said,

34. "My dear Mr. Frank, you must put on a bolder face, and ring a louder peal, next time you come to the house of your father's old friend!" Frank answered this warm greeting<sup>u</sup> by a sickly smile; and while he was being introduced to the rest of the family, kept bowing on, thinking of nothing but how he was to keep out of every body's way.

35. He could scarcely answer their kind greetings with any thing more than "Yes" and "No," "Perhaps so," "Do you think so?" and other such little phrases.

36. "How shy he is, poor fellow!" thought the ladies; and then they talked to him all the more. They asked him a thousand questions. They chatted of books', and music', and drawing', and pressed him hard to discover what he knew', what he could do', and what he liked best'; and when it came out from his short answers that he had read certain books—and in more than one language'; and could sing—just a little'; and dance—just a little'; and do several other things—just a little, too', they were delighted' with him. "Ah! when you know us better'," said they, "and are not so shy of us as strangers', we shall find out that you are as clever again as you pretend' to be, Mr. Frank'!"

37. "I'll tell you what'," added the old partner, coming up at this moment, "it's a perfect treat' to me, Mr. Frank', to have a young man like you in my house'! You're your father all over' again—and I can't praise you more'. He was the most modest', unobtrusive' man in all our town'; and yet he knew more of his business' than all of us put together.

38. "However, my dear boy—for I really must call you so—it was that very thing that made your father's fortune': I mean, that he was just as unpretending as he was clever. Every body trusts an *unpretending'* man. And *you'll* make *your* fortune, too, in the same manner,

before long. Now, boys!" added he, turning to his sons, "you hear what I say, and take the hint!"

39. It is surprising how rapidly Master Frank got along after this', and how many attentions were *thrust*' upon him, all because, as every body said, he was "such an agreeable young man, and as modest as he was well educated!" He had been really humbled, and he was greatly changed in character; but the more he tried to "keep out of the way'," the more he was brought forward! What a world of contradictions this is'!

40. It was a jovial day for good old Mr. and Mrs. Worthy, when, two years after Master Frank had set out on his travels, he returned home, a partner in the old partner's business, with one of his smiling daughters for his bride.

*Adapted.*—MRS. GATTY.

- <sup>a</sup> Dis-MISS', send away.
- <sup>b</sup> HAND'-SÔME, large; ample; liberal.
- <sup>c</sup> SHEER, mere; nothing but.
- <sup>d</sup> LÊIS'-URE-LY, deliberately; not hastily.
- <sup>e</sup> POM'-POUS-LY, haughtily; with much parade.
- <sup>f</sup> RE-CALL'-ING, calling to mind.
- <sup>g</sup> OB-SERV'-ING, noticing; seeing.
- <sup>h</sup> DIS-PO-SI'-TION, inclination; intention.
- <sup>i</sup> HUS'TLED, pushed; crowded.
- <sup>j</sup> AF-FECT'-ED, pretended.
- <sup>k</sup> CON'-CEET, public singing.

- <sup>l</sup> CON-SPIC'-U-OUS, prominent; public.
- <sup>m</sup> AP-PLAUD'-ING, praising; commending.
- <sup>n</sup> AF-FECT'-ED-LY, unnaturally.
- <sup>o</sup> AS-SURED' (ash-shûred'), told in an approving way.
- <sup>p</sup> IM-PER'-TI-NENT, intrusive; meddling.
- <sup>q</sup> DE-SPOND'-EN-CY, dejection of spirits.
- <sup>r</sup> MOR'-TI-FIED, humbled; subdued.
- <sup>s</sup> OF-FI'-CIOUS, forward; meddling.
- <sup>t</sup> USH'-ERED, introduced.
- <sup>u</sup> GREET'-ING, expressions of kindness.
- <sup>v</sup> UN-OB-TRU'-SIVE, not forward; modest.

[Old Mr. Worthy and his wife—how they enjoyed themselves. Master Frank. The conflicting advice which he received. Frank and the stage-driver. Frank's two adventures at the public dinner-table. The waiter's advice. Frank at the public concert. His letters of introduction. He calls upon "the great folks." Frank and the waiter again. A change in Frank's character. He goes to call upon his father's old partner. His reception. What resulted from his trying to keep out of the way. His return home.

This *narrative* piece, introduced by a *description* of Mr. and Mrs. Worthy, relates the history of Master Frank's adventures on leaving home to seek his fortune. Its leading object is to show the effects of the wrong ideas which Frank at first entertained, and to illustrate the two different phases of character resulting from the different kinds of advice which were given to him. It will be found an excellent lesson, throughout, for elocutionary drill, owing to its varied conversational style, and the many sudden changes of manner introduced.]

## LESSON XLVI.

### THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL.—A *Fable*.

1. It happened on a cloudy morn,  
A self-conceited clock, in scorn  
A dial thus bespoke:<sup>a</sup>

"My learned friend' ! if in thy power,  
Tell me exactly what's the hour'<sup>a</sup>;  
I am upon the strike."

2. The modest dial thus replied :  
"That point I can not now decide ;  
The sun is in the shade :  
My information, drawn from him—  
I wait till his enlivening<sup>b</sup> beam  
Shall be again display'd."<sup>c</sup>
3. "Wait for him, then'," returned the clock ;  
"I am not that dependent block,<sup>d</sup>  
His counsel to implore'<sup>e</sup> ;  
One winding serves me for a week ;  
And, hearken ! how the truth I speak,  
Ding, ding, ding, ding—just four."
4. While thus the boaster was deriding,<sup>f</sup>  
And magisterially<sup>g</sup> deciding,  
A sunbeam, clear and strong,  
Showed on the line three quarters more'<sup>h</sup> ;  
And that the clock, in striking four',  
Had told his story wrong.
5. On this the dial calmly said  
(More prompt to advise than to upbraid),  
"Friend', go, be regulated'<sup>i</sup> !  
Thou answer'st without hesitation',  
But he who trusts thy calculation'<sup>j</sup>  
Will frequently be cheated'.
6. "Observe *my* practice, shun pretense:<sup>k</sup>  
Not *confidence*, but *evidence*  
An answer meet supplies'<sup>l</sup> ;  
Blush not to say, 'I can not tell' :'<sup>m</sup>  
Not speaking *much*, but speaking *well*,  
Denotes the truly wise."

DE LA MOTTE.

<sup>a</sup> BE-SPOKE', spoke to; addressed.

<sup>b</sup> EN-LI'-VEN-ING, animating; cheering.

<sup>c</sup> DIS-PLAY'ED, exhibited to view.

<sup>d</sup> BLOCK, blockhead; stupid fellow.

<sup>e</sup> IM-PLÖRE', beg; ask for earnestly.

<sup>f</sup> DE-RİD'-ING, ridiculing; mocking at.

<sup>g</sup> MAG-IS-TE'-RI-AL-LY, with the air of a master.

<sup>h</sup> PRE-TENSE', pretension; false claims.

[Why is this story of "the Clock and the Dial" a fable? (See p. ix., and pp. 67, 83.) Wherein does it transgress natural laws? Narrate the story from which the moral is drawn. What useful truth is intended to be enforced by it? What are the two things that are *compared* in this fable, and between which a *resemblance* is attempted to be shown? (The bold striking of a clock that is wrong, and the much speaking of a confident but ignorant person.)]

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## LESSON XLVII.

### AN EVENING AT FARMER MARTIN'S.

#### A SWISS STORY.

[From the French of Souvestre.]

1. THE long winter evenings have begun, and at Martin's farm, after the day's labor is over, the family are accustomed to assemble around the big logs which blaze on the hearth, where a few neighbors often join them; for in those thinly-settled and lonely mountain valleys, neighborhood<sup>a</sup> establishes<sup>b</sup> a feeling almost like relationship.

2. There it is that the genial<sup>c</sup> influence of the fire, and the pleasures of social reunion,<sup>d</sup> lead to mutual confidence: intimacies are established and strengthened, and that inner life, which the outer often shadows forth but faintly, stands clearly revealed.

3. Sometimes Cousin Prudent, notwithstanding the distance at which he lives, comes to spend the evening; and then there is great rejoicing in the farmer's simple home. They give him the best place near the fire; then seat themselves around, with pleased and eager countenances, for this cousin is the best story-teller on all the mountain-side.

4. He knows not only the old legends<sup>e</sup> and traditions<sup>f</sup> which for many generations have been handed down from father to son, but he even knows much of what is contained in books. He has, besides, such wisdom! He has learned to read the human *heart*; and it is rarely that his searching glance fails to penetrate the cause of the griefs which torment it.

5. Others are acquainted with remedies for the infirmities<sup>g</sup> of the body; the old peasant understands better the

infirmities of the soul: and this is why the peasants have given him the name of "the Good-man *Prudent*."

6. This is the first time, since the New Year, that he has appeared at the farm-house; so he has many questions to ask. He wishes to know upon what terms they sold their grain; if the pony that was ailing<sup>b</sup> has recovered; and how the building of the new poultry-house progresses.

7. The farmer's young wife replies kindly to all his queries, but in an absent manner, as if her mind were elsewhere; for, alas! the pretty Martha, wearied with the humble duties of her daily life, thinks often, with a sigh, of the busy town where her girlhood was passed.

8. She remembers the merry dances on the green; the pleasant walks, along sunny fields of waving grain, with young girls who laughed and gathered flowers as they passed; the long chats with her companions under the graceful elms, or by the fountain in the court: and so she often sits with her arms drooping idly, and her pretty head bowed, while her mind wanders back to the past.

9. So it is this evening. While the other women are busy at work around her, the farmer's wife sits at her motionless spinning-wheel; the distaff, full of flax, lies on her knees, and her fingers play aimlessly<sup>i</sup> with the shining thread.

10. The Good-man Prudent has observed all, but without saying any thing, for he knows that advice is like the bitter medicine one gives to children; in order to insure its acceptance, great care must be taken to choose the right means and the right moment.

11. But now the family and the neighbors gather round him, crying,

"A story! Good-man Prudent', tell us a story!'"

The old peasant smiles, and glances sideways at Martha, who is still sitting idle, with a listless air.

12. "That is to say," he answers, "one must pay here for one's welcome. Ah, well! It shall be as you wish, my good friends. The last time I was here I told you of

the days, long since past, when pagan armies ravaged our mountains: that was a story for men. To-night, with your permission, I will tell one for the women and little children, that all may have their turn. Our thoughts were busy then with Cæsar; to-night let me tell you a story about the good Fairy Bountiful."

13. All laugh at this, yet arrange themselves quickly in listening attitudes: Farmer Martin lights his pipe, and the Good-man Prudent commences:

14. "This story, kind friends, is not one for whose exact truth I can vouch;<sup>k</sup> but something very nearly like it is said to have happened to our Grandmother Charlotte, whom Martin remembers as a woman of great strength of character, and remarkable industry. It is called

#### THE STORY OF THE FAIRY'S TEN LITTLE WORKMEN.

15. "The Grandmother Charlotte had been young once on a time, although it was difficult to believe it when one looked at her silvery locks, and hooked nose almost meeting her pointed chin; but those of her own age said that, in her youth, no young girl had a more charming countenance, or a greater love of fun and gaiety.

16. "Unfortunately, Charlotte was left alone with her father, at the head of a large farm more burdened with debts than profits, so that labor succeeded labor; and the poor girl, who was not fitted for so great a care, often fell into despair, and while vainly seeking some means to accomplish every thing, ended by doing nothing.

17. "One day, as she was sitting on the door-step, her hands under her apron, and her head bent forward with a weary air, she began to say to herself in a low voice,

18. "'Heaven pardon me! but my cares are too great for so young a girl to bear! Even though I were as prompt as the sun', as untiring as the waves of the sea', and as potent<sup>l</sup> as fire', I could not accomplish all the work of the house. Oh! why is the good Fairy Bountiful no longer in the world! If she could but hear and aid me, perhaps



we might escape; I from my cares, and my father from his anxiety!

19. "'Be satisfied, then, for here I am!' interrupted a voice.

"And Charlotte saw before her the Fairy Bountiful looking at her attentively, as she leaned upon her little crutch of holly-wood.

20. "At first the young girl felt afraid, for the fairy was very old, wrinkled, and ugly, and she wore a costume<sup>m</sup> seldom seen in that country.

21. "'Nevertheless, Charlotte recollected herself quickly, and asked the fairy, in a trembling but respectful voice, in what manner she could be of service to her.

22. "'It is *I* who come to serve *you*, my child,' replied the old woman. 'I have heard your complaint, and bring you that which shall relieve you from all your sorrows.'

23. "'Ah! are you in earnest, good mother?' eagerly cried Charlotte, having quite forgotten her embarrassment. 'Do you come to give me a piece of your wand, with which I may render all my labor easy?'

24. "'Better than that,' replied the fairy; 'I bring you ten little workmen, who will obey all your commands.'

"Where are they?" cried the young girl.

"You shall see them directly,' was the answer.

"The old woman opened her cloak, and ten dwarfs of different sizes passed out.

25. "The first two were very short, but strong and robust.

"These,' said the fairy, 'are the most vigorous: they will aid you in all your work, and supply in strength what they lack in dexterity. The two you see following them are taller, and more skillful; they know how to draw out the flax from the distaff, and apply themselves to all the work of the house.

26. "'Their two brothers, next to them, are remarkable for their great height; and while they are both useful in a variety of ways, one is particularly skillful in using the

needle, for which reason I have crowned him with a little steel thimble.

27. "The next two, one of whom, you perceive, has a ring for a girdle, are less active, but still valuable for the aid they render the others. As for the last two, their small size, and want of strength, render them of little use; but they are entitled to esteem, nevertheless, on account of the good-will and sympathy they manifest. You find it difficult to believe, I venture to say, that the whole ten can be of much importance; but you shall see them at their work, and then you can judge.'

28. "At these words the old woman made a sign, and the ten dwarfs glided quickly away to the performance of their various duties. Charlotte saw them accomplish successfully, and with equal facility, the roughest and coarsest, as well as the most delicate kinds of work. They hesitated at nothing; they sufficed for every thing. Charlotte uttered a cry of astonishment and delight, and stretching her arms toward the fairy, exclaimed,

29. "Oh, good Mother Bountiful, lend me these ten brave workmen, and I shall have nothing more to desire.'

"I will do better than that,' replied the fairy, 'I will give them to you; only, as you would find it troublesome to take them every where with you, I shall order each one to hide himself in one of your ten fingers.'

30. "You know now what a treasure you possess,' said the fairy, when this was accomplished: 'all will depend now on the use you make of your knowledge. If you do not know how to govern your little servants, if you allow them to become enfeebled through idleness, you will receive no benefit from them; but direct them always aright, and for fear that they should sleep, never leave your fingers in repose, and the work you so much dread, you will find done as if by enchantment.'

31. "Whether the fairy's visit were reality, or whether, as I am inclined to believe, sleep overpowered the young girl as she sat on the door-step, and it was all a dream, this

much is certain: our Grandmother profited by her counsels, and managed the household so well that she not only enabled her father to pay off the debts of the farm, but aided him in gaining a small competence,<sup>p</sup> which was left to her at his death, after she had been for some years happily married.

32. "She was thus enabled to bring up her eight children in comfortable circumstances; and there is a tradition among us, that she has transmitted<sup>q</sup> the skillful workmen of the Fairy Bountiful to all the women of the family; and that, with a little care and diligence, they are easily set in motion, so that we all derive great profit from them. Thus, we have a saying in our family, that in the movement of the ten fingers of the housewife lies all the prosperity, all the comfort, and all the joy of the household."

33. In pronouncing these last words, the Good-man Prudent had turned toward Martha. The young woman blushed, dropped her eyes, and took up her distaff.

34. Martin and his cousin exchanged glances.

All the family reflected silently on the story they had heard. Each endeavored to penetrate its entire meaning, and profit by its lesson; but the farmer's pretty wife had quickly understood that it was addressed to her; for the smile had returned to her countenance, while the spinning-wheel turned rapidly, and the flax quickly disappeared from the distaff.

<sup>a</sup> NEIGH'-BOR-HOOD, nearness of residence.

<sup>b</sup> ES-TAB'-LISH-ES, causes; produces.

<sup>c</sup> GE'-NI-AL, enlivening; causing cheerfulness.

<sup>d</sup> SO'-CIAL RE-UN'-IONS, neighborhood gatherings.

<sup>e</sup> LE'-GENDS, written accounts; stories.

<sup>f</sup> TRA-DI'-TIONS, stories handed down from father to son.

<sup>g</sup> IN-FIRM'-I-TIES, weaknesses; diseases.

<sup>h</sup> AIL'-ING, sick; indisposed.

<sup>i</sup> AIM'-LESS-LY, without aim.

<sup>j</sup> AT'-TI-TUDEs, positions; postures.

<sup>k</sup> VOUCH, certify to; affirm.

<sup>l</sup> PO'-TENT, powerful.

<sup>m</sup> COS-TUME, kind of dress.

<sup>n</sup> EN-TI'-TLED, have a claim to.

<sup>o</sup> SUFFI'-CED, were sufficient for.

<sup>p</sup> COM'-PE-TENCE, sufficient property.

<sup>q</sup> TRANS-MIT'-TED, handed down from one person to another.

[The winter evenings at Farmer Martin's. What is meant, in the 2d verse, by "that inner life?" What is said of Cousin Prudent—his knowledge, etc.? What name was given him, and why? His first visit since the New Year. What is said of the farmer's young wife? How did she appear on the evening of the Good-man Prudent's visit? Relate the story told by the latter. What was its object? The result?

Under what class of writings does the story of "The Fairy's Ten Little Workmen" come, and why?

## LESSON XLVIII.

## DAILY WORK.

1. Who lags from dread of daily work,  
And his appointed task would shirk';<sup>a</sup>  
Commits a folly and a crime';  
A soulless slave'—  
A paltry knave'—  
A clog upon the wheels of time'.  
With work to do, and store of health',  
The man's unworthy to be free,  
Who will not give,  
That he may live,  
His daily toil for daily fee.<sup>b</sup>
2. No! let us work! We only ask  
Reward proportion'd to our task';  
We have no quarrel with the great'—  
No feud<sup>c</sup> with rank'—  
With mill' or bank'—  
No envy of a lord's estate'.  
If we can earn sufficient store  
To satisfy our daily need',  
And can retain,  
For age and pain,  
A fraction,<sup>d</sup> we are rich indeed'.
3. No dread of toil have we or ours';  
We know our worth', and weigh<sup>e</sup> our powers';  
The more we work', the more we win':  
Success to trade'!  
Success to spade'!  
And to the corn that's coming in'!  
And joy to him who, o'er his task,  
Remembers toil is nature's plan';  
Who, working', thinks',  
And never sinks  
His independence as a MAN'!

4. Who only asks for humblest wealth',  
 Enough for competence<sup>f</sup> and health',  
 And leisure, when his work is done,  
 To read his book,  
 By chimney nook,  
 Or stroll at setting of the sun'—  
 Who toils as every man *should* toil',  
 For fair reward', erect and free';  
*These* are the men'—  
 The *best* of men'—  
 These are the men *we* mean to be'.

CHARLES MACKAY.

<sup>a</sup> SHRINK, shrink from; avoid.<sup>b</sup> FEE, reward; pay.<sup>c</sup> FEUD, contention; controversy.<sup>d</sup> FRAC'-TION, small portion.<sup>e</sup> WEIGH, estimate; calculate.<sup>f</sup> COM'-PE-TENCE, a sufficiency.

[This is a poem on the dignity, nobility, philosophy, and independence of labor. Why is it both *lyric* and *didactic*? (See p. ix.) What are some of the *emotions* expressed in it? Wherein are indignation and denunciation expressed? Lively joy and exultation? What *principles* relative to labor?

The poem is of uniform measure—eight syllables to each line, excepting the four short lines in each verse. But each of these has *four* syllables; and each of these couplets may therefore be considered as forming *one* line, when adapted to music. The piece is suitable for declamation.]

## LESSON XLIX.

## THE SAYINGS OF POOR RICHARD.

Adapted.—FRANKLIN.

1. WOULD it not be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service? But *Idleness* taxes many of us much more; and *Sloth*, by bringing on disease, absolutely shortens life.

2. "Sloth, like rust," says the proverb, "consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright." And again, the proverb asks, "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander<sup>a</sup> *time*, for *that* is the stuff life is made of." How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry," and that "there will be sleeping enough in the grave."

3. If time be of all things the most precious, "wasting time must be," as has been well said, "the greatest prodigality."

gality ;”<sup>b</sup> since, as we are again told, “Lost time is never found again ; and what we call *time enough*, always proves little enough.” Let us, then, up and be doing, and be doing to the purpose ; so, by diligence,<sup>c</sup> shall we do more with less perplexity.<sup>d</sup>

4. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry makes every thing easy. It is an old saying, that “he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night ;” and again, “Laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him.” “Drive thy business ; let not thy business drive thee.”

5. So what is the use of *wishing* and *hoping* for better times ? We may make the times better, if we bestir ourselves. As has been said, “The industrious man will not stand still to *wish* ; and he that lives upon hope alone, will always be fasting. There are no gains without pains.” Then let the poor man say, “Help, hands, for I have no lands.” But let me tell him, “He that hath a trade, hath an estate ;<sup>e</sup> and he that hath a calling,<sup>f</sup> hath an office of profit and honor.”

6. But, then, the trade must be *worked at*, and the calling *well followed*, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve. It has been well said, “At the working-man’s house, hunger looks in, but dares not enter ; for Industry *pays debts*, while Despair *increaseth* them.”

7. What ! Though you have found no treasure, and though no rich relation has left you a legacy, is not Diligence the mother of good luck ? Ay. God gives all things to industry. Then “plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.” Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow ; and, farther, “never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.”

8. If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle ? But are you not your *own* master ? You should be ashamed, then, to



catch *yourself* idle, where there is so much to be done *for* yourself, your family, and your country.

9. Handle your tools without mittens: remember that "the cat in gloves catches no mice." It is true there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you have none to help you; but work steadily, and you will see great effects; for "a constant dropping wears away stones;" and "by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable."

<sup>a</sup> SQUAN'-DER (skwon'-der), waste.

<sup>b</sup> PROD-I-GAL'-I-TY, wastefulness; extravagance.

<sup>c</sup> DIL'-I-GENCE, industry.

<sup>d</sup> PER-PLEX'-I-TY, trouble; annoyance.

<sup>e</sup> ES-TATE', property; a fortune.

<sup>f</sup> CALL'-ING, a profession.

[Why is this lesson of the *didactic* kind? (See p. ix.) Mention some of the rules and principles of conduct here laid down. What is a *proverb*? (A proverb is a familiar saying, embodying some rule of moral, or, more properly, of *prudential* conduct.) What do the proverbs in this lesson chiefly embrace?—rules relating to *morals*', or those relating to *prudence*? (Show the pupils the difference between the two kinds: thus, "We are bound to be honest, not to be rich," is a *moral* precept: "Make hay while the sun shines," is a *prudential* maxim. Although proverbs were once considered the ornaments of writing and of conversation, the prevailing taste is now opposed to their frequent use.)].

## LESSON L.

### THE LABORERS.

1. You can not pay with money  
     The million sons of toil—  
     The sailor on the ocean,  
     The peasant on the soil,  
     The laborer in the quarry,  
     The hewer of the coal;  
     Your money pays the *hand*,  
     But it can not pay the *soul*.
2. You gaze on the cathedral<sup>a</sup>  
     Whose turrets<sup>b</sup> meet the sky:  
     Remember the foundations  
     That in earth and darkness lie:  
     For, were not those foundations  
     So darkly resting there,  
     Yon towers up could never soar  
     So proudly in the air.
3. The workshop must be crowded,  
     That the palace may be bright;

If the ploughman did not plough',  
 Then the poet could not write'.  
 Then let every toil be hallow'd<sup>e</sup>  
 That man performs for man,  
 And have its share of honor  
 As part of one great plan.

4. See, light darts down from heaven,  
 And enters where it may ;  
 The eyes of all earth's people  
 Are cheered with one bright day.  
 And let the *mind's* true sunshine  
 Be spread o'er earth *as* free,  
 And fill the souls of men,  
 As the waters fill the sea.
5. The man who turns the soil  
 Need not have an earthly mind ;  
 The digger 'mid the coal  
 Need not be in spirit blind :  
 The mind can shed a light  
 On each worthy labor done,  
 As lowliest things are bright  
 In the radiance<sup>d</sup> of the sun.
6. What cheers the musing<sup>e</sup> student' ?  
 The poet', the divine' ?  
 The thought that, for his followers,  
 A brighter day will shine.  
 Let every human laborer  
 Enjoy the vision bright--  
 Let the thought that comes from heaven,  
 Be spread like heaven's own light !
7. Ye men who hold the pen,  
 Rise like a band inspired ;<sup>f</sup>  
 And, poets, let your lyrics<sup>g</sup>  
 With hope for man be fired ;<sup>h</sup>  
 Till the earth becomes a temple,  
 And every human heart  
 Shall join in one great service,  
 Each happy in his part.

*From the German.*

<sup>a</sup> CĀ-THE'-DRAL, a church edifice.

<sup>b</sup> TUR'-RETS, spires, or little towers.

<sup>c</sup> HAL'-LŌW'd, treated as sacred.

<sup>d</sup> RĀ'-DI-ANCE, vivid brightness.

<sup>e</sup> MŪs'-ING, meditating.

<sup>f</sup> IN-SPĪR'ED, divinely influenced.

<sup>g</sup> LYR'-ICS, songs; hymns. (See p. ix.)

<sup>h</sup> FĪR'ED, animated.

[1. *Money* can not pay for all that labor does. 2. As we gaze on the turrets of the cathedral, we should remember that its foundations are laid deep in the earth. 3. All kinds of labor are parts of one great plan, and all should be deemed sacred. 4. As the sun shines for all, so should the *light of knowledge* be free to all. 5. The *dignity* of labor. *Mind* can ennoble every worthy labor. 6. What cheers the student, the poet, etc.? Let *thought* be spread like light. 7. The call to writers, poets, etc. What result is looked for?

What figures of speech can be pointed out in the 2d verse? What *simile* in the 5th verse?

## LESSON LI.

### WHEN THE SUMMER COMES.



1. I ONCE knew a little boy, a child of four years; one of those bright and lovely creatures that seemed a cherub,<sup>a</sup> with his gladsome hazel eyes, his dazzling fairness, his clustering golden hair, and his almost winged step.

2. Such he was, at least, until sickness laid its heavy hand on him. Then, indeed, after days of burning, wast-

ing fever, his little hand lay motionless outside the scarcely whiter coverlet of his tiny bed; his pulse was feeble and fluttering; his head pressed languidly<sup>b</sup> upon the pillow; his face was pale as the lily; and his eyelids drooped heavily, as if a weight hung from their fringed curtains.

3. It was a strange sickness for one so young—the struggle of fever with a baby frame; but life and youth seemed, for a time, to have obtained the victory: the pulses rallied;<sup>c</sup> the cheeks grew round and rosy; and the little wasted limbs filled up again. Health was seemingly restored—health, but not strength; for, after days, and even weeks, had passed by, we found that the sickness had left its bitter sting. Little Frankie could not walk a step, nor even stand.

4. It was in autumn this illness seized him, and through a weary winter he slowly regained<sup>d</sup> a little portion of his strength. First he feebly crept on his hands and knees; then he made a careful journey round the room, holding on by chairs and tables, or clinging to some loving hand; until, at last, standing quite erect, alone, he could move slowly on. And all the time his word of hope was this, “When the *summer* comes!”

5. Through a long winter, and a cold bleak spring, this hope never failed him. A fairy little carriage was obtained for him, in which, well wrapped up<sup>e</sup> from the cold, and resting on soft cushions, he was from time to time drawn out in the garden when the sun shone brightly; but if any one praised his little carriage, and told him what a fine ride he was taking<sup>f</sup>, he would quickly exclaim, “Wait till the summer comes—then Frankie will walk again!”

6. The summer came, with its glad birds and flowers, and its balmy<sup>e</sup> air; and Frankie rode out every day. One day, when taken into the garden, he so longed<sup>f</sup> to walk, “just to the holly bower,” that he was allowed to make the effort. And on he did walk; quick at first, then slower, slower. He would not rest in any of the arms stretch-

ed out to receive him, though the fitful color on his cheek went and came, and the pauses in his steps grew more and more frequent. At length he reached the bower; but, with a heavy sigh, he said, "'Tis a very, very long walk *now*; but Frankie must not be tired, for, sure, the summer is come."

7. But the summer passed away, and again came changing autumn with its chill, damp airs, nearly throwing him back again. One day, when his mother took him into the garden, he made a greater effort even than before to walk to the holly bower. Reaching it, he sat down to rest; but as he looked up at the red leaves and berries, a memory of the former year, and of all the time that had passed since then, seemed, for the first time, to steal mournfully over his heart. Nestling closer to his mother's side, and still looking up, but with more thoughtful eyes, he said, "Mamma, is the summer *quite* gone'?"

8. "Yes, my darling. Don't you see the scarlet berries, the food of winter for the little birds?"

"Quite gone, mamma, and Frankie not quite well'?"

9. His mother looked away. She could not bear to have him see the tears his mournful little words called forth. There was a moment's silence; and then she felt a soft little kiss upon her hand, and, looking down, she saw her darling's face—yes, surely now it was as an angel's—gazing upward to her, brightly beaming, brighter than ever; and his rosy lips just parted with their own sweet smile again, as he exclaimed in joyous tones, "Mamma, the summer will come again!"

10. Precious were these words of childish faith to the care-worn mother, to cheer her then, and still to sustain her through long and anxious watchings by the bedside of that dear one, even when all hope of recovery had passed away; for, ere the spring flowers had decked the earth again, to the spirit of the little sufferer had come a summer of eternal rest.

11. And precious to more than her such words may be;

for, to the trusting, pious heart, there comes a time—it may be soon, or it may be late—it may be beyond the bounds which mortal vision<sup>h</sup> can reach—when every grief and every sorrow will have passed away: and so 'twill all seem as nothing—*when the summer comes!*

*Adapted.*—CHAMBERS.

<sup>a</sup> CHER'-UB, a child of surpassing loveliness.

<sup>b</sup> LAN'-GUIS'-LY, weakly; feebly.

<sup>c</sup> RAL'-LIED, revived; came back.

<sup>d</sup> RE-GAIN'-ED, recovered.

<sup>e</sup> BALM'-Y, sweet; fragrant; soft.

<sup>f</sup> LONG'-ED, wished; desired.

<sup>g</sup> FIT'-FUL, suddenly changing; varying.

<sup>h</sup> VI'-SION, eyes; eyesight.

[Why is this lesson both *descriptive* and *narrative*? (The sick child, etc., is *described*, and the *events* are *narrated*.) What is *narrative* writing? *Descriptive* writing? (See p. ix.) What figure of speech is contained in the first period of the 2d verse? In the first line of the 4th verse? What is *personification*? Why is this piece *pathetic*? Which are the most pathetic portions of it? How should the closing question in the 8th verse be read, as to *force*? As to *time*?]

## LESSON LII.

### OVER THE RIVER.

#### 1. OVER the river they beckon to me—

Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;  
The gleam<sup>a</sup> of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.  
There's one, with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angels that met him there;  
The gates of the city we could not see;  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

#### 2. Over the river the boatman pale

Carried another—the household pet;<sup>b</sup>  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom<sup>c</sup> bark;  
We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed<sup>d</sup> and angels be;



Over the river, the mystic<sup>e</sup> river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me!

3. For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,  
And, lo! they have passed from our yearning<sup>f</sup> hearts;  
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;<sup>g</sup>  
We may not sunder<sup>h</sup> the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day;  
We only know that their bark no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me!

4. And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing<sup>i</sup> river, and hill, and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam<sup>a</sup> of the flapping sail;  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;<sup>j</sup>  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit-land;  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet shall the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of death shall carry me!

NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

<sup>a</sup> GLEAM, a beam or ray of light.

<sup>b</sup> PET, a loved one that is fondled and indulged.

<sup>c</sup> PHAN'-TOM, fancied; unearthly. "Phantom bark," the bark of death.

<sup>d</sup> RAN'-SOMED, redeemed.

<sup>e</sup> MYST'-TIC, mysterious and obscure.

<sup>f</sup> YEARN'-ING, longing.

<sup>g</sup> AYE, ever; always.

<sup>h</sup> SUN'-DER, tear; sever.

<sup>i</sup> FLUSH'-ING, lighting up.

<sup>j</sup> STRAND, shore.

[1. What *river* is meant here? (The River of Death—the river which separates Time from Eternity.) Who are those who "beckon to me?" Why are they described as wearing "snowy robes?" (Because they are then angels; and angels are said to wear *white robes*.) Describe the one first mentioned. What is meant by his crossing "in the *twilight*, gray and cold?" What "city" is referred to in the 10th line of the first verse? (The Heavenly City—the New Jerusalem.—Rev., ch. xxi.)

2. What is meant by "the boatman pale?" What figure of speech is this? What is meant by "the phantom bark?" The "silver sands?" "Our sunshine grew strangely dark?" Why is the River of Death called "the *mystic river*?"

3. What is meant by "the gates of day?"

4. What is meant by "the spirit-land?" Why is the River of Death called "the *peaceful river*?"

## LESSON LIII.

## LIFE WITHIN A FLOWER.

1. THE principal blossom in the flower-border was a beautiful carnation.<sup>a</sup> As its fragrance was delightful, I was led to notice it more carefully than the rest. Stopping down for a nearer view, from within its brilliant disk<sup>b</sup> there came to my ear a soft but agreeable murmur. It seemed that some little creature within the covert<sup>c</sup> was the musician, and I gently parted the petals<sup>d</sup> for a closer inspection.

2. On placing the flower in a full light, and applying to my eye a little microscope<sup>e</sup> that I always carry in my pocket, I could discover troops of little insects frisking, with wild jollity, among the narrow pedestals<sup>f</sup> that supported the flower-leaves, and the little threads that occupied their centre. What a fragrant world for the habitation of these little fairies! What perfect security from all annoyance was provided in the dusky husk<sup>g</sup> whose ample walls inclosed them!

3. Pleased with my discovery, I made a little frame to support my microscope, which I adjusted<sup>h</sup> to take in, at one view, the whole base of the flower; and thus I was enabled, for many days together, to watch the motions of the little creatures, without giving them the least disturbance. Thus I could discover all their little domestic arrangements, their passions, and their enjoyments.

4. The microscope, on this occasion, acted like the wand of a magician,<sup>i</sup> to reveal wonders which nature had concealed from my unaided vision. The base of the flower extended itself, under its magnifying influence, to a vast plain; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting capitals of gold; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres,<sup>j</sup> and terraces.

5. Amid the scenery thus revealed, walked in pairs,

alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants. These, from little dusky flies—for such, only, the naked eye would have shown them—were raised to glorious, glittering animals, stained with living purple, and adorned with the most delicate lace-work, that would have made all the labors of the loom contemptible in the comparison.

6. I could, at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs reflecting all the colors of the rainbow; and their eyes, each formed of a thousand others, outglittering<sup>k</sup> the little planes<sup>l</sup> on a brilliant, and too large almost for admiration.

7. I could observe some singling out their favorites, wooing them with the music of their buzzing wings, leading them from walk to walk along the flowery meads, and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar, just bursting from some vein within the living trunk. Here the perfumed groves, and more than mystic shades of the poet's fancy were realized.

8. To the dwellers within this charming retreat life seemed to be one day of sunshine and joy. In the triumph of their little hearts they skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees, or winged their short flight to the shadow of some broader leaf, to revel in the heights of all felicity.<sup>m</sup> There were no exhibitions of angry strife to mar the harmony of the scene. The little world of beauty was a world of happiness and love.

<sup>a</sup> ĆAR-NĀ'-TON, a kind of pink.

<sup>b</sup> DISK, the central part of the top of the flower.

<sup>c</sup> ĆŌV'-ERT, sheltered portion.

<sup>d</sup> PET'-ALS, flower-leaves.

<sup>e</sup> MĪ'-CRO-SCŌPE, a magnifying instrument.

<sup>f</sup> PED'-ES-TALS, the stalks of the flower-leaves.

<sup>g</sup> ĬUSK, the cup that incloses the flower: the green calyx.

<sup>h</sup> AD-JUST'-ED, adapted; arranged.

<sup>i</sup> MA-ĜĪ'-CIAN, an enchanter.

<sup>j</sup> PĀR-TERRES', flower-beds.

<sup>k</sup> OUT-GLIT'-TER-ING, outshining.

<sup>l</sup> PLĀNES, plane surfaces.

<sup>m</sup> FE-LĪ'-CĪ-TY, enjoyment; happiness.

[This lesson is not a fanciful, but a true description, of what may often be observed within a flower, by the aid of a microscope. Those who study nature are never wanting in objects calculated to furnish innocent and rational enjoyment.

If at the proper season of the year, let the pupils take a carnation, or even a common pink, and point out the several parts of the flower mentioned in the lesson.

LESSON LIV.  
THE TWO QUEENS.

I. THE ROSE.



1. ROSES always roses are—  
What with roses can compare?  
Search the garden, search the bower,  
Try the charms of every flower;  
Try them by their beauteous bloom,  
Try them by their sweet perfume.
  2. Morning light—it loveth best  
In the rose's lap to rest;  
And the evening breezes tell  
The secret of their choice as well.  
Try them by whatever token,<sup>a</sup>  
Still the same response<sup>b</sup> is spoken;  
Nature crowns the rose's stem  
With her choicest diadem.<sup>c</sup>
- 

II. THE WATER-LILY.

3. Mantled<sup>d</sup> in her silver vest,  
Pillowed<sup>e</sup> on the water's breast,  
Bride-like, lieth she at rest:
4. Looking up, with timid eye,  
At the cloud-ships sailing by  
In the sapphire<sup>f</sup>-vaulted sky:



5. Joying in the elfin<sup>e</sup> song  
Of the winds, whose wailing throng  
Sweeps the placid lake along:
6. Thus enthroned with regal sway,  
Queen of golden-wingéd day,  
Dreameth she her life away.

CHAMPLIN.

<sup>a</sup> TŌ'-KEN, sign; symbol.<sup>b</sup> RE-SPONSE', answer.<sup>c</sup> DI'-A-DEM, crown; a mark of royalty.<sup>d</sup> MAN'-TLED, inclosed, as in a mantle.<sup>e</sup> PIL'-LOWED, resting, as on a pillow.<sup>f</sup> SĀP'-PHIRE (sāf'-fire), blue, like the common sapphire crystal.<sup>g</sup> ELF'-IN, resembling faeries.

[Here are two *sonnets* (short poems) in praise of the Rose and the Water-lily. High commendation is naturally expressed in the language of *hyperbole*, as in the second verse of the lesson. What is *hyperbole*? (See p. xi.) What figure of speech is embraced in the *title* of the lesson? Point out the examples of personification in the second and remaining verses.]

## LESSON LV.

THE WISHES' SHOP.—*Adapted.*

1. I HAD overworked my brain, and was taken severely ill. In vain had my physician recommended me to leave business for a while, and seek recreation<sup>a</sup> and health in the country. I wanted health, but was unwilling to make the necessary sacrifice for it.

2. One day, while weary and feverish from the toil of

examining a long list of accounts, I fell into a troubled sleep. It seemed to me that I soon awoke, and left my office to seek relief in the open air. I wandered, I scarcely knew whither, until my attention was arrested, <sup>b</sup> in what seemed to be called "Providence Street," by the following notice over the door of a modest dwelling opposite: "Whoever wishes for any particular object, let him call here."

3. Hurrying across the street, and entering the door, I soon found myself in a large room, at the end of which, on an elevated platform, was a table; and seated behind it was a little old gentleman in black, who, I was told on inquiry, was Mr. Destiny himself.

4. The room was filled with persons who had come to make their wants known to him; and as each applicant for favors came forward, the old gentleman repeated to him the terms on which he did business. "My principle is, gentlemen," said he, "that whoever wishes any thing, must give up something of equal worth that he possesses." Every body nodded assent to the principle; but few seemed to realize its full meaning.

5. The first person who came forward was a lame man, who supported himself with difficulty on a crutch and a cane. He wished to get rid of his lameness, and said he would give a great deal if he could walk as well as most people.

"Very well," said Destiny; "will you give up your eyesight?"

"Certainly not," said the lame man: "I will part with none of the senses to be rid of an infirmity.<sup>c</sup> *They* belong to my soul: *this* is only my body."

6. Neither his eyesight nor his little property would he part with; and so Destiny advised him patiently to bear with the ills he was accustomed to, rather than take up with new ones.

"Yet I *should* like to *walk*," said the lame man.

7. "Ay," said Destiny, "but you don't seem willing to



alter your condition in any way, except that of getting rid of something very disagreeable. If you wish to get a good thing, you must give up a good thing that you already possess. That's the principle of all trade', is it not'? Sorry, sir, I can be of no use to you."

8. "Thank you, sir. Well, I won't detain you. Good-morning." And the lame man took up his crutch and his cane, and hobbled out of the room. He went away, thinking he might have had a greater affliction than lameness.

9. Next came a woman, eagerly pushing through the crowd, and with deep sobs begging for the life of her son, a youth of sixteen, who was dying of fever.

"It is a great thing you come for," said Mr. Destiny: "you must give a great thing for it. Will you give your own life'?"

10. "Ay, twenty times'!" said the mother, passionately.

"You have not twenty lives to give. You have *one*. Will you give that'?"

"Yes, I will give my life," answered the mother, suddenly sobered<sup>d</sup> from her passion<sup>e</sup> by the deep and calm manner in which the question was asked.

11. "Very well: be it so. Go home, and your wish will be bought at that price."

I saw the mother rise, and go away with a face of such calm joy, that it seemed like the light of the moon suddenly poured over heaven and earth when the cloud passes from before it.

12. The third applicant was a poor *gentleman*; a man of talent, refinement, and education. "Sir," said he, "I have seven sons and one daughter, and have nothing wherewith to educate them."

13. "Just the opposite to the rich man who lately called on me, and who had *no* children," said Mr. Destiny. "What a pity you and he could not have made a bargain'! Well, sir! how can I serve you'?"

"I wish for money'," said he.

14. He was asked to give up his health; but he replied

that he had not very much of that—and none to spare. “His principles, then’?” He was very indignant<sup>f</sup> at such a proposal. “Would he part with his talents’?” “And be a fool’?” said he. “Of what good should I be to my family, then’?”

15. “You have eight children, you say: people are very happy with two, or four, or even one. Suppose you give up *one* child. Can you part with the eldest’?”

“Impossible’! He is just eleven—and *so* clever’! He is full of talent and application. With a book in his hand, he does not know whether one speaks to him or not.”

16. “Then,” said Destiny, “perhaps you could more easily part with the second.”

“No, not the second—the second and third are twins, and to separate them would be to destroy both. They are twin cherries on one stalk. I can’t part with *two*.”

17. “And what do you say to parting with the *fourth*’?”

“A little fellow of eight! the most beautiful child—like his mother—and as gentle as an angel’! He meets me every day when I come home, and flings himself into my arms. I could not be such a heartless *brute*’!”

18. “I don’t want to press you,” said Destiny. “But you have a girl. Let *her* go. Women are often quite useless, and a heavy weight when you have to push them on in life.”

19. “Useless’! My little Mary useless’! Though she is but six, you should see her help her mother. She knows where every thing is to be found, and will run for it, and back, almost before you know you want it. And when any body is ill, how *still* she keeps: and how *good* she is. You should see how the baby loves her!”

20. “A baby, too’: oh, let the baby go,” said Destiny.

“What’! the baby’? No doubt it cries, and keeps one awake; but my wife loves it better than all the others. Its slightest illness puts her in misery. What would become of her if it should die’!”

21. "But there remain two more. Surely you can part with *them*?"

"No, no, the dear children! One can but just speak—and the first word was my name. And the other—he is the only one that is sickly: he is always holding by his mother's finger, or is carried in my arms. Besides, perhaps he will grow stronger; and then, how happy we shall be!"

22. "Really," said Mr. Destiny, "you seem to be a very happy family, even if you *are* poor; and your children are great comforts to you: but, of the *many* things you so highly prize, you seem unwilling to part with *any* of them for riches!"

23. "But I *should* like to be *rich*," said the poor man. "Other people are rich. My neighbor, Mr. Smith, has *twelve* children; yet he is *very* rich."

"Would you change with him altogether?"

"By no means."

"Why not?"

24. "For many very good reasons. For example: his children are very inferior<sup>h</sup> to mine. I should never be proud of them; and I could never love them as I love my own. I should like to be in his *situation*, but would not be willing to be *himself*."

25. "Well," said Destiny, "I see you are like other people. You wish to keep what you have, and to add something more. But that's not the bargain. You may have something *else*, but not something *more*."

"Then I must bear my misfortunes as I can. I see there's no help. But I begin to think I am not so badly off as I thought I was. Farewell, sir."

26. Just at this moment a lady of wealth, alighting<sup>i</sup> from her carriage, entered the door. Her footman officiously<sup>j</sup> put aside the crowd, and she came forward, richly dressed, beautiful, and graceful, with the conscious ease of one who attracted all eyes, and disappointed none. What could that favored being wish for more? Was it possible that she could covet<sup>k</sup> any thing farther?

27. Mr. Destiny appeared to have some such ideas as these, for he inquired, "Is there any thing, madam, for which you can form a wish'?"

"I wish to be happy'," said the lady.

"Alas'!" said Destiny, "if *you*' are not happy', who *can*' be?"

"I do not come to *argue*' the matter," said the lady; "I only state my wish'."

28. "True, madam, I beg your pardon," answered Mr. Destiny. "You seem to have every external<sup>1</sup> means of happiness; but, if you are *not*' happy', what would you part with to be' so?"

"With *every thing*'," said the lady, really shedding tears, and wiping her eyes with a handkerchief trimmed with lace at a guinea a yard.

29. "Then," said Destiny, "I will describe a condition—that of an esteemed acquaintance of mine—and you may have a condition like hers, and be happy. It is that of a little, plain woman, who is devotedly loved by her husband. She has a dutiful son, although he is rather dull; but she does not perceive it. She reads a good book on Sundays; she has some pleasure in putting on her silk gown, and a great deal in friendly gossip;<sup>m</sup> she is busy all day, and sleeps all night; she murmurs an old song, and is truly happy."

30. "It is all very well," said the lady, interrupting him; "but it is not possible that *I* could be happy under those circumstances."

"Only she *is* happy," said Destiny; "and the bargain is that *you* shall be happy, if you will consent to take a condition like hers."

31. "Better be miserable than be so ignorantly happy," said the lady, suddenly rising. "I prefer my present condition to *such* a change."

"Just as you please," said Destiny. And, with a graceful and gracious bend of the head, she rustled through the shop, and, entering her elegant carriage, drove off.

32. There were many more applicants who came with their wishes; but few of them were willing to part with what they had, for what they so much coveted; and most of those who came to terms, seemed to me to make very poor bargains.

33. One good-looking young fellow's wish was to marry an heiress. Mr. Destiny was rather hard upon him. "It is all fair that you should marry an heiress," said he; "and, if your wife has only money, what will you give?"

34. "Will you give up her beauty?" "Yes." "Sense?" "Yes." "Good temper?" "Yes." "Your own way?" "Oh! I'll manage to get that." "No; it is in the bargain that you shall not have it; will you give it up?" "Well, yes; I'll give up all for money." "You certainly deserve a very rich bride, since you lose every thing else," said Destiny. "Have your wish, then."

35. And now, as the interest in others began to slacken, I thought I might as well express my own wishes; and, approaching Mr. Destiny, I told him that I wished for health. A long dialogue followed. I was told that I must give up half of my successful business, regain half of my time, and give that for health.

36. "Sir, I must think about it."

"Don't think too long," said he, "for fear the opportunity should pass."

"Well, I dare say you are right; and to-morrow I will let you know."

37. I reached my office, somewhat confused by what I had seen and heard. I soon returned home, and next morning, when I awoke in bed, I was in the chills of a nervous fever. Ideas raced through my brain with a rapidity which defied my efforts to catch them. I talked, but I knew not what I said. Sometimes I cried; sometimes I laughed; and I remember but little till complete exhaustion seemed to sink me into a profound sleep, from which I awoke, and heard some one say, "He will live."

38. And live I did. I was frightened at what had hap-

pened. It was only the fear of losing life itself that prevailed; and I *did* at length take measures to exchange a portion of my wealth for health. I gave up one half of my business; I bought a horse, and took abundance of exercise. I soon got better, and was again a happy man; but, what is remarkable, although I went several times in search of "Providence Street," and "Mr. Destiny's Wishes' Shop," I never could find either. In truth, the whole now seems to me almost like a dream.

- <sup>a</sup> REC-RE-Ā'-TION, relief from business; dis-  
version.
- <sup>b</sup> AR-REST'-ED, attracted; drawn aside.
- <sup>c</sup> IN-FIRM'-I-TY, a disease; weakness.
- <sup>d</sup> SO'-BERED, calmed.
- <sup>e</sup> PAS'-SION, excitement; agitation.
- <sup>f</sup> IN-DIG'-NANT, made angry.
- <sup>g</sup> HEART'-LESS, destitute of affection.
- <sup>h</sup> IN-FE'-RI-OR, of less worth.

- <sup>i</sup> A-LIGHT'-ING, descending; getting down  
from.
- <sup>j</sup> OF-FI'-CIOUS-LY, in a very forward man-  
ner.
- <sup>k</sup> CŌV'-ET, earnestly desire; wish for.
- <sup>l</sup> EX-TER'-NAL, visible; apparent.
- <sup>m</sup> GOS'-SIP, idle talk; tattle.
- <sup>n</sup> RE-GĀIN', take; recover.
- <sup>o</sup> DE-FIED, set at defiance.

[1. How is this story of "The Wishes' Shop" introduced? Describe Mr. Destiny's office, and his principle of doing business. 5. Describe the interview with the lame man. 9. With the woman who had a sick son. What trait of character is here illustrated? 12. Describe the interview with the poor *gentleman*. What principles are here illustrated? (That the poor are often better off than the rich. The poor gentleman's children were *his* blessings—worth more to him than riches, for they brought him that happiness which riches could not bestow.) 26. Describe the interview with the lady of wealth and fashion. What moral may be deduced from this story? 32. What is said of other applicants? 33. Of the one who wished to marry an heiress? 35. Of the narrator, who wished for health?

This lesson is not an *allegory*, because one object is not described in such a manner as to represent another. Wherein does it differ, in character, from the "Story of Tip-top," and the "Valley of Tears?" It is a picture of human life—a supposed dream—but each story in it has a *moral*. The whole shows that, although all have their afflictions, they are not so severe as they are often regarded; that all have their enjoyments and blessings also, which they are very unwilling to part with; that few would exchange their conditions in life with others; and, what is unreasonable, most people are even *averse* to parting with wealth for the sake of health.]

## LESSON LVI.

ROLL-CALL.—N. G. SHEPHERD.

1. "CORPORAL GREEN!" the orderly<sup>a</sup> cried;  
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,  
From the lips of a soldier who stood near;  
And "Here!" was the word the next replied
2. "Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—  
This time no answer followed the call;  
Only his rear-man<sup>b</sup> had seen him fall,  
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.



3. There they stood in the failing<sup>c</sup> light,  
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,  
As plain to be read as open books,  
While slowly gathered<sup>d</sup> the shades of night.
4. The fern on the hill-sides was splashed<sup>e</sup> with blood,  
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,  
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;  
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.
5. For the foe had crossed from the other side,  
That day, in the face of a murderous fire  
That swept them down in its terrible ire;<sup>f</sup>  
And their life-blood went to color the tide.
6. "Herbert Cline<sup>g</sup>!" At the call there came  
Two stalwart<sup>h</sup> soldiers into the line,  
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,  
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.
7. "Ezra Kerr<sup>g</sup>!" and a voice answered "Here!"  
"Hiram Kerr<sup>g</sup>!" but no man replied:  
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,  
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.
8. "Ephraim Deane<sup>g</sup>!"—then a soldier spoke:  
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,  
"When our ensign<sup>h</sup> was shot; I left him dead  
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.
9. "Close to the roadside his body lies;  
I paused a moment, and gave him to drink;  
He murmured his mother's name, I think;  
And death came with it and closed his eyes."
10. 'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;  
For that company's roll, when called at night,  
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,  
Numbered but twenty that answered "*Here!*"

<sup>c</sup> OR'-DER-LY, a military officer—a sergeant.

<sup>d</sup> REAR'-MAN, man in the next rank.

<sup>e</sup> FAIR'-ING, growing less.

<sup>f</sup> GATH'-ERED, came on; grew darker.

<sup>g</sup> SPLASH'-ED, dashed; covered.

<sup>h</sup> IRE, anger; wrath.

<sup>i</sup> STAL'-WART (stól'wort), stout; sturdy.

<sup>j</sup> EN'-SIGN, the officer that carries the flag.

[This may be called "a battle-piece"—the calling of a company's roll in the evening twilight, after a battle. This is a vivid and touching picture of the stern realities of war.

What figure of speech in the 4th verse? In the 5th verse?

Observe that the calling of the names, and the answers, should be *imitated* in the reading. They require to be read with much more force, fullness of tone, and emphasis, than the description of the scene.]

LESSON LVII.  
AFTER THE WAR.



*The Farmer.*

1. Ho! blacksmith, are you busy'?  
My horse has lost a shoe';  
Long road have I to travel';  
You must fit us out anew'.

*The Blacksmith.*

2. Look round my forge', good farmer',  
And tell me what you see';  
Am I busy'? Am I idle'?  
Ask the anvil at my knee.

*The Farmer.*

3. I see around your workshop  
 Stark<sup>a</sup> implements of war:  
 Can it be that you are forging<sup>b</sup>  
 Some new-born quarrel for?

*The Blacksmith.*

4. Not so', my jovial farmer';  
 The weapons that I forge  
 No manly limbs shall sever,  
 Draw no gore-drops,<sup>c</sup> cut no gorge:<sup>d</sup>
5. Sword I'm turning into ploughshare,  
 Into reaping-hook the gun;  
 Here are bayonets by the bushel—  
 Shall I shoe your horse with one?

CHARLES D. SHANLEY.

<sup>a</sup> STARK, rough; rugged; fierce.  
<sup>b</sup> FORG-ING, beating into shape.

<sup>c</sup> GÖRE-DROPS, blood-drops.  
<sup>d</sup> GÖRGE, gash; a wound.

[This conversation between a farmer and a blacksmith—with a picture of the scene described—very forcibly illustrates the welcome change from the late scenes of war to the state of peace which followed. It will also doubtless recall to many the words of the prophets Isaiah and Micah, which foretell the coming of Christ's kingdom upon the earth, when universal peace shall prevail:

"And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more: but they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid." See Isaiah, ii., 4, and Micah, iv., 3, 4.

Let the pupil express the meaning of the 3d verse in prose.]

## LESSON LVIII.

## A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

[From "the Attic Philosopher."—*Souvestre*.]

1. *New Year's Morning.* I look out from my attic<sup>a</sup> window. Just now it rains, and I feel my mind as gloomy as the sky. I have a holiday to-day; but what can one do with a rainy<sup>1</sup> day? I walk up and down my attic, out of temper; and I determine to light my fire. Unfortunately the matches are bad<sup>1</sup>, the chimney smokes<sup>1</sup>, the fire goes out<sup>1</sup>! I throw down my bellows in disgust, and sink into my old arm-chair.

2. In truth, why should I rejoice to see the birth of a

new year'? Others look toward the future: I revert<sup>b</sup> to the past. The past year! at least I know what she was, and what she has given me; while this one comes surrounded by all the forebodings<sup>c</sup> of the unknown. What does she hide in the clouds which mantle<sup>d</sup> her'?

3. I look down upon the street below. All at once a new carriage, drawn by thorough-bred horses, draws up before the door-steps of the great house opposite. They are, without doubt, the New Year's gifts presented to the mistress of the house by her husband; for she comes, herself, to look at the new equipage.<sup>e</sup> Very soon she gets into the carriage with a little girl, all streaming with laces, feathers, and velvets, and loaded with parcels which she is going to distribute as New Year's gifts. The door is shut, the windows drawn up, the carriage sets off.

4. Thus all the world are exchanging good wishes and presents to-day: I alone have nothing to give or to receive. Poor solitary that I am! I do not even know one chosen being for whom I might offer a prayer'. Then let my wishes for a happy New Year go, and seek out all my unknown friends—lost in the multitude which murmurs like the ocean at my feet!

5. — Here I am suddenly interrupted by loud and incessant chirpings. I look about me; my window is surrounded with sparrows picking up the crumbs of bread which I had just scattered on the roof. At this sight, a flash of light breaks upon my saddened heart. I deceived myself just now, when I complained that I had nothing to give. Thanks to me, the sparrows of this part of the town will have their New Year's gifts!

6. *Twelve o'clock: Noon.* A knock at my door: a poor girl comes in, and greets me by name. At first I do not recollect her; but she looks at me and smiles. Ah! it is Paulette! But it is almost a year since I last saw her; and Paulette is no longer the same: the other day she was a child, now she is almost a woman.

7. Paulette is pale, thin, and miserably clad; but she has

always the same open and straightforward look; the same mouth smiling at every word, as if to court<sup>f</sup> your sympathy;<sup>g</sup> the same voice, somewhat timid, yet expressing fondness. Paulette is not pretty, she is even thought plain. As for me, I think her charming.

8. Perhaps that is not on her account, but on my own. Paulette appears to me as a part of one of my happiest recollections. This is the story.

9. It was the evening of a public holiday. Our principal buildings were illuminated with festoons of fire; a thousand flags waved in the night winds, and the fireworks had just shot forth their spouts of flame into the midst of the Park. All of a sudden, one of those unaccountable alarms which strike a multitude with panic fell upon the dense crowd; they cry out, they rush on headlong, the weaker ones fall, and the frightened crowd tramples them down in its convulsive<sup>h</sup> struggles.

10. I escaped from the confusion, as if by a miracle, and was hastening away, when the cries of a perishing child arrested me. I re-entered that human chaos,<sup>i</sup> and, after unheard-of exertions, I brought Paulette out of it at the peril of my life.

11. That was two years ago. Since then I had not seen the child, except at long intervals, and I had almost forgotten her; but Paulette's memory was that of a grateful heart, and she came at the beginning of the year to offer me her wishes for my happiness. She brought me, besides, a wall-flower in full bloom; she herself had planted and reared it: it was something that belonged wholly to herself; for it was by her care, her perseverance, and her patience, that she had obtained it.

12. The wall-flower had grown in a common flower-pot; but Paulette, who is a bandbox-maker, had put it into a case of varnished paper, surrounded by a pretty border. These might have been in better taste, but I did not feel the attention and good-will any the less.

13. This unexpected present, the little girl's modest

blushes, and the compliments she stammered out, dispelled,<sup>j</sup> as by a sunbeam, the kind of mist which had gathered round my mind: my thoughts suddenly changed from the leaden tints of evening to the brightest colors of dawn. I made Paulette sit down, and questioned her with a light heart.

14. At first the little girl replied in monosyllables;<sup>k</sup> but very soon the tables were turned, and it was I who interrupted, with short interjections, her long and confidential talk. The poor child leads a hard life. She was left an orphan long since, with a brother and sister; and she lives with an old grandmother, who has *brought them up to poverty*, as she always calls it.

15. However, Paulette now helps her to make band-boxes; her little sister Perrine begins to use the needle; and her brother Henry is apprentice to a printer. All would go well if it were not for losses and want of work; if it were not for clothes which wear out, for appetites which grow larger, and for winter, when you can not get sunshine for nothing.

16. Paulette complains that her candles go too quickly, and that her wood costs too much. The fire-place in their garret is so large, that a fagot<sup>l</sup> makes no more show in it than a match: it is so near the roof, that the wind blows the rain down it, and in winter it hails upon the hearth; so they have left off using it.

17. Henceforth they must be content with an earthen chafing-dish,<sup>m</sup> upon which they cook their meals. The grandmother has often spoken of a stove that was for sale at the shop close by; but the shop-keeper asked five dollars for it, and the times are too hard for such an expense. The family, therefore, resign themselves to the cold, for economy!

18. As Paulette spoke, I felt more and more that I was losing my fretfulness and low spirits. The first disclosures of the little bandbox-maker had created within me a wish that soon became a plan. I questioned her about her dai-



ly occupations; and she informed me, that on leaving she must go with her brother, her sister and grandmother, to the different people for whom they work. My plan was immediately formed. I told the child that I would go to see her in the evening; and I sent her away with fresh thanks.

19. I placed the wall-flower in the open window, where a ray of sunshine bid it welcome: the birds were singing around, the sky had cleared up, and the day, which began so loweringly,<sup>a</sup> had become bright. I sang as I moved about my room, and, having hastily put on my hat and coat, I went out.

20. *Three O'clock.* All is settled with my neighbor, the chimney-sweeper, who keeps second-hand stoves: he will repair my old stove, and answers for its being as good as new. At five o'clock we are to set out, and put it up in Paulette's grandmother's room.

21. *Near Midnight.* All has gone off well. At the hour agreed upon, I was at the old bandbox-maker's: she was still out. My chimney-sweeper fixed the stove, while I arranged a dozen logs in the great fire-place, taken from my winter stock. I shall make up for them by warming myself with walking, or by going to bed earlier.

22. My heart beat at every step which was heard on the staircase. I trembled lest they should interrupt me in my preparations, and should thus spoil my intended surprise. But no—see every thing ready; the lighted stove murmurs gently, the little lamp burns upon the table, and a bottle of oil for it is provided on the shelf. The chimney-sweeper is gone. Now, my fear lest they *should* come', is changed into impatience at their *not* coming. At last, I hear children's voices; here they are: they push open the door and rush in—but they all stop in astonishment!

23. At the sight of the lamp, the stove, and the visitor, who stands there like a magician in the midst of these wonders, they draw back almost frightened. Paulette is the first to comprehend<sup>o</sup> it; and the arrival of the grand-

mother, who is more slowly mounting the stairs, finished the explanation. Then come tears, ecstasies,<sup>p</sup> thanks!

24. But the wonders are not yet ended. The little sister opens the oven, and discovers some chestnuts just roasted; the grandmother puts her hand on the bottles of cider arranged on the dresser; and I draw forth from the basket that I have hidden, a cold tongue, a pot of butter, and some fresh rolls.

25. Now their wonder turns into admiration; the little family have never seen such a feast! They lay the cloth, they sit down, they eat: it is a complete banquet for all, and each contributes his share to it. I had brought only the supper; the bandbox-maker and the children supplied the enjoyment.

26. What bursts of laughter at nothing! What a hubbub of questions which waited for no reply—of replies which answered no question! The old woman herself shared in the wild merriments of the little ones! I have always been struck at the ease with which the poor forget their wretchedness. Being only used to live for the present, they make a gain of every pleasure as soon as it offers itself. But the surfeited<sup>a</sup> rich are more difficult to satisfy: they require time, and every thing to suit, before they will consent to be happy.

27. The evening has passed like a moment. The old woman told me the history of her life—sometimes smiling, sometimes drying her eyes. Perrine sang an old ballad with her fresh, young voice. Henry told us what he knows of the great writers of the day, to whom he has to carry their proofs.<sup>r</sup> At last we were obliged to separate, not without fresh thanks on the part of the happy family.

28. I have come home slowly, ruminating,<sup>s</sup> with a full heart, and pure enjoyment, on the simple events of the evening. It has given me much comfort, and much instruction. Now, no New Year's Day will come amiss to me. I know that no one is so miserable as to have nothing to give, and nothing to receive.

29. As I came in, I met my rich neighbor's new equipage.<sup>o</sup> She, too, had just returned from her evening's party; and, as she sprang from the carriage-step with feverish impatience, I heard her murmur—*At last!*

I, when I left Paulette's family, said—*So soon!* To my rich neighbor the evening hours had dragged wearily along; to *me* they had sped away on the swift wings of enjoyment.

<sup>a</sup> AT'-TIC, the upper story, or garret.

<sup>b</sup> RE-VEET', turn back.

<sup>c</sup> FÖRE-BÖD'-INGS, apprehensions of evil.

<sup>d</sup> MAN'-TLE, cover; conceal.

<sup>e</sup> EQ'-UI-PAGE, horses and carriage.

<sup>f</sup> ÖÖURT, win; obtain.

<sup>g</sup> SYM'-PA-THY, kind fellow-feeling.

<sup>h</sup> CON-VUL'-SIVE, sudden and violent; spasmodic.

<sup>i</sup> CHÄ'-OS, confusion.

<sup>j</sup> DIS-PELL'-ED, put to flight; dispersed.

<sup>k</sup> MON-O-SYL'-LA-BLES, words of but one syllable.

<sup>l</sup> FÄG'-OT, a bundle of small sticks for fuel.

<sup>m</sup> CHÄF'-ING-DISH, a dish for hot coals.

<sup>n</sup> LÖW'-ER-ING-LY, cloudily; gloomily.

<sup>o</sup> ÖOM-PRE-HEN'D', understand.

<sup>p</sup> EE'-STA-SIES, raptures.

<sup>q</sup> SUR'-FEIT-ED, filled to excess.

<sup>r</sup> PROOFS, printed sheets for correction.

<sup>s</sup> RÜ'-MIN-Ä-TING, meditating.

[This charming story, translated from "The Attic Philosopher," a French work, by E. Souvestre, is a very happy illustration of the principle expressed in the 23th verse, "that no one is so miserable as to have nothing to give and nothing to receive."

The "Attic Philosopher" is a poor man, a bachelor, of scholarly tastes, who is almost "alone in the world," a "poor solitary," as he calls himself, and whose home is a single attic room in a city dwelling. But, surveying, with a philosophic eye, whatever passes under his notice, he describes, muses, and meditates, in such a manner as to draw forth, from scenes of lowly life, many an interesting and valuable moral lesson. One of these lessons we have here given.

*Analysis.*—A rainy New Year's morning: the attic philosopher is out of temper. Why should *he* rejoice? The scene in the street below: his reflections thereon. The sparrows on the roof. How the thought of making even the *sparrows* happy relieved the sadness of the philosopher's heart.

A visit from Paulette. Paulette described. The philosopher's first acquaintance with her. The wall-flower. The effect of Paulette's gift upon the philosopher. Paulette's occupation, her home, and her history. How Paulette's story affected the philosopher. The latter's plan for a happy surprise. How it was carried out. The happy evening. The happiness of the poor and the rich contrasted (v. 26). The rich neighbor and the attic philosopher.

The lesson, beginning as a *soliloquy*, soon unites with it both description and narration, interspersed with moral deductions. The character of the composition is tranquil and pleasing; the style is simple, chaste, and unaffected; and the piece should be read with moderate force, the middle pitch, and a pure tone.]

## LESSON LIX.

### "BLESSED TO GIVE."

1. THE kingly sun gives forth his rays;  
Asks no return, demands no praise;  
But wraps us in strong arms of life,  
And says, distinct through human strife,  
"If thou wouldst truly, nobly live,  
*Give—ever give.*"

2. The rustic<sup>a</sup> flower, upspringing bright,  
And answering back that regal<sup>b</sup> light,  
Fills all the air with fragrant breath,  
And writes in myriad<sup>c</sup> hues beneath,  
    “If thou wouldst gayly, gladly live,  
    *Give—ever give.*”
3. The merchant-rain which carries on  
Rich commerce 'twixt the earth and sun;  
The autumn mist, the spring-tide shower,  
All whisper soft to seed and flower—  
    “We know no other life to live,  
    But this — *We give.*”
4. Suggestive<sup>d</sup> warnings crowd the earth;  
Glad sounds of labor, songs of mirth,  
From creatures both of field and air;  
Who, while they take their rightful share,  
Still truly chant, “We chiefly live,  
    *To give—to give.*”
5. O man! the gem and crown of all,  
Take thou this lesson. Heed the call  
Of these less-gifted creatures near;  
The rather, that Christ's voice most dear  
Once said, while here He deigned<sup>e</sup> to live,  
    “BLESSED TO GIVE.”

<sup>a</sup> RUS'-TIC, relating to the country.

<sup>b</sup> RE'-GAL, royal; kingly.

<sup>c</sup> MYR'-I-AD, numberless.

<sup>d</sup> SUG-GEST'-IVE, that which hints, or suggests.

<sup>e</sup> DEIGN'-ED, condescended.

[“Blessed to give.” How does the sun teach this lesson? The rustic flower? The merchant-rain, autumn mist, etc.? Why called the *merchant-rain*? What lessons from other sources? What exhortation to *man* in the 5th verse? How is the precept strongly enforced? Where is this precept found?

What figure of speech occupies each of the first three verses? How may this be shown? (See p. xi.)]

## LESSON LX.

### THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.

1. So goes the world'; if wealthy', you may call  
    *This'*—friend'; *that'*—brother'; friends and brothers *all*.

Though you are worthless, witless<sup>a</sup>—never mind it;  
 You may have been a *stable-boy*—what then?  
 'Tis *wealth*, my friends, makes *hónorable* men'.  
 You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it'.

2. But, if you are *poor*, Heaven help you! though your sire<sup>b</sup>  
 Had royal blood in him', and though you  
 Possess the intellect of *angels* too,  
 'Tis all in vain'; the world will ne'er inquire  
 On *such* a score': *why* should it take the *pains*?  
 'Tis easier to weigh *purses*', sure, than *brains*'.
3. I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,  
 Witty and wise'; he paid a man a visit',  
 And no one noticed him', and no one ever  
 Gave him a welcome'. "Strange'," cried I, "whence is  
 it?"

He walked on *this* side', then on *that*',  
 He tried to introduce a social chat';  
 Now here', now there', in vain he tried':  
 Some formally<sup>c</sup> and freezingly replied;  
 And some said, by their silence, "Better stay at home."

4. A rich man burst<sup>d</sup> the door,  
 As Cræsus<sup>e</sup> rich: I'm sure  
 He could not pride himself upon his *wit*';  
 And, as for *wisdom*', he had *none*' of it:  
 He had what's *better*'—he had *wealth*'.  
 What a confusion! all stand up erect—  
 These crowd around to ask him of his health;  
 These bow in *honest* duty and respect;  
 And these arrange a sofa, or a chair,  
 And these conduct him there.  
 "Allow me, sir, the honor';" then a bow  
 Down to the earth'. *Is't* possible to show  
 Meet gratitude for such kind condescension!

5. The poor man hung his head,  
 And to himself he said,  
 "This is, indeed, beyond my comprehension;  
 Then looking round, one friendly face he found,

And said, "Pray tell me why is wealth preferred  
 To wisdom?" "That's a silly question, friend!"  
 Replied the other; "have you never heard,  
 A man may lend his store  
 Of gold or silver ore,  
 But *wisdom* none can borrow, none can lend?"

KHEMNITZER.

<sup>a</sup> WIT'-LESS, wanting understanding.<sup>b</sup> SIRE, father.<sup>c</sup> FORM'-AL-LY, stiffly; ceremoniously.<sup>d</sup> BURST, opened suddenly.<sup>e</sup> CRE'-SUS, a king of Lydia, famed for his riches.

[This poem—an admirable but somewhat difficult reading-lesson—is illustrative of the deference which the mere worldly-minded pay to wealth; while they pass by, unnoticed, the wise and virtuous poor.]

What figure of speech in the 5th line of the 1st verse? What inflections are given to the words "*wealth*" and "*honorable*?" What reasons for the different inflections in the last line of the 2d verse? (Rule VI.) In what sense is the word "*honest*" used, in the 8th line of the 4th verse? What figure of speech is denoted by it? Why the falling inflection at the close of the 4th verse? (Rule X.)

## LESSON LXI.

## THE PHYSICIAN AND THE STUDENT.

[From the French of Souvestre.]

1. I WAS awakened by a hand taking mine, and, opening my eyes, the doctor stood before me.

2. After having felt my pulse, he nodded his head, sat down at the foot of the bed, and looked at me, rubbing his nose with his snuff-box. I have since learned that this is always, with him, a sign of satisfaction.

3. "Well! well! what a hurry you were in to leave us!" said the doctor, in his half-joking, half-scolding way. "Why, it was necessary to hold you back with both arms, at least!"

4. "Then you had given up all hope in my case, doctor?" asked I, rather alarmed.

5. "Not at all," replied the old physician; "we can't give up that which we have not; and I make it a rule never to *hope*—but to *trust*. We are but instruments in the hands of Providence, and each of us should say, with Father Ambrose, 'I tend him; God cures him.'"

6. "May He be blessed, then, as well as you," cried I, "and may my health come back with the New Year!"



7. The doctor shrugged<sup>a</sup> his shoulders. "Begin by asking *yourself* for its return," resumed<sup>b</sup> he, bluntly. "God has given it to you, and it is your good sense, not chance, that must keep it for you. One would think, to hear people talk, that sickness comes upon us like the rain or the sunshine, without our having a word to say in the matter. Before we *complain* because we are *ill*, we should feel assured<sup>c</sup> that we have done our *best* to be *well*."

8. I was about to smile, but the doctor looked angry.

"Ah! you think I am joking," resumed<sup>b</sup> he, raising his voice; "but tell me, then, which of us gives his health the same attention that he gives to his business'? Do you take the same care of your strength as of your money'? Do you avoid excess and imprudence in the one case, with the same care that you do extravagance and foolish speculations in the other?"

9. "Let me ask you farther. Do you keep as regular accounts of your mode of living as of your income'? Do you consider, every evening, what has been wholesome or unwholesome for you? You may smile; but have you not brought this illness upon yourself by a thousand indiscretions?"<sup>d</sup>

10. I began to protest against this, and asked him to point out these indiscretions. The old doctor spread out his fingers, and began to reckon upon them, one by one.

11. "*First*," cried he, "want of exercise. You live here like a mouse in a cheese, without air, motion, or change. Consequently, the blood circulates badly; the muscles, being inactive, do not receive their share of nutrition;<sup>e</sup> the stomach flags;<sup>f</sup> and the brain grows weary.

12. "*Second*: Irregular food. Caprice<sup>g</sup> is your cook—your stomach a slave, who must accept what you give it, but who presently takes a sullen revenge, like all slaves.

13. "*Third*: Sitting up late. Instead of using the night for sleep, you spend it in reading: your bedstead is a book-case, your pillow a desk! At the time when the wearied brain asks for rest, you impose the severest labors upon it;

and you are surprised to find it the worse for them the next day.

14. "*Fourth*: Luxurious<sup>h</sup> habits. Shut up in your attic, you insensibly surround yourself with a thousand enervating<sup>i</sup> indulgences. You must have list for your door, a blind for your window, a carpet for your feet, an easy-chair stuffed with wool for your back, your fire lit at the first sign of cold, and a shade to your lamp; and, thanks to all these precautions, the least draught of air makes you take cold; common chairs give you no rest, and you must wear spectacles to aid your near-sightedness or to support the light of day. You have thought you were acquiring comforts, and you have only contracted<sup>j</sup> infirmities.<sup>k</sup>

"*Fifth*—"

15. "Ah! enough, enough, doctor!" cried I. "Pray, do not carry your examination farther. Do not attach a sense of remorse to each of my pleasures."

The old doctor rubbed his nose with his snuff-box. He was evidently pleased that I felt the rebuke.

16. "You see," said he more gently, and rising at the same time, "you would escape from the truth. You shrink from inquiry—a proof that you are guilty. But, my friend, do not go on laying the blame on Chance, or Time."

17. Thereupon he again felt my pulse, and took his leave, declaring that his duties were at an end, and that the rest depended upon myself. When the doctor had gone, I set about reflecting upon what he had said.

18. Although his words were, perhaps, too sweeping, they were not the less true in the main. How often we accuse chance of an illness, the origin of which we should seek in ourselves! And are we not equally neglectful of what is far more important—the proper means of preserving the health of the soul? It is, indeed, true that our diseases, whether of mind or of body, are generally the fruit of our follies and vices; and every one of us, within the narrow limits of human capability,<sup>l</sup> himself makes his own disposition, character, and permanent condition.

- <sup>a</sup> SHEUG'GED, drew up.  
<sup>b</sup> RE-SŪM'ED, began again; said.  
<sup>c</sup> AS-SŪR'ED (ash-shoored'), certain.  
<sup>d</sup> IN-DIS-CRĒ'-TIONS, imprudences; follies.  
<sup>e</sup> NU-TRĪ'-TION, nourishment.  
<sup>f</sup> FLAGS, wearies; becomes weak.

- <sup>g</sup> ĒA-PRĪCE', whim; freak of fancy.  
<sup>h</sup> LUX-Ū'-RI-OUS, indulging in luxuries.  
<sup>i</sup> E-NER'-VĀ-TING, enfeebling.  
<sup>j</sup> ĒON-TRACT'-ED, acquired; obtained.  
<sup>k</sup> IN-FIRM'-I-TIES, weaknesses, diseases.  
<sup>l</sup> ĒĀ-PA-BIL'-I-TY, ability; capacity.

[This story of the physician and the student is a lesson on *health*—showing how the student often impairs it by violating some of the first principles of physiology. From the consideration of the *health of the body*, the writer reverts to the *health of the mind or soul*, which equally depends on the care and culture we give it.

The lesson *narrates* what was said by the doctor and the student, thereby avoiding the stiffness and formality of dialogue: it *describes* circumstances; and it is *didactic* in character, as it enforces, although indirectly, principles and rules of health.]

## LESSON LXII.

### THE GOOD TIME COMING.

1. THERE'S a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 We may not live to see the day,  
 But earth shall glisten<sup>a</sup> in the ray  
 Of the good time coming.  
 Cannon balls may aid the truth,  
 But *thought's* a weapon stronger;  
 We'll win a battle by its aid—  
*Wait a little longer.*
2. There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 The pen shall supersede<sup>b</sup> the sword,  
 And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,  
 In the good time coming.  
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,  
 And be acknowledged stronger;  
 The proper impulse<sup>c</sup> has been given;  
*Wait a little longer.*
3. There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 War in all men's eyes shall be  
 A monster of iniquity  
 In the good time coming.  
 Nations shall not quarrel then,  
 To prove which is the stronger;  
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;  
*Wait a little longer.*

4. There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 Hatelul rivalries<sup>d</sup> of creed<sup>e</sup>  
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed  
 In the good time coming.  
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,  
 And flourish all the stronger;  
 And Charity shall trim her lamp;  
*Wait a little longer.*
5. There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 The people shall be temperate,  
 And shall love instead of hate,  
 In the good time coming.  
 They shall use, and not abuse,  
 And make all virtue stronger:  
 The reformation<sup>f</sup> has begun;  
*Wait a little longer.*
6. There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 Let us aid it all we can—  
 Every woman, every man—  
 The good time coming.  
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,  
 Make the impulse stronger;  
 'Twill be strong enough one day;  
*Wait a little longer.*

CHARLES MACKAY.

<sup>a</sup> GLIS'-TEN, (gl's'-en), shine brightly.

<sup>b</sup> SE-PER-SIDE', take the place of.

<sup>c</sup> IM'-PULSE, force; influence.

<sup>d</sup> RI'-VAL-RIES, strife for superiority.

<sup>e</sup> CREED, belief; what is believed in.

<sup>f</sup> REF-OR-MĀ'-TION, progress; improvement.

[This is a *lyrical* poem. Why? (See p. ix.) It expresses confident anticipations of a better time coming, and exhorts to wait for it.

What is the character of the change looked for, as expressed in the 1st verse? In the 2d verse? In the 3d verse? In the 4th verse? In the 5th? In the 6th verse we are exhorted to do all we can to aid in bringing about this reformation.]

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HE that is good will certainly become better, and he that is bad will as certainly become worse; for sin, virtue, and time are three things that never stand still.

## LESSON LXIII.

## THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

1. "I AM a Pebble, and yield to none,"  
Were the swelling<sup>a</sup> words of a tiny<sup>b</sup> stone;  
"Nor change nor season can alter me;  
I am abiding,<sup>c</sup> while ages flee.  
The pelting hail and drizzling rain  
Have tried to soften me long in vain;  
And the tender dew has sought to melt,  
Or to touch my heart; but it was not felt.
2. "None can tell of the Pebble's birth;  
For I am as old as the solid earth.  
The children of man arise, and pass  
Out of the world like blades of grass;  
And many a foot on me has trod,  
That's gone from sight and under the sod!  
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,  
Rattling along from the restless bough?"
3. The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,<sup>d</sup>  
And lay for a moment abashed,<sup>e</sup> and mute;  
She never before had been so near  
This gravelly ball—the mundane<sup>f</sup> sphere;<sup>g</sup>  
And she felt for a while perplexed to know  
How to answer a thing so low.
4. But to give reproof of a nobler sort  
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,<sup>h</sup>  
At length she said, in a gentle tone,  
"Since it has happened that I am thrown  
From the lighter element, where I grew,  
Down to another so hard and new',  
And beside a personage so august',<sup>i</sup>  
Abased I will cover my head with dust',  
And quickly retire from the sight of one  
Whom time nor season', nor storm nor sun',  
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding wheel',  
Has ever subdued or made to feel'."

5. And soon in the earth she sunk, away  
 From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay;  
 But it was not long ere the soil was broke  
 By the peering head of an infant oak!  
 And, as it arose, and its branches spread,  
 The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said—
6. "A modest Acorn<sup>l</sup>! never to tell  
 What was inclosed in her simple shell—  
 That the pride of the forest was then shut up,  
 Within the space of her little cup<sup>l</sup>!  
 And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,  
 To prove that nothing could hide her worth<sup>l</sup>!  
 And, oh! how many will tread on me,  
 To come and admire that beautiful tree,  
 Whose head is towering toward the sky,  
 Above such a worthless thing as I.
7. "Useless and vain, a cumberer<sup>j</sup> here,  
 I have been idling from year to year;  
 But never from this shall a vaunting<sup>k</sup> word  
 From the humble Pebble again be heard,  
 Till something without me, or within,  
 Can show the purpose for which I've been!"  
 The Pebble could not its vow forget,  
 And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

HANNAH GOULD.

<sup>a</sup> SWELL'-ING, boastful and haughty.  
<sup>b</sup> TĪ'-NY, very small.  
<sup>c</sup> A-BĪ'-DING, lasting; permanent.  
<sup>d</sup> SĀ-LŪTE', rude address, or greeting.  
<sup>e</sup> A-BĀSH'ED, cast down; confounded.  
<sup>f</sup> MUN'-DĀNE, belonging to this world.

<sup>g</sup> SPHĒRE, a globe; ball; the earth.  
<sup>h</sup> RE-TŪRT', reply; response to an attack.  
<sup>i</sup> AU-GŪST', grand; imposing in manner.  
<sup>j</sup> ĒUM'-BER-ER, any thing u-eless.  
<sup>k</sup> VĀUNT'-ING, boasting.

[To what kind of writings does this poem belong? Why? (See p. ix., and p. 67.) The object of the lesson, in addition to the beautiful picture which it draws, is to present, in the pleasant form of fable, the contrast between *vain boasting* on the one hand, and *modest worth* on the other; and the moral is a severe reproof of the former, and commendation of the latter. The Pebble, an apparently useless thing, is made to represent one class of persons, and the Acorn another.]

TURN TO GOD.—A Jewish Rabbi said, "Turn to God *one* day before you die." His disciples asked, "How can a man *know* the day of his death?" He answered them, "Therefore turn to God *to-day*. Perhaps you may die *to-morrow*. Thus every day should be employed in turning to Him."



## LESSON LXIV.

## THE YOUNG SHEPHERD.

1. SHA-ABBAS, king of Persia, being on his travels, withdrew from his retinue,<sup>a</sup> in order to visit the country, and there, without being known, to behold mankind in all their native freedom. He took with him only one of his officers, as an attendant.

2. "I am weary," said he, "of living among sycophants,<sup>b</sup> who take all occasions to overreach, while they flatter me. I am determined to visit husbandmen and shepherds, who know nothing of me."

3. He traveled, with his confidant, through several villages where the peasants were dancing, and was overjoyed to see that his subjects, though at such a distance from court, had their diversions, and those so innocent and unexpensive.

4. After refreshing himself in a cottage, he crossed a meadow, enameled<sup>c</sup> with flowers, which decked the borders of a limpid<sup>d</sup> stream. Here he spied a young shepherd, playing on his pipe beneath a shady elm, while his flocks were grazing around him.

5. The king accosts him, surveys him closely, finds his aspect agreeable, and his air, though easy and natural, yet graceful and majestic. The simple habit<sup>e</sup> in which the shepherd was clad, did not in the least diminish the agreeableness of his person. The king supposed him at first to be a youth of illustrious birth, who had disguised himself; but he learned from the shepherd that his parents dwelt in an adjacent<sup>f</sup> village, and that his name was Alibeg.

6. The more questions the king put to him, the more he admired the strength and solidity of his genius. His eyes were lively, and beaming<sup>g</sup> with intelligence; his voice was sweet and melodious; his features were not rude, neither were they soft and effeminate.<sup>h</sup> The shepherd, though sixteen years of age, did not seem conscious of those per-

fections which were conspicuous to others. He imagined that his thoughts, his conversation, and his person, were not unlike those of his neighbors'.

7. The king frequently smiled at the innocent freedom of the youth, who gave him much information about the state of the people. He gave the officer who accompanied him a private signal not to discover that he was the king, for fear that Alibeg, if he once knew with whom he conversed, would lose, in an instant, his wonted<sup>i</sup> freedom, and all his native graces.

8. "I am now convinced," said the prince to his attendant, "that nature is as beautiful in the lowest state as in the highest. No monarch's son was ever born with nobler faculties than this young shepherd. I should think myself infinitely happy, had I a son equally handsome, intelligent, and ingenuous.<sup>j</sup> I will have him educated at my own court."

9. The king accordingly took Alibeg away with him; and the youthful shepherd was much surprised to find that a prince should be so pleased with his conversation. Taken to court, he was instructed by proper tutors in all the graces which add to manly beauty, and in all the arts and sciences which adorn the mind.

10. The grandeur of the court, and a sudden change of fortune, in some measure influenced the temper of Alibeg. His crook, his pipe, and shepherd's dress, were now forsaken; and, instead of them, he appeared in a purple robe embroidered with gold, and a turban enriched with jewels. Alibeg was handsomer than any other man at court. He was qualified to transact the most important affairs; and his master, placing the utmost confidence in his integrity,<sup>k</sup> soon conferred on him the post of jewel-keeper, and treasurer of his household.

11. During the whole reign of the great Sha-Abbas, Alibeg's reputation daily increased. But, as he advanced in years, he frequently recalled to mind his former state of life, and always with regret. "Oh, happy days!" would

he whisper to himself; "oh, innocent days! days, wherein I tasted true joys without danger; days, since which I never saw one so pleasant, shall I not see you any more? He who has deprived me of you, by making me thus great, has utterly undone me."

12. Alibeg, after a long absence, revisited his native village. Here he gazed with fondness on those places where he had formerly danced, sung, and tuned his pipe with his fellow-swains.<sup>1</sup> He made presents to all his friends and relations; but advised them, as they valued their peace of mind, never to resign their rural pleasures, never to expose themselves to the anxieties and misfortunes of a court. Alibeg felt the weight of those misfortunes, soon after the death of his good master Sha-Abbas.

13. Sha-Sepi succeeded his father. Some envious, artful courtiers<sup>m</sup> found means to prejudice the young prince against him. "He has," said they, "betrayed the trust reposed in him by the late king. He has hoarded up immense treasures, and embezzled<sup>n</sup> valuable effects."

14. Sha-Sepi was young, and a monarch; which was more than sufficient to make him credulous<sup>o</sup> and inconsiderate. He had, besides, the vanity to think himself qualified to reform his father's acts, and to judge of things better than the latter had done. To have some plea for removing Alibeg from his post, he commanded him to produce the cimeter,<sup>p</sup> set with diamonds of an immense value, which his royal grandsire used to wear in battle. Sha-Abbas had formerly ordered these to be taken off; and Alibeg brought witnesses to prove that they were so removed long before his promotion.

15. When Alibeg's enemies found this scheme too weak to effect his ruin, they prevailed on Sha-Sepi to give him strict orders to produce an exact inventory<sup>q</sup> of all the rich furniture intrusted to his care. Alibeg opened the doors, and showed every thing committed to his charge. No one article was missing: each was in its proper place, and preserved with great care.

16. The king, surprised to see such order every where observed, began to entertain a favorable opinion of Alibeg, till he espied, at the end of a long gallery, an iron door, with three strong locks. "There it is," whispered the envious courtiers<sup>m</sup> in his ear, "that Alibeg has concealed all the valuable effects which he has purloined."<sup>r</sup> The king now angrily exclaimed, "I will see what is in that room. What have you concealed there? Show it me." Alibeg fell prostrate at his feet, beseeching him not to take from him all that he now held valuable upon earth.

17. Sha-Sephi now took it for granted that Alibeg's ill-gotten treasure lay concealed within. He commanded the door to be opened. Alibeg, who had the keys in his pocket, unlocked the door. Nothing, however, was found there, but his crook, his pipe, and the shepherd's dress which he wore in his youth.

18. "Behold, great sir," said he, "the remains of my former felicity;<sup>s</sup> which neither fortune nor your majesty have taken from me. Behold my treasure, which I reserve to make me rich, when you shall think proper to make me poor. Take back every thing besides; but leave me these dear pledges of my rural<sup>t</sup> station. These are my substantial riches, which will never fail me.

19. "These, O king! are the precious, yet innocent possessions of those who can live contented with the necessities of life, without tormenting themselves about superfluous<sup>u</sup> enjoyments. These are riches which are possessed with liberty and safety; riches which never give me one moment's disquiet. Oh, ye dear implements of a plain, but happy life! I value none but you; with you I will live, and with you die. I here resign, great sir, the many favors which your royal bounty<sup>v</sup> has bestowed upon me."

20. The king, convinced of Alibeg's innocence, instantly banished his accusers from court. Alibeg became his prime minister, and was intrusted with the most important secrets. He visited, however, every day, his crook, his pipe, and rural habit, that he might remember them,

should fickle fortune deprive him of a monarch's favor. He died in a good old age, without wishing to have his enemies punished, or to increase his possessions; and left his relations no more than what would maintain them in the station of shepherds, which he always thought the safest and most happy.

## FENELON.

- <sup>a</sup> RET'-I-NŪE, a train of attendants.
- <sup>b</sup> SYE'-O-PHANTS, mean flatterers.
- <sup>c</sup> EN-AM'-ELED, covered; filled.
- <sup>d</sup> LIM'-PID, clear; pure.
- <sup>e</sup> HAB'-IT, dress; garb.
- <sup>f</sup> AD-JĀ'-CENT, near by; adjoining.
- <sup>g</sup> BEAM'-ING, glowing; shining
- <sup>h</sup> EF-FEM'-I-NĀTE, feminine; delicate.
- <sup>i</sup> WŌNT'-ED, accustomed; usual.
- <sup>j</sup> IN-GEN'-U-OUS, open; frank; candid.
- <sup>k</sup> IN-TEG'-RI-TY, honesty; uprightness.
- <sup>l</sup> SWĀINS, peasants; shepherds.

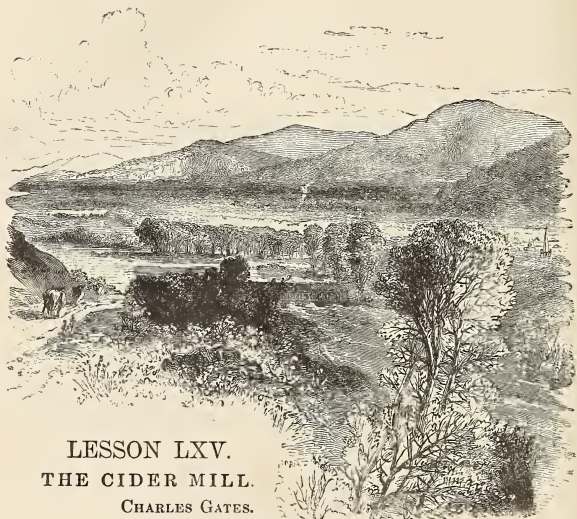
- <sup>m</sup> CŌURT'-IERS, those who frequent courts.
- <sup>n</sup> EM-BEZ'-ZLED, purloined; robbed; stolen.
- <sup>o</sup> CRED'-U-LOUS, easy of belief; unsuspecting.
- <sup>p</sup> CIM'-E-TER, a short Turkish sword.
- <sup>q</sup> IN'-VEN-TŌ-RY, catalogue; account.
- <sup>r</sup> PUR-LOIN'-ED, stolen.
- <sup>s</sup> FE-LĪC'-I-TY, happiness.
- <sup>t</sup> RŪ'-RAL, pertaining to the country.
- <sup>u</sup> SŪ-PER'-FLU-OUS, more than is necessary.
- <sup>v</sup> BOUN'-TY, generosity; liberality.

[This story of "The Young Shepherd" is one of a number written by Archbishop Fenelon, for the amusement and instruction of the young dauphin, grandson of Louis XIV. of France, whose education had been intrusted to Fenelon's charge. The design of the writer in thus setting forth the natural credulity of a youthful king; the jealousy, envy, and wickedness of courtiers; and the *final triumph of steadfast integrity*, was to impress upon the young prince, who was looking forward to the throne, the truth that the highest worth is often found in lowly stations in life; and that it is one of the noblest virtues in a king to seek out merit, and to reward it, wherever it may be found. The story also teaches those who would leave an humble position to seek for honors and preferment, that high station is surrounded with dangers; and that security, and real happiness, are more likely to be found in a cottage than in a palace.]

## A STORY WITH A MORAL.

THREE German robbers found a bag of gold.  
 One ran into the town where bread was sold:  
 He thought, "I will poison the bread I buy,  
 And seize the treasure when my comrades die."  
 But they, too, thought, "When back his feet have hied,  
 We will destroy him, and the gold divide."  
 They killed him, and, partaking of the bread,  
 In a few moments all were lying dead!  
 O world! behold what here thy goods have done!  
 Thy gold has *poisoned two*, and *murdered one*!

MORAL.—A society composed of none but the wicked, could not exist. It contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, *without* a flood, would be swept from the earth by the deluge of its own iniquity. The moral cement of all society is virtue: it unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. Nothing is so blind and suicidal as the selfishness of vice.



LESSON LXV.  
THE CIDER MILL.

CHARLES GATES.

1. UNDER the blue New England skies,  
Flooded with sunshine, a valley lies :  
The mountains clasp it, warm and sweet,  
Like a sunny child, to their rocky feet.  
Three pearly lakes and a hundred streams  
Lie on its quiet heart of dreams.  
Its meadows are greenest ever seen ;  
Its harvest fields have the brightest sheen :<sup>a</sup>  
Through its trees the softest sunlight shakes,<sup>b</sup>  
And the whitest lilies gem its lakes.
2. I love, oh ! better than words can tell,  
Its every rock, and grove, and dell :  
But most I love the gorge<sup>c</sup> where the rill  
Comes down by the old brown cider mill.



Above, the clear springs gurgle out,  
And the upper meadows wind about ;  
Then join, and under the willows flow  
Round knolls where blue-beach whip-stocks grow,  
To rest in a shaded pool that keeps  
The oak-trees clasped in its crystal<sup>d</sup> deep<sup>l</sup>.

3. Sheer<sup>e</sup> twenty feet the water falls  
Down from the old dam's broken walls,  
Spatters the knobby boulders<sup>f</sup> gray,  
And, laughing, hies in the shade away,  
Under great roots, through trout-pools still,  
With many a tumble, down to the mill.  
All the way down the nut-trees grow,  
And squirrels hide above and below.  
Acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts there  
Drop all the fall through the hazy air ;  
And burrs roll down with curled-up leaves,  
In the mellow light of harvest eves.<sup>g</sup>



4. By the road-side stands the cider mill,  
Where a lowland slumber waits the rill:  
A great, brown building, two stories high,  
On the western hill-face warm and dry:  
And odorous piles of apples there  
Fill with incense the golden air:  
And heaps of pumice, mixed with straw,  
To their amber<sup>h</sup> sweets the late flies draw.



5. The carts back up to the upper door,  
And spill their treasures in on the floor:  
Down through the toothéd wheels they go  
To the wide, deep cider press below;  
And the screws are turned, by slow degrees,  
Down on the straw-laid cider cheese;  
And with each turn a fuller stream  
Bursts from beneath the groaning beam,—

An amber<sup>h</sup> stream the gods might sip,  
And fear no morrow's parchéd lip.

6. But wherefore gods? Those ideal toys  
Were soulless to real New England boys.  
What classic<sup>i</sup> goblet ever felt  
Such thrilling touches through it melt,  
As throng, electric, along a straw,  
When boyish lips the cider draw?



7. The years are heavy with weary sounds,  
And their discord life's sweet music drowns;  
But yet I hear, oh! sweet, oh! sweet,  
The rill that bathed my bare, brown feet;  
And yet the cider drips and falls  
On my inward ear at intervals;<sup>j</sup>  
And I lean at times in a sad, sweet dream,  
To the babbling of that little stream;  
And sit in a visioned<sup>k</sup> autumn still,  
In the sunny door of the cider mill.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| * SHĒEN, splendor; glow.                                       | g ĒVES, evenings.  |
| • SHAKES, trembles, or shivers, with the moving of the leaves. | h AM'-BER, like amber—of a slightly yellowish tinge.           |
| • GÖRGE, cleft; passage; ravine.                               | i ELAS'-SIC, of the first rank; best.                          |
| • ERYs'-TAL, clear; transparent.                               | j IN'-TER-VALS, from time to time.                             |
| • SHĒER, full; quite.  | k VĪ'-SIONED, fancied; remembered, as if in a vision or dream. |
| f BŌUL'-DERS, rounded masses of rock.                          |  |

[The poetry of this lesson is of the *pastoral* kind. Why? It is mostly *descriptive*. Why? What figure of speech in the 3d line of 1st verse? In the 3d and 4th lines taken together? What figure of speech in *each* of the last four lines of the 1st verse?

What are said to "wind about," as stated in the 6th line of the 2d verse? What "join," and "rest," etc.? Why are the oak-trees said to be "clasped in the crystal deeps" of the water? What figure of speech in the 4th line of the 3d verse? Why, in the last line of the 4th verse, are the flies said to be "*late* flies?" What is meant by "the gods," 9th line of 5th verse? (The gods of the ancients, who are described as sometimes attending *banquets*, etc.) Why need they fear "no morrow's parched lip?" (In the first line of 6th verse these heathen gods are called "ideal toys"—objects of the imagination only; and are therefore said to be "soulless"—without any real worth in the minds of the matter-of-fact New England boys.) What is meant by "inward ear," in 6th line of the 7th verse? What is meant by his "*leaning*" at times, etc., in the *next* line? (He leans forward, as if listening, etc.)]

## LESSON LXVI.

### BEHIND TIME.

1. A RAILROAD train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which two trains usually met. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the up-train was to wait had nearly elapsed;<sup>a</sup> but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision.<sup>b</sup> A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

2. A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated,<sup>c</sup> for eight hours, on the enemy posted on the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight. It was necessary to carry the position with one final charge,<sup>d</sup> or every thing would be lost.

3. A powerful corps<sup>e</sup> had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the Imperial Guard was beaten back;

Waterloo was lost; Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena, because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

4. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy.<sup>f</sup> As it had large sums of money in California, it expected remittances<sup>g</sup> by a certain day; and if they arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold.

5. At last came the fatal day on which the firm was bound to meet bills which had been maturing<sup>h</sup> to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents,<sup>i</sup> but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting the money, had been *behind time*.

6. A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation;<sup>j</sup> and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; <sup>2</sup> favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up.

7. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body hung suspended in the air. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express-rider with the reprieve;<sup>k</sup> but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious<sup>l</sup> death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

8. It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal<sup>m</sup> of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily

sacrificed because somebody is "*behind time*." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "*behind time*." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "*behind time*."

9. Five minutes, in a crisis, are worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune, or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, it is *punctuality*; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being "*behind time*."

FREEMAN HUNT.

<sup>a</sup> E-LAPS'ED, passed by.

<sup>b</sup> COL-LI'-SION, a clashing; a striking together.

<sup>c</sup> PRE-CIP'-I-TĀ-TED, hurled; thrown.

<sup>d</sup> CHĀRGE, onset; attack.

<sup>e</sup> CŌRPS (kōre), a body of troops.

<sup>f</sup> BANK'-RUPT-CY, inability to pay all debts.

<sup>g</sup> RE-MIT'-TAN-CEs, money sent.

<sup>h</sup> MA-TŪR'-ING, becoming due.

<sup>i</sup> IN-SŌLV'-ENTS, those unable to pay their debts.

<sup>j</sup> PROV-O-ĒĀ'-TION, any thing that excites anger.

<sup>k</sup> RE-PRIÈVE', delay of punishment; pardon.

<sup>l</sup> IG-NO-MĪN'-I-ŌUS, disgraceful; infamous.

<sup>m</sup> WĒĀL, welfare; prosperity.

[This lesson is designed to illustrate and enforce the importance of *punctuality*, as a rule of life. What incident is related in the 1st verse? In the 2d and 3d verses? In the 4th and 5th? In the 6th and 7th? What general principles are stated in the 8th and 9th verses?]

## LESSON LXVII.

### THE WIND AND STREAM.

1. ONE day a brook came flowing quietly along, winding so gently among the tall meadow-grass that hung around it, and over its borders, that one could scarcely see its silvery gleam. It was—

"A *pretty*' stream, a *quiet*' stream,  
A softly-gliding, *bashful*' stream."

2. And just as I looked, a breeze came wandering from the sky: and the gentle breeze was as light and airy in his motions as the whispers of a dream. And as he passed along, he seemed to linger for a moment, and gently parting the grasses, he softly stooped to kiss the stream! Yes! He *kissed*' the stream!

"The *pretty*' stream, the *flattered*' stream,  
The shy, but not *unwilling*' stream!"



3. And as the wind passed over it, the stream shot upward many a glancing beam of delight; and it dimpled, and quivered in the sunlight, and tripped along, a livelier stream than before. How happy it was!

“The *flattered*’ stream, the *simpering*’ stream,  
The fond, delighted, *silly*’ stream!”

4. Then away flew the wandering breeze, over the fields covered with flowers, kissing in his course many sparkling springs, and other streams, and rivers blue. But, alas! he left that little stream to wander all alone!

“The *flattered*’ stream, the *cheated*’ stream,  
The sad, forsaken, *lonely*’ stream!”

5. But the careless wind—cruel wanderer that he was—never came back! He is still a gay rover, far away in distant lands. And the little stream flows on, but always complaining.

“The *cheated*’ stream, the *hopeless*’ stream,  
The ever-murmuring, *mourning*’ stream.”

[In this fanciful account of the *Wind* and *Stream*, life and action, as of rational persons, are attributed to both. What figure of speech is this? (See p. xi.) The entire lesson is, therefore, an example of what?]

### CALM, PEACE, AND LIGHT.

THERE is a calm, the poor in spirit know,  
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;  
THERE is a peace that dwells within the breast,  
When all without is stormy and distressed;  
THERE is a light that gilds the darkest hour,  
When dangers thicken, and when tempests lower;  
That calm, to faith, and hope, and love is given;  
That peace remains when all beside is riven;  
That light shines down to men direct from Heaven.

*Monthly Religious Review.*

THERE are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by seeming *indifference*, which is the most common; by *philosophy*, which is the most ostentatious; and by *religion*, which is the most effectual.

## LESSON LXVIII.

THE STORIES OF THE STREAMS.—*Adapted.*

1. THE little flowers, and the shrubs, and the trees had all told their stories, and were waiting anxiously for the streams to tell theirs. Not a whisper from the gently-swaying grass was heard; not a breath from the flowers; not a rustle from the fern-leaves; not a movement from the aspen; and even the pine, away up on the mountain, had ceased his melancholy moaning.

2. Ah, that silence of the forest! Who does not know it? To whom has it not appeared as a holy Sabbath for the young flowers that dwell there? Even the stag breathes more gently; and the sportsman himself, overwhelmed with a holy, loving awe, falls on the grass in the calm recesses of the wood. Then the babble of the streams may be heard. That is the time when they tell old stories.

3. "Do you know where I come from?" said the *Meadow-stream*'. "I come clearly out over some stone or little

mound—a small but bright spring, with a joyous laugh, cheeks as fair as crystal, and the sparkle of health in my eye; and then I grow larger and larger, so that the short grassy dress I first wore is no longer sufficient—however tall, for love of me, it tries to make itself. Then I put on a short bodice<sup>a</sup> of rushes, with loose, flowing feathers—and away I wander “through meadows green;” and many a merry schoolboy is happy—oh, how happy!—to ramble with me.”

4. This was a short and a very pretty story. But I suppose the half was not said; for the blushing stream told not of the song she sung to allure the truant<sup>b</sup> schoolboy away—away—nor how the barefooted and bare-armed urchin loved to play with her shining tresses. But the tall grass, and the rushes, and the golden-haired cow-slip gently nodded their heads, as much as to say, “We know.”

5. Then the *Mountain-stream* began—and this is the tale she told. “Do you see the snow, lying away up there on the mountain-heights’? It is the everlasting cap that rests on their bald heads, to keep them warm—dyed only by the rising and setting sun, and adorned by the clouds, as they pass and repass, with vails of unrivaled beauty.

6. “But although seemingly cold, and cheerless, and unchangeable, gay life reigns within. There are little springs bubbling through the clefts, and drops of water playing eternal hide-and-seek up there in the mountain-gorges.<sup>c</sup> The all-powerful sun kisses the mountain-tops, and their ice-cold heart is melted by his eternal love.”

7. “But what has all this to do with *your* birth and history’?” interrupted the impatient sunflower, as he flaunted<sup>d</sup> his great yellow cap in the sun. “The Sun must be the father of the Mountain-stream,” whispered the modest violet; but, frightened at her sudden boldness, she covered her face with her purple hood and said no more.

8. “Will you wait’!” asked the Mountain-stream’.

"Will you hear my story through'?" When all was quiet, the Mountain-stream began again. "The fountains," said she, "up on the mountain-heights, are the children of these kisses of the sun; and there they play at hide-and-seek till their home is too narrow for them, and then they desire to roam abroad.

9. "But when they first catch a glimpse of the far world lying beneath them, they are frightened, and overcome, and do not receive courage to go on till they are joined by other curious little streams; and then they proceed—first slowly and cautiously, afterward faster and faster, till at length I, a bright mountain-stream, burst forth, springing from rock to rock like the wild goat, whose mountain-home is likewise close by.

10. "Sometimes I foam on high, like the snow of the mountain; sometimes I flow, shining clearly, an unbroken mirror, like the ice of the glaciers; and then, descending into the valley, I quietly repose in the midst of nature's calm beauty, as you now see me."

11. Scarcely had she finished her story, when the trees up the mountain-side began to sway to and fro, and to kiss their rough hands in salutation to the Mountain-stream: the hemlock and the pine sent down their hoarse greeting,<sup>e</sup> and, to crown all, the big gun of the mountain was fired, which sounded like the distant roar of the avalanche.

12. When all was still again, the *Wood-stream* thus began: "I am a child of the Ocean," said she. "We streams are all children of the same parent, whether all know it or not, and whether we are first seen sparkling in some lone forest-dell, or shining, like crystal, on some mountain-top. The mighty ocean is the mother of us all. I can tell you more of our childhood than my sisters have told you.

13. "But how came we here, do you ask'? A little fairy, that sat on a shining cloud arranging her ornaments, saw us, and stole us away from our mother's arms. Up, up she carried us, almost to the stars, before she let us go;

and we were so little, and so light, that we floated away on the air, and were borne about on the wings of the wind.

14. "My sisters of the mountain, cold and haughty, flew gently down to earth, and rested a long time on the mountain-top; but when the sun kissed them, they were melted by his love. My more gentle sisters of the meadow and the plain came down with me in the falling dews and gentle rain: *they* alighted in the meadows, and *I* in the more distant woodland. And now, if you would know who I am, I am the *tear of the forest*; and, like the tear of man, I spring from the heart—the hidden heart of the forest.

15. "In the summer, when so many children of the plain are destroyed, I flow gently, but unceasingly. In the autumn, when every thing says farewell, I weep in silent sorrow over the blossoms and leaves which fall in my way. In the wild solitude of winter I am benumbed,<sup>f</sup> and the tear becomes a pearl, like the closed grief of our mother the Ocean, when she dwells under arctic skies. Then I hang with faint lustre on stones and roots, which look like weeping eyes.

16. "In the spring, when desire rises in every breast, the tear of the forest flows in pensive joy. I stretch beyond the borders of my course, greeting flowers and grass as far as I can. Then the heaving rush presses itself nearer and nearer to me; the sensitive forget-me-not glances at me, as you have seen blue eyes at parting; and the weeping willow hangs her branches down to my eternally murmuring waves.

17. "Even the stone which stops my course—the hard-hearted stone, over which time passes unmarked—weeps over me transparent tears; and my kisses are the only things to which he does not oppose himself. But we all—my sisters and myself—seek our old home in the mighty deep. Thither we bend forward with longing arms; and in tears of joy we shall all rest again upon our mother's bosom."

18. The Wood-stream ceased. Once more deep silence

prevailed; leaves and blossoms dared only whisper and murmur. Presently a dead branch cracked, and then fell from an old oak-top, frightening the leaves and blossoms, which took refuge in the bosom of the Wood-stream. A moment more, and all was still.

<sup>a</sup> BÖD'-ICE, a garment worn around the

waist; a kind of waistcoat.

<sup>b</sup> TRÜ'-ANT, idle; wandering.

<sup>c</sup> GÖR'-GES, ravines; hollows between hills.

<sup>d</sup> FLÄUNT'-ED, displayed; spread out.

<sup>e</sup> GREET'-ING, salutation.

<sup>f</sup> BE-NUMB'-ED, chilled by the cold.

<sup>g</sup> PEN'-SIVE, sad and thoughtful.

[This lesson is given as one of the best illustrations we could offer of the use of figurative language, as it shows, in a simple way, the great extent to which this kind of word-painting is often carried. The great charm of figurative language, in addition to its beauties of description, consists in the pleasure we receive in detecting its slightly hidden meaning—similar to what we experience in solving riddles and charades. The early writings of all nations are highly figurative.

In this lesson, first the flowers, shrubs, and trees, and then the Meadow-stream, the Mountain-stream, and the Wood-stream, are *personified*; and the streams tell their stories.

The MEADOW-STREAM tells her origin: the "bodice of rushes" is the tall grass, etc., that lines her borders. What is meant by "the song of the stream?" By her "shining tresses?"

What is stated as the origin of the MOUNTAIN-STREAM? Point out the beautiful metaphor here used. (The *cap* on the bald *heads* of the mountains, with *vails*, etc.) Point out the examples of personification in the 6th verse. In the 7th verse. Of personification and metaphor in the 8th verse. (Where the assertion is that one thing *is* another—as that the "fountains are the children of the kisses of the sun," it is a *metaphor*; where the statement is that one thing is *like* another, it is a *simile*.) What is *meant* by the statement that "the fountains on the mountain-heights are the children of these kisses of the sun?" Explain the real meaning intended to be conveyed in the 9th verse. Point out the examples of personification in the 11th verse. One example of simile.

The story of the WOOD-STREAM. Why is the ocean said to be the mother of all the streams? (Because the great source of all the streams is evaporation from the ocean. In the 13th verse the "fairy" is the sun that sat on the silver lining of the cloud, and carried the Wood-stream, and her sisters, in the form of vapor, up into the air.) Why are the Wood-stream's "sisters of the mountain" said to be "cold and haughty?" Explain the farther meaning of the 14th verse. Explain the meaning of the 15th verse throughout—as, who are the children of the plain that are destroyed, etc. Also, point out the examples of personification, metaphor, and simile in this verse. Explain the 16th and 17th verses. Why are all the streams said to seek their "old home in the mighty deep?" Describe the conclusion.]

## LESSON LXIX.

### LIFE COMPARED TO A RIVER.

1. RIVER, River, little River,  
Bright you sparkle on your way,  
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,  
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,  
Like a child at play.
2. River, River, swelling River,  
On you rush, o'er rough and smooth,  
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping  
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping  
Like impetuous youth.



3. River, River, brimming River,  
 Broad and deep, and *still* as Time;  
*Seeming still*—yet still in motion,  
 Tending onward to the ocean,  
 Just like mortal prime.

4. River, River, rapid River!  
 Swifter now you slip away;  
 Swift and silent as an arrow;  
 Through a channel dark and narrow,  
 Like life's closing day.

5. River, River, headlong River,  
 Down you dash into the sea;  
 Sea, that line hath never sounded,  
 Sea, that ship hath never rounded,  
 Like eternity.

*Anon.*

[What figure of speech is embraced in the *subject* of this lesson? (See p. x.) Why? Describe each separate simile in each verse. What other figure of speech at the *beginning* of each verse? What figure of speech in the third line of the first and second verses? What is meant by "mortal prime," third verse?]

## LESSON LXX.

### THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

1. It is a fair tradition, one of old,  
 That, at the Gate of Heaven called Beautiful,  
 The souls of those to whom we ministered  
 On earth, shall greet us, as we enter in,  
 With grateful records of those lowly deeds  
 Of Christian charity, wherewith frail man  
 Proffers his humble loan unto the Lord.
2. Oh, think, if this be true, how many eyes,  
 Whose weeping thou hast stilled, shall glisten then;  
 How many hearts, whose burden thou hast shared,  
 And heavy feet, whose steps were turned by thee  
 Back to their homes, elastic through the joy  
 Of new-found hope, and sympathy, and love,  
 Shall welcome thee within the Gates of Bliss—  
 The Golden City of Jerusalem!

[This lesson is introduced, as the first example in the book, of *blank verse*. What is blank verse? (See p. viii.) Are the lines, in this lesson, of uniform measure? How many syllables in each line?

There was a gate of the temple at Jerusalem called "Beautiful." (See Acts, iii., 2.) What is meant by the "Golden City of Jerusalem?"

## LESSON LXXI.

## A PICTURE OF BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

N. G. SHEPHERD.



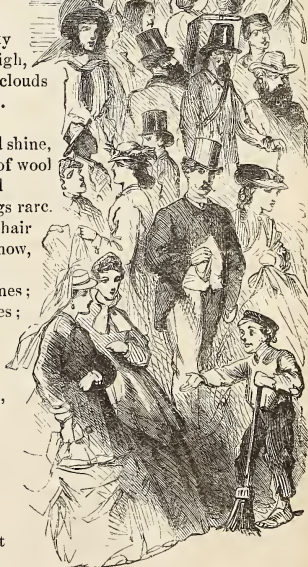
## 1. TWELVE O'CLOCK: NOON.

THE sunlight falls from the fair blue sky  
 On buildings stately, and grand, and high,  
 Whose distant roofs seem to touch the clouds  
 That gaze below on the passing crowds.  
 Hung with laces and lawns so fine,  
 With silks and satins that shimmer<sup>a</sup> and shine,  
 Shawls of Cashmere, and robes of wool  
 Wondrously woven, crowded full  
 Are the polished windows with all things rare.  
 From the costly cloth made of camel's-hair  
 To the plumes of the ostrich white as snow,  
 And the silky down of the marabou;<sup>b</sup>

Purple clusters from Spanish vines;  
 Tropical fruits and luscious wines;  
 Jewels that sparkle, of every kind:  
 Lumirous pearls that the divers find  
 Down in the depths of the sea so blue,  
 Scintillant<sup>c</sup> diamonds like drops of dew,  
 Wine-dark rubies,<sup>d</sup> and emeralds<sup>d</sup> fine,  
 Milky opals<sup>d</sup> that gleam and shine  
 Like sullen fires through a pallid mist,  
 With the carven nyx<sup>d</sup> and amethyst.<sup>d</sup>

## 2. FOUR O'CLOCK: P.M.

It is four o'clock, and the crowded street  
 Is all alive with the tread of feet;



Hither they come and thither they go ;  
Like a mighty river they ebb and flow,  
With a rushing sound as of falling rain,  
Or of wind that ripples the grassy plain.  
The old and the young, the sad and the gay

Jostle each other on bright Broadway.  
Hard-featured men with sinister faces,  
Women adorned with jewels and laces—  
There are men with beards and men who have none,  
Every condition under the sun :

The man of fashion and indolent ease,  
The sun-browned sailor from over the seas,  
The cold, proud lady of stately mien,  
The child who is sweeping the cross-way clean,  
The whiskered fop with the vacuous stare,  
The gambler standing outside his lair—

Hither they come and thither they go ;  
Like a mighty river they ebb and flow,  
With a rushing sound as of falling rain,  
Or of wind that ripples the grassy plain.

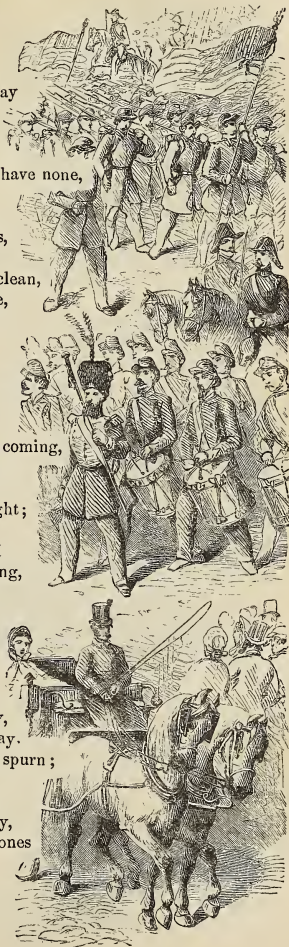
3.

Hark ! down the street there is something coming,  
A mingling of fifes and noisy drumming ;  
With gleam of sabre and bayonet bright  
That, glancing, flash in the warm sun's light ;  
Nearer they come with soldierly tread,  
And the calm blue heavens high overhead  
Ring with the shout of the clamorous throng,  
As each solid column is marched along.

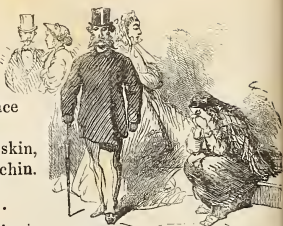
4.

In her elegant carriage, dressed with care,  
Sits the haughty Madame Millionaire.<sup>h</sup>  
A queen she looks as she rides in state,  
And the strong-limbed horses seem elate  
With the thought of the lady, fine and gay,  
Who rides behind them on bright Broadway.  
With their iron-clad hoofs the stones they spurn ;  
The folks on the sidewalk gaze, and turn  
To gaze again as she passes by—

When lo ! on the air breaks a piercing cry,  
And some one lifts from the cold, hard stones  
A shapeless bundle of broken bones,  
And they bear it off in a jolting cart,  
Mid the noise and din of the busy mart.  
On the pavement yonder, cold and bare,  
At the farther corner, over there

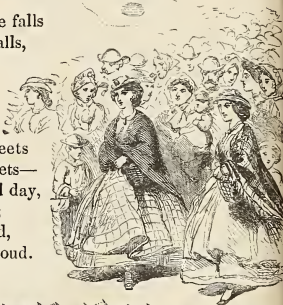


By the marble building lofty and grand,  
 Around whose windows the people stand  
 And stare at the costly show within,  
 Sits a woman, poorly clad and thin,  
 With hand outstretched, and a pleading face  
 So wan and wasted that you may trace  
 Each separate bone through the shriveled skin,  
 And count them all from the brow to the chin.



### 5. SIX O'CLOCK: P.M.

Two hours have passed—from factories grim,<sup>i</sup>  
 With windows smoky, dusty, and dim,  
 Through whose crusted panes the sunshine falls  
 On the grimy floors and the blackened walls,  
 Comes a sudden current of human life—  
 Mother and daughter, sister and wife—  
 Glad to escape from the heated rooms,  
 The whirring spindles and noisy looms—  
 From the squalid, narrow, and gloomy streets  
 Which the light of heaven but seldom greets—  
 From the fetid<sup>k</sup> air they have breathed all day,  
 To the life and vigor of bright Broadway;  
 And on they pass with the hurrying crowd,  
 While swells the murmur prolonged and loud.

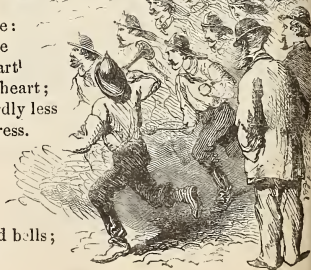


### 6. SEVEN O'CLOCK: P.M.

The lights are lit in dwelling and store:  
 In countless numbers, score upon score  
 Of those that crowded the brilliant mart<sup>l</sup>  
 Are gone to their homes in the city's heart;  
 Yet the throng in the street seems hardly less  
 In the crush and tumult, hurry and press.

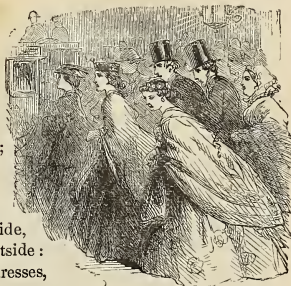
### 7. EIGHT O'CLOCK: P.M.

One! two! three! four!  
 Over the roofs of the city pour  
 The hollow notes of the deep-mouthed bells;  
 Louder and louder the chorus swells;





The engines rattle adown the street ;  
The pavement rings to the tread of feet ;  
The air is wild with the hoarse, loud cry  
Of the panting firemen hurrying by.



### 8. TEN O'CLOCK: P.M.

Ten has sounded—that stroke is the last ;  
Painted shadows go flitting past,  
The stages pause on their upward way,  
To wait for those who are in at the play.  
They are coming now, like a gath'ring tide,  
From the glare and heat to the world outside :  
And the women seem, in their evening dresses,  
Made expressly for love's caresses.  
Like a lovely vision they pass, and soon  
Their voices sound in the gay saloon.

### 9. MIDNIGHT.

'Tis the dead of night, and silent and dark  
Are the shadowy trees in the gloomy park.  
And silent, too, is the beautiful street,  
Save the watchman pacing his lonely beat.  
The bundle of bones on the hospital bed  
Moans, and tosses its restless head ;  
While the haughty Madame Millionaire  
In her chamber, where the indolent air  
Is heavy with perfume from fragrant urns,  
And the waxen taper drowsily burns,  
With the sumptuous curtains closely drawn,  
Sleeps on her pillow of snowy lawn.



### 10. MORNING.

The hours go by, and the pale, wan light  
Comes like a ghost to startle the night ;  
Far up on the buildings so grand and high,  
That rear their forms to the morning sky,  
On shaft, and column, and cornice bold,  
God writes his love in letters of gold.



\* SHIM'-MER, shine faintly, with a twinkling light.

<sup>b</sup> MAR'-A-BÖÜ, a bird of India.  
<sup>c</sup> SOIN'-TIL-LANT, sparkling.

- <sup>a</sup> RŪ'-BY, em'-e-rald, ō'-pal, ō'-nyx, and am'-e-thyst are the names of gems, or precious stones.  
<sup>c</sup> SĪN'-IS-TER, evil-looking.  
<sup>e</sup> VĀE'-U-OUS, vacant; unmeaning.  
<sup>g</sup> LĀIE, place where one entraps the unwary.
- <sup>b</sup> MILL-ION-ÂIRE', a very rich person; one with a million or more.  
<sup>i</sup> GRĪM, ugly; ill-looking.  
<sup>j</sup> GRĪ'-MY, dirty; sooty.  
<sup>k</sup> FĒT'-ID, having an offensive smell.  
<sup>l</sup> MĀRT, market; a place of public traffic.

[This lesson is a very fine example of a *descriptive poem*. (See p. ix.) Wherein does it differ from a *narrative poem*? It is of the same general character as *pastoral poetry*, but with the exception that the scenes described are those of *city* instead of *country* life. The principal scenes described are also pictured forth to the eye, to give additional interest to the description.

Describe Broadway, the main street in the city, at twelve o'clock, noon. What objects are mentioned as seen in the store windows? The scenes in the street from four o'clock to six P.M. At the closing of business hours, six o'clock. At seven o'clock. At eight o'clock. At ten o'clock. At midnight. The city in the early morning.

Describe the illustration on the first page of the lesson. Point out and name some of the different characters represented—such as "the man of fashion," the laborer, the Irish, "the sun-browned sailor," the organ-grinder, the negro, "the whiskered fop," "the proud lady," the street-sweeper; also, the different kinds of hats, caps, bonnets, dress, etc.

Describe the illustrations on the second page of the lesson. On the third page. On the fourth page. Describe the first illustration on the fourth page. The second. The third. The city as seen in the distance.]

## LESSON LXXII.

### THE YOUNG INDIAN WARRIOR.

1. A PARTY of the Seneca Indians went to war against the Katawbas. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly young warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in the usual light dress of his tribe. On his perceiving them, he sprang off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted<sup>a</sup> him from running homeward.

2. He was so extremely swift, and so skillful with the gun, as to kill seven of the pursuing Senecas in the running fight, before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief, and with shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue<sup>b</sup> induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than they would have shown him if he had acted the part of a coward.

3. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice; and at last he was condemned to die by the fiery torture.



4. It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time endured—from the tedious march—by being fed with a scanty hand—by lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks<sup>c</sup>—and by suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude<sup>d</sup> to those sharper torments to which he was destined—would have so impaired<sup>e</sup> his health, and affected his imagination, as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings.

5. Probably this would have been the case with most white people under similar circumstances; but I never knew this result with any of the Indians; and this cool-headed, brave warrior did not deviate<sup>f</sup> from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies: and when they were taking him unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near the river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprang off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter—only rising to take breath—until he reached the opposite shore.

6. He ascended the steep bank; but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others were running, like blood-hounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly. He chose to take leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favors they had done and intended to do him. So, stopping a moment, he bid them defiance, in the genuine style of Indian gallantry: he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity should offer, and then darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies.

7. He continued his speed, so as to run, by about midnight of the same day, as far as his eager pursuers were

two days in following upon his trail. There he rested, till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him. He lay hid a little way from their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired<sup>g</sup> him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged pursuers were slumbering near him; but there was now every thing to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honor and sweet revenge by cutting off his enemies. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes.

8. He accordingly crept stealthily<sup>h</sup> upon the sleeping Senecas, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot—clothed himself, and took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provision as he could well carry in a running march. He then set off afresh, with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, except when he reclined as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree.

9. When he found he was free from his pursuers, he made directly, as if by instinct,<sup>i</sup> to the very place where he had been taken prisoner, after having killed seven of his enemies. The bodies of these he dug up, burnt them to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph. Others of the Senecas came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war-council they concluded that as he had done such surprising things in his defense before he was captured, and even after that in his naked condition, he must surely be an enemy wizard; and that, as he was now well armed, he would destroy them all if they should continue the pursuit. They therefore very prudently returned home.

ADAIR.

<sup>a</sup> IN-TER-CEPT'-ED, stopped the progress of; obstructed. | <sup>b</sup> MĀR'-TIAL VIRT'-ŪR, warlike qualities.

<sup>c</sup> STÖCKS, frames for securing a person.

- <sup>d</sup> PRÉ'-LŪDE, something introductory to other events.  
<sup>e</sup> IM-PAIR'ED, injured.  
<sup>f</sup> DÉ'-VI-ĀTE, turn aside.

- <sup>g</sup> IN-SPĪR'ED, filled, as if by breathing into.  
<sup>h</sup> STĒALTH'-I-LY, by stealth; secretly; slyly.  
<sup>i</sup> IN'-STINCT, natural impulse; not governed by reason.

[This lesson is given as a very complete example of the highest degree of excellence in narrative writing.]

The leading purpose of the writer is to tell of the successful escape of a young Indian warrior from his enemies; and, to this end, the circumstances of his capture—of his being conducted in triumph through the towns and villages of his enemies—of his revenge on those from whom he had suffered—and of his triumphant return to his own tribe—are stated in the order of their occurrence, and dwelt upon according to their relative importance. But, in connection with this, the writer skillfully—and as if incidentally—introduces several incidents which illustrate certain leading traits of Indian character. Such are fortitude, manifested in the patient endurance of extreme hardships and sufferings; respect for martial virtue; the strong thirst for revenge, gratified at an imminent risk; and, farther, that cunning and duplicity by which the flight and escape were effected. The interest with which the story is read increases with the progress of the narrative, and is to be ascribed not more to the character of the events than to the natural order in which they are narrated, and the happy manner in which the *apparently* incidental reflections are made and inferences drawn. From this example we learn that the best narrative writing requires a high degree of skill in literary art.]

## LESSON LXXIII.

### A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

[Narrative of the visit of Mackenzie and his companions to the village of the Indian chief Wish-ram, to demand the rifle of which an earlier traveler had been despoiled, and which was known to be retained by the Indians as a trophy.]

1. MACKENZIE offered to cross the river and demand the rifle, if any one would accompany him. It was a hair-brained<sup>a</sup> project; for these Indian villages were noted for the ruffian character of their inhabitants: yet two volunteers promptly stepped forward—Alfred Seton, the clerk; and Joe Peters, the cook.

2. The trio soon reached the opposite side of the river. On landing, they freshly primed their rifles and pistols. A path winding for about a hundred yards among rocks and crags, led to the village. No notice seemed to be taken of their approach. Not a solitary being—man, woman, or child—greeted them. The very dogs', those noisy pests of an Indian town', kept silence'.

3. On entering the village, an Indian boy made his appearance, and pointed to a house of larger dimensions than the rest. They had to stoop to enter it. As soon as they had passed the threshold, the narrow passage behind them was filled by a sudden rush of Indians, who had before kept out of sight.

4. Mackenzie and his companions found themselves in a rude chamber about twenty-five feet long, and twenty wide. A bright fire was blazing at one end, near which sat the chief, about sixty years old. A large number of Indians, wrapped in buffalo robes, were squatted in rows, three deep, forming a semicircle round three sides of the room. A single glance sufficed<sup>b</sup> to show the white men the grim<sup>c</sup> and dangerous assembly into which they had intruded,<sup>d</sup> and that all retreat was cut off by the mass which blocked up the entrance.

5. The chief pointed to the vacant side of the room opposite to the door, and motioned for them to take their seats. They complied. A dead pause ensued.<sup>e</sup> *The grim<sup>c</sup> warriors around sat like statues,<sup>f</sup> each muffled in his robe, with his fierce eyes bent on the intruders.* The latter felt they were in a perilous predicament.<sup>g</sup>

6. "Keep your eyes on the chief while I am addressing him," said Mackenzie to his companions. "Should he give any sign to his band, shoot him, and make for the door."

7. Mackenzie advanced, and offered the pipe of peace to the chief; but it was refused. He then made a regular speech, explaining the object of their visit, and proposing to give, in exchange for the rifle, two blankets, an axe, some beads, and tobacco.

8. When he had done, the chief rose, began to address him in a low voice, but soon became loud and violent, and ended by working himself up into a furious passion. He upbraided<sup>h</sup> the white men for their sordid<sup>i</sup> conduct in passing and repassing through the Indian's country without giving them a blanket, or any other article of goods, merely because they had no furs to barter in exchange; and he alluded, with menaces<sup>j</sup> of vengeance, to the death of the Indians killed by the whites at the skirmish at the Falls.

9. Matters were verging<sup>k</sup> to a crisis. It was evident the surrounding savages were only waiting a signal from

the chief to spring upon their prey. Mackenzie and his companions had gradually risen on their feet during the speech, and had brought their rifles to a horizontal position, the barrels resting in their left hands; the muzzle of Mackenzie's piece was within three feet of the speaker's heart. They cocked their rifles: *the click of the locks for a moment suffused<sup>1</sup> the dark cheek of the savage*, and there was a pause.

10. The white men coolly but promptly advanced to the door; the Indians fell back in awe, and suffered them to pass. *The sun was just setting as they emerged from this dangerous den.* They took the precaution<sup>m</sup> to keep along the tops of the rocks as much as possible, on their way back to the canoe, and reached their camp in safety, congratulating<sup>n</sup> themselves on their escape, and feeling no desire to make a second visit to the grim warriors of the Wish-ram.

IRVING'S *Astoria*.

<sup>a</sup> HÂIR'-BRÂIN'-ED, hazardous; reckless.

<sup>b</sup> SUF-FICED' (suf-fized') was sufficient.

<sup>c</sup> GRÎM, fierce and stern.

<sup>d</sup> IN-TRÛ'-DED, entered uninvited.

<sup>e</sup> EN-SÛ'-ED, followed; succeeded.

<sup>f</sup> STAT'-ÛES, images of metal, wood, or stone.

<sup>g</sup> PRÊ-DIC'-A-MENT, situation; condition.

<sup>h</sup> UP-BRÂID'-ED, reproached; blamed.

<sup>1</sup> SÛR'-DID, niggardly; mean.

<sup>j</sup> MËN'-A-CES, threats.

<sup>k</sup> VÊRÊ'-ING, tending; approaching.

<sup>l</sup> SÛF-FÛS'-ED, overspread.

<sup>m</sup> PRÊ-ÇAU'-TION, previous care.

<sup>n</sup> CON-GRÂT'-Û-LÂ-TING, expressing joy to one another.

[The foregoing is given as another fine example of *narrative*; and it has been said, by an able critic, to be one of the finest *pictures* in this department of writing, which the genius of Irving ever drew. It is a picture simple in details, and devoid of the flourishes of fiction; but the glow and the splendor of poetry are given to it by a few unrivaled touches of pictorial power. Such, for example, are the italicized sentences in the 5th, 9th and 10th verses. Such incidents, so naturally and *quietly* introduced, give wonderful vividness to the scene. Irving is one of the few writers who excel in simple narrative.]

## LESSON LXXIV.

### SMALL THINGS.

#### I.

1. A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,  
A motion, or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere.
2. A word, a look, has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,

#### K

Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
Would bless life's darkest hour.

3. Then deem it not an idle thing  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
A heart may heal, or break.

## II.

4. A sense of an earnest will  
To help the lowly living,  
And a terrible heart-thrill,  
If you have no power of giving;  
An arm of aid to the weak,  
A friendly hand to the friendless;  
Kind words, so short to speak,  
But whose echo is endless:  
The world is wide—these things are small,  
They may be nothing—but—*they may be all.*

R. MONCKTON MILNES.

## III.

5. 'Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water; yet its draught<sup>a</sup>  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
May give a thrill of pleasure to the frame,<sup>b</sup>  
More exquisite<sup>c</sup> than when nectarean<sup>d</sup> juice  
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.
6. It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort, which, by daily use,  
Has almost lost its sense;<sup>e</sup> yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourned', 'twill fall  
Like choicest music.

TALFOURD.

<sup>a</sup> DRUGHT (drift), the act of drinking; that which is drunk.

<sup>b</sup> FRAME, the body.

<sup>c</sup> EX'-QUI-SITE, delicately nice; extreme.

<sup>d</sup> NEC-TÁ'-RE-AN, very sweet and pleasant.

<sup>e</sup> SENSE, meaning; signification.

[This lesson shows the great importance of *small things*—such as a kind word, a pitying look, a motion, a tear, a cup of water—in smoothing the rugged pathway of life to our fellow-creatures. It is, indeed, a *little thing* “to speak a phrase of common comfort,” yet, often, *how vast* the influence!

What is the meaning of “a budding flower,” in the second verse? Of a “heart-thrill,” in the fourth verse? Of “echo,” in the same verse?]



## LESSON LXXV.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT GREAT AT LAST.

1. A TRAVELER through a dusty road,  
    Strew'd<sup>a</sup> acorns on the lea',<sup>b</sup>  
And one took root, and sprouted up,  
    And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time,  
    To breathe its early vows,  
And Age was pleased, in heat of noon,  
    To bask<sup>c</sup> beneath its boughs.  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs;  
    The birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place—  
    A blessing evermore.
2. A little spring had lost its way  
    Amid the grass and fern:  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
    Where weary men might turn;  
He walled it in, and hung with care  
    A ladle at the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
    But judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again—and lo! the well,  
    By summers never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,  
    And saved a life beside.
3. A dreamer dropped a random<sup>d</sup> thought';  
    'Twas old', and yet 'twas new'—  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
    But strong in being true:  
It shone upon a genial<sup>e</sup> mind,  
    And lo! its light became  
A lamp of life', a beacon<sup>f</sup> ray',  
    A monitory<sup>g</sup> flame'.  
The thought was small—its issue<sup>h</sup> great;  
    A watch-fire on the hill,

- It sheds its radiance<sup>i</sup> far adown,  
 And cheers the valley still!
4. A nameless man, amid a crowd  
 That thronged the daily mart,<sup>j</sup>  
 Let fall a word of hope and love,  
 Unstudied, from the heart;  
 A whisper on the tumult thrown—  
 A transitory<sup>k</sup> breath—  
 It raised a brother from the dust;  
 It saved a soul from death.  
 Oh germ'! oh fount'! oh word of love'!  
 Oh thought at random cast'!  
 Ye were but little at the first,  
 But *mighty at the last!*

Anon.

STREW'D (strûde or strôde), sowed; scattered.

LEA, open land; meadow land.

BASK, repose; recline.

RAN'-DOM, at hazard; without aim or purpose.

GE'-NI-AL, sympathetic; adapted to receive it.

<sup>i</sup> BĒA'-CON, guiding; warning against danger.<sup>g</sup> MŌN'-I-TŌ-RY, admonishing; warning.<sup>h</sup> IS'-SUE (ish'-shu), result; consequences.<sup>j</sup> RĀ'-DI-ANCE, light; brightness.<sup>j</sup> MĀRT, a place of sale or traffic.<sup>k</sup> TRANS'-I-TO-RY, fleeting; quickly passing away.

[The same principle is here illustrated as in the preceding lesson—the growth of small things, until they become mighty in their influences. How is this shown in the acorn? In the little spring? In the random thought? In the word of hope and love?

In this lesson the influences and final results are all good. But would they not be mighty for evil, if the *germs*, or beginnings, were evil? See next lesson.]

## LESSON LXXVI.

## SLANDER.

*Slander*,<sup>a</sup> that worst of poisons, ever finds

An easy entrance to ignoble<sup>b</sup> minds.—HERVEY.



1. A BACKBITING<sup>c</sup> tongue hath disquieted many, and driven them from nation to nation. Strong cities hath it pulled down, and overthrown the houses of great men.

2. A backbiting tongue hath cast out virtuous women, and deprived them of their labors. Whoso hearkeneth unto it shall

never find rest, and never dwell quietly.

3. The stroke of the whip maketh marks in the flesh; but the stroke of the tongue breaketh the bones. Many have fallen by the edge of the sword; but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.

4. The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain<sup>d</sup> not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth; but the mouth of the wise is in their heart.

5. He that can rule his tongue shall live without strife; and he that hateth babbling<sup>e</sup> shall have less evil. Rehearse<sup>f</sup> not unto another that which is told unto thee, and thou shalt fare never the worse. Whether it be a friend' or foe', talk not of other men's lives'; and if thou canst, without offense', reveal them not'.

6. *Admonish*<sup>g</sup> a friend': it may be ne hath not done' it, and, if he *have* done it', that he do it no more'. Admonish thy friend': it may be he hath not said' it, and, if he have', that he speak it not again'. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a *slander*; <sup>a</sup> and believe not every tale.

*Selections from Ecclesiasticus.*

7. A whisper woke the air—  
A soft, light tone, and low,  
Yet barbed<sup>b</sup> with shame and woe:  
Now might it only perish there,  
Nor farther go!

8. Ah me! a quick and eager ear  
Caught up the little meaning sound;  
Another voice then breathed it clear—  
And so it wandered round,  
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,  
Until it reached a gentle heart,  
And that—it broke:  
Hers was the only heart it found—  
The only heart 'twas *meant* to find,  
When first its accents woke.

9. 'Tis said a lovely humming-bird,  
That in a fragrant lily lay,  
And dreamed the summer morn away,  
Was killed but by the gun's report—  
Some idle boy had fired in sport!  
The very SOUND—a death-blow came!

10. And thus *her* happy heart, that beat  
 With love and hope, so fast and sweet—  
 (Shrined<sup>d</sup> in *its* lily too—  
 For who the maid that knew  
 But owned the delicate, flower-like grace  
 Of her young form and face?)  
 When first that word  
 Her light heart heard,  
 It fluttered like the frightened bird,  
 Then shut its wings, and sighed,  
 And with a silent shudder—died.

MRS. OSGOOD.

- <sup>a</sup> SLĀN'-DER, a false and injurious report, uttered with malice.  
<sup>b</sup> IG-NŌ'-BLE, mean; low; not noble or generous.  
<sup>c</sup> BACK'-BIT-ING, slandering the absent.  
<sup>d</sup> PER-TĀIN', belong; have reference to.  
<sup>e</sup> BAB'-BLING, telling secrets.

- <sup>f</sup> RE-HĒARSE', tell; repeat.  
<sup>g</sup> AD-MON'-ISH, reprove mildly; caution; advise.  
<sup>h</sup> BĀRE'ED, carrying as with a bearded arrow.  
<sup>i</sup> SHRIN'ED, inclosed as in a shrine, or case.

[In this lesson the general principles of the former two lessons are still farther illustrated and enforced; but here vast *evils* are shown to flow from apparently small beginnings. 1. What is *backbiting*, and what is said of it? 4. What is said of the lips of talkers? 5. Of ruling the tongue? 6. Of admonishing friends?

7. What was the character of the "*whisper* that woke the air?" The results, etc.? 9. What beautiful simile in the 9th and 10th verses?

The selections from the Book of Ecclesiasticus are of the character of proverbs. What are proverbs? (See p. 153.)

In the closing four verses of poetry in this lesson, the rhyme is imperfect; but the sentiment compensates for this defect.

What *wish* is expressed in the 7th verse? Observe the pause of suspension after "shudder," in the last line; and that the last word, "died," is pronounced low.]

### LIFE, PEACE, AND JOY.

AT best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and songs, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little day of life will close, and the injurer and injured will pass away. Is it worth while, then, to hate one another?

Peace of mind is far better than short-lived joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and always on tip-toe to depart. It tires us, and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so. It comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never wearies us, nor gives us one anxious thought about the future.

GREAT minds would rather deserve applause, without obtaining it, than obtain, without deserving it. Cato said, he would much rather that posterity should inquire why *no* statues were erected to him, *than why they were*.

## LESSON LXXVII.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM TELL. -- *A Drama.*

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.



GESLER,<sup>a</sup> the Austrian governor of Switzerland, had ruled with such cruelty, that a noble band of the hardy mountaineers,<sup>b</sup> headed by William Tell, one of their number, had formed a league to rise against the tyrant, and restore their country's liberty. In the drama of "William Tell," written by Sheridan Knowles, Gesler is first represented as descending a mountain, alone, with a hunting-pole in his hands. Having been accidentally separated from his attendants, he has lost his way on the mountains. Overcome with terror, not daring to stop where he was, yet fearing to proceed, he thus speaks:

*Gesler.* Alone, alone! and every step the mist  
Thickens around' me! On these mountain tracks  
To lose one's way, they say, is sometimes death'.

What ho'! halloo'! No tongue replies' to me!  
 I dare not stop'! The day, though not half run,  
 Is not less sure to end his course; and night  
 Will soon come, wrapped in most appalling<sup>e</sup> fear!

I dare not stop, nor dare I yet proceed,  
 Begirt<sup>d</sup> with hidden danger. If I take  
*This* hand', it carries me still deeper into  
 The wild and savage solitudes I'd shun',  
 Where, once to faint with hunger', is to die'!  
 If *this*', it leads me to the precipice,  
 Whose brink<sup>e</sup> with fatal horror rivets<sup>f</sup> him  
 That treads upon't, till, drunk with fear, he reels  
 Into the gaping<sup>g</sup> void,<sup>h</sup> and headlong down  
 Plunges to still more hideous death! Cursed slaves'!  
 To let me wander' from them!\* Ho'! halloo'!

My voice sounds weaker to mine ear; I've not  
 The strength to call I had; and through my limbs  
 Cold tremor<sup>i</sup> runs, and sickening faintness seizes  
 On my heart! O Heaven', have mercy' on me!

He leans against a rock, stupefied<sup>j</sup> with terror and exhaustion. It grows  
 Jarker and darker; the rain pours down in torrents; a furious wind arises,  
 and the mountain streams begin to swell and roar. At this moment the  
 lad Albert, the only son of Tell, is seen descending the mountain by the  
 side of one of the streams, which, in his course, he crosses with the help of  
 his pole. Gaining a level space, he stops to rest a moment.

*Alb.* I'll breathe upon this level, if the wind  
 Will let me. Ha! a rock to shelter me'!  
 Thanks' to it. A man! and fainting'! Courage', friend'!  
 Courage'! A stranger that has lost his way'!  
 Take heart—take heart: you're safe. How feel you now'!  
 [*Gives him drink from a flask.*]

*Ges.* Better.

*Alb.* You've lost your way upon the hill'?

*Ges.* I have.

*Alb.* And whither would you go'?

*Ges.* To Altorf.

*Alb.* I'll guide you thither.

---

\* At this moment a loud clap of thunder startles him, and he calls out again.



*Ges.* You're a child.

*Alb.* I know

The way: the track I've come is harder far  
To find.

*Ges.* The track you've come! What mean` you? Sure,  
You have not been still farther in the mountains!

*Alb.* I've traveled from Mount Faigel.

*Ges.* No one with thee'?

*Alb.* No one but God.

*Ges.* Do you not fear these storms'?

*Alb.* God's in the storm.

*Ges.* And there are torrents, too,  
That must be crossed.

*Alb.* God's by the torrent, too.

*Ges.* You're but a child.

*Alb.* God will be with a child.

*Ges.* You're sure you know the way'?

*Alb.* 'Tis but to keep  
The side of yonder stream.

*Ges.* But guide me safe,  
I'll give thee gold.

*Alb.* I'll guide thee safe without.

*Ges.* Here's earnest<sup>k</sup> for thee. [*Offers gold.*] Here—I'll  
double that,

Yea, treble it, but let me see the gate  
Of Altorf. Why do you refuse the gold'?  
Take it.

*Alb.* No.

*Ges.* You shall.

*Alb.* I will not.

*Ges.* Why'?

*Alb.* Because

I do not covet<sup>l</sup> it; and, though I did,  
It would be wrong to take it as the price  
Of doing one a kindness.

*Ges.* Ha'! who taught  
Thee that'?

*Alb.* My father.

*Ges.* Does he live in Altorf'?

*Alb.* No, in the mountains.

*Ges.* How! a mountaineer'?<sup>b</sup>

He should become a tenant<sup>m</sup> of the city:

He'd gain' by it.

*Alb.* Not so much as he might lose' by it.

*Ges.* What might he lose' by it?

*Alb.* Liberty.

*Ges.* Indeed'!

He also taught thee that'?

*Alb.* He did.

*Ges.* His name?\*

*Alb.* This is the way to Altorf, sir.

*Ges.* I'd know

Thy father's name.

*Alb.* The day is wasting—we

Have far to go.

*Ges.* Thy father's *name*, I say.

*Alb.* I will not tell it thee.

*Ges.* Not tell it me'!

Why'?

*Alb.* You may be an enemy of his.

*Ges.* May be a friend.

*Alb.* May be; but should you be

An enemy, although I would not tell you

My father's name, I'd guide you safe to Altorf.

Will you follow me'?

*Ges.* Ne'er mind thy father's name';

What would it profit me to know' it? Thy hand'!

We are not enemies'.

*Alb.* I never had

An enemy.

*Ges.* Lead on.

*Alb.* Advance your staff

As you descend, and fix it well. Come on.

\* This is one of those cases in which the inflection is doubtful, because the sentence is not completed. If the question be, "Will you tell me his name'?" it should have the rising inflection; if it be, "What is his name'?" it should have the falling inflection.

*Ges.* What! must we take that steep'?

*Alb.* 'Tis nothing. Come,  
I'll go before—ne'er fear. Come on—come on!  
(*See end of next Lesson.*)

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## LESSON LXXVIII.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM TELL.—*Continued.*



ALBERT has conducted Gesler, whom yet he knows not, safely to the gate of Altorf, when the following dialogue ensues<sup>a</sup> between them. It shows the heroic constancy of the boy, who will not, for life itself, betray his father's name, and the base ingratitude<sup>b</sup> of the tyrant, whose life the stripling had saved.

*Alb.* You're at the gate of Altorf.

*Ges.* Tarry, boy!

*Alb.* I would be gone; I'm waited for.

*Ges.* Come back'!

Who waits for thee'? Come, tell me; I am rich  
And powerful, and can reward.

*Alb.* 'Tis close

On evening; I have far to go! I'm late.

*Ges.* Stay, I can punish, too.

*Alb.* I might have left you,

When on the hill I found you fainting, and  
The mist around you; but I stopped and cheered you,  
Till to yourself you came again. I offered  
To guide you, when you could not find the way,  
And I have brought you to the gate of Altorf.

*Ges.* Boy, do you know me'?

*Alb.* No.

*Ges.* Why fear you, then,

To trust me with your father's name'? Speak.

*Alb.* Why

Do you desire to know it'?

*Ges.* You have served me,

And I would thank him, if I chanced to pass  
His dwelling.

*Alb.* 'Twould not please him that a service  
So trifling should be made so much of!

*Ges.* Trifling'!

You've saved my life.

*Alb.* Then do not question me,

But let me go.

*Ges.* When I have learned from thee

Thy father's name. What ho! [*Knocks at the gate.*

*Sentinel.* [*Within.*] Who's there'?

*Ges.* Gesler!

[*The gate is opened.*

*Alb.* Ha, Gesler'!

*Ges.* [*To soldiers.*] Seize' him! Wilt thou tell me  
Thy father's name'?

*Alb.* No!

*Ges.* I can bid them cast thee  
Into a dungeon. Wilt thou tell it now'?

*Alb.* No!

*Ges.* I can bid them strangle thee! Wilt tell it'?

*Alb.* Never!

*Ges.* Away with him!

*[Soldiers take off Albert through the gate.]*

Behind that boy I see the shadow of  
A hand must wear my fetters,<sup>a</sup> or 'twill try  
To strip me of my power. I have felt to-day  
What 'tis to live at others' mercy. I  
Have tasted fear to very sickness, and  
Owed to a peasant-boy my safety—ay,  
My life! and there *does* live the slave can say  
Gesler's his debtor!'<sup>r</sup>

How I loathed the free  
And fearless air with which he trod the hill!  
Yea, though the safety of his steps was mine,  
Oft as our path did brink<sup>s</sup> the precipice,  
I wished to see him miss his footing, and  
Roll over! But he's in my power!—Some way  
To find the parent nest of this fine eaglet,  
And harrow<sup>t</sup> it! I'd like to clip the broad  
And full-grown wing that taught his tender pinion<sup>u</sup>  
So bold a flight!

At length Gesler carried his insolence so far as to cause his hat to be placed upon a pole, and to order that all who passed should uncover their heads, and bow before it. Tell, refusing to obey the mandate,<sup>v</sup> and trampling, in scorn, upon the cap of Gesler, was overpowered, bound, and carried a prisoner to the castle of Altorf. He finds Albert already a prisoner there; and Gesler, having heard of Tell's wonderful skill with the bow, offers him his life, and that of his son, if he will shoot an apple from the head of the latter, at the distance of a hundred paces (twenty rods)! The following is the shooting scene.

*Ges.* That is your ground. Now shall they measure  
thence

A hundred paces. Take the distance.

*Tell.* Is the line a true one'?

*Ges.* True or not, what is't

To thee'?

*Tell.* What is't to me'? A little thing—  
A very little thing. A yard or two  
Is nothing here or there—were it a *wolf*<sup>^</sup>  
I shot at! Never' mind'!

*Ges.* Be thankful, slave,  
Our grace<sup>w</sup> accords thee life on any terms.

*Tell.* I will be thankful', *Gesler*'!—Villain', stop'!  
You measure to the sun'!

*Ges.* And what' of that'?\*  
What matter, whether to or from' the sun?

*Tell.* I'd have it at my back'! The sun should shine  
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots'.†  
I can not see to shoot against the sun'!‡  
I will not shoot against the sun'!

*Ges.* Give him his way. Thou hast cause to bless my  
mercy.

*Tell.* I shall remember it. I'd like to see  
The apple I'm to shoot at.

*Soldier.* [*With the basket of apples.*] Here!

*Ges.* Show me  
The basket! There—

*Tell.* You've pick'd the smallest' one!

*Ges.* I know I have.

*Tell.* Oh! do you'?§—But you see  
The color on't is dark'—I'd have it light,  
To see it better.

*Ges.* Take it as it is:  
Thy skill will be the greater' if thou hitt'st it'.

*Tell.* True'! True'! I didn't think' of that'. I wonder'  
I did not think of that'!|| Give me some chance  
To save my boy'!—(I will not murder him  
If I can help it—) for the honor of  
The *form* thou wear'st, if all the *heart* be gone.

\* This *indirect* question, sarcastically spoken, requires the *rising* inflection, contrary to the general rule. It is equivalent to the ironical expostulation, "That's' nothing'." See note to Rule IV., and Rule IX.

† See Rule VI., negation and affirmation.

‡ Expostulation. See Rule IX.

§ This is spoken as if to himself, but in a tone of reproachful irony.

|| In the same tone of irony, as if to himself—after which he changes to earnest expostulation.



*Ges.* Well! choose thyself.

Gesler hands to Tell the basket of apples. Tell selects one. After some farther parleying\* with the tyrant, the lad is placed at the proper distance, with the apple on his head. His own bow is handed to Tell, who then calls for his quiver of arrows.

*Ges.* Give him a single arrow.

[*Soldier hands Tell an arrow.*]

*Tell.* [*To the soldier.*] Do you shoot'?

*Sold.* I do.

*Tell.* Is't so' you pick an arrow, friend'?

The point', you see', is blunt'—the feather jagg'd';<sup>v</sup>

[*Breaks it.*]

That's all the use 'tis fit for.

*Ges.* Let him have

Another.

*Tell.* Why', 'tis better than the first',

But yet not good enough for such an aim

As *I'm* to take. 'Tis heavy in the shaft:

I'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see my quiver.

Bring' it! 'Tis not one arrow in a dozen

I'd take to shoot with at a dove'; much less

A dove like that! What is't you fear'? I'm but

A naked man! a wretched, naked man!

Your helpless thrall,<sup>z</sup> alone in the midst of you,

With every one of you a weapon in

His hand. What can *I* do in such a strait,

With all the arrows in that quiver'? Come',

Will you give' it me', or not'?

*Ges.* It matters not.

Show him the quiver. You're resolved, I see,

Nothing shall please you.

Tell kneels, and picks out an arrow, which he hides under his vest, and then selects another. In reply to Gesler's remark, that he was resolved nothing should please him, Tell continues:

*Tell.* Am I so'? That's strange';

That's very' strange! Is the boy ready'?

*Ges.* Yes.

*Tell.* I'm ready, too! Keep silence, every one  
And stir not, for my child's sake! And let me have  
Your prayers—your prayers; and be my witnesses,  
That if his life's in peril from my hand,  
'Tis only for the chance of saving' it!  
Now, friends, for mercy's sake keep motionless  
And silent.



As Tell shoots, a shout of wonder and exultation bursts from the crowd. The apple is pierced through the centre! Albert rushes in, and throws himself into the arms of his father, who, forgetting himself in the joy of the moment, lets fall the arrow which he had concealed under his vest. In reply to Gesler's demand, "How came the arrow there?" Tell boldly replies,

"To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my son!"

Gesler, in a rage not unmixed with terror, declared that, although he had promised Tell his life, he should pass it in a dungeon; and, taking his cap-

tive bound, he started in a boat to cross the Lake of Lucerne to his fortress. But a violent storm arising, Tell was set at liberty, and the helm committed to his hands. He guided the boat successfully to the shore, when, seizing his bow, by a daring leap he sprang upon a rock, leaving the boat to wrestle with the billows. Gesler escaped the storm, but only to fall, soon after, by the unerring arrow of Tell. The death of Gesler was the signal for a general rising of the Swiss people in the cause of freedom. They soon drove out the Austrian garrisons; and Switzerland is a free country to this day.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><sup>a</sup> GES'-LER (hard g).<br/> <sup>b</sup> MOUNT-AIN-EERS', dwellers in the mountains.<br/> <sup>c</sup> AP-PALL'-ING, depressing; filling with terror.<br/> <sup>d</sup> BE-GIRT', surrounded.<br/> <sup>e</sup> BRINK, edge; margin.<br/> <sup>f</sup> RIV'-ETS, holds or fastens firmly.<br/> <sup>g</sup> GÄP'-ING, yawning; opening before one.<br/> <sup>h</sup> VOID, open space; abyss.<br/> <sup>i</sup> TRE'-MOR, a trembling; shivering.<br/> <sup>j</sup> STÜ'-PE-FIED, made dull or stupid.<br/> <sup>k</sup> EARN'-EST, part payment, given as a pledge that the whole will be paid.<br/> <sup>l</sup> ĖOV'-ET, wish; desire; long for.<br/> <sup>m</sup> TĖN'-ANT, resident; dweller.</p> | <p><sup>n</sup> EN-SŪES', takes place; occurs.<br/> <sup>o</sup> IN-GRÄT'-I-TŪDE, unthankfulness.<br/> <sup>p</sup> OF'-FERED, declared a willingness; proffered.<br/> <sup>q</sup> FET'-TERS, chains for a prisoner.<br/> <sup>r</sup> DEBT'-OR, one who owes a debt.<br/> <sup>s</sup> BRINK, lead along the brink.<br/> <sup>t</sup> HAR'-RÖW, lay waste; ravage.<br/> <sup>u</sup> PIN'-ION, a wing.<br/> <sup>v</sup> MAN'-DÄTE, command.<br/> <sup>w</sup> GRÄCE, favor; kindness; disposition to oblige another.<br/> <sup>x</sup> PÄR'-LEY-ING, discussing; conferring with; contending.<br/> <sup>y</sup> JAG'-GED, notched; rough.<br/> <sup>z</sup> THRÄLL, slave; a dependent.</p> |
|--|--|

[This story, founded on fact, and of which William Tell is the hero, is a *poem*, written in the *dramatic* form, and in blank verse. What is *blank verse*? (See p. viii.) Only some detached portions of the drama are given here; and, for the purpose of suitably connecting the parts selected, some explanatory matter has been introduced in prose, and made to form a part of the reading-lessons.

What is *dramatic poetry*? (See p. ix.) This poem belongs to that division of dramatic writings called *tragedy*. (Why?) Tragedy generally ends unhappily; but this is not essential to its character. Tragedy, treating of the same subjects as *epic poetry*, is distinguished from the latter by being a direct imitation of human manners and actions—by the introduction of persons who speak and act their parts; whereas, the epic poem exhibits characters at second hand—by the narration and description of the poet, as in the great epic poems mentioned on p. ix.

The very greatest variety of tones, emphasis, and inflections is often required in the reading of dramatic pieces; because in such writings free scope is given to the representation of the emotions and passions of the speakers. This is especially the case in *soliloquy*, which is often introduced in the drama. See the opening speech by Gesler, p. 223, an excellent selection for recitation: also Gesler's speech on page 229.]

## LESSON LXXIX.

### BATTLE-SONG FOR FREEDOM.

1. MEN of action'! men of might'!\*  
 Stern defenders of the right'!  
 Are you girded<sup>a</sup> for the fight'?
2. Have you marked and trenched<sup>b</sup> the ground,  
 Where the din of arms must sound,  
 Ere the victor can be crowned'?

\* Cases of direct address generally have the rising inflection (see Rule II.); but they may be rendered *more emphatic* by giving them the falling inflection. (See Note to Rule VIII.)

3. Have you guarded well the coast'?  
Have you marshaled<sup>c</sup> all your host'?  
Standeth each man at his post'?
4. Have you counted up the cost—  
What is *gained*, and what is *lost*,  
When the foe your lines have crossed'?
5. *Gained*—the infamy<sup>d</sup> of fame';  
*Gained*—a dastard's<sup>e</sup> spotted name';  
*Gained*—eternity of shame'.
6. *Lost*—desert<sup>f</sup> of manly worth';  
*Lost*—the right you had by birth';  
*Lost*—LOST'!—freedom for the earth'.
7. Freemen', up'! The foe is nearing'  
Haughty banners high uprearing—  
Lo, their serried<sup>g</sup> ranks appearing'!
8. Freemen', on'! The drums are beating'  
Will you shrink from such a meeting'?  
Forward'! Give them hero greeting'!
9. From your hearths,<sup>h</sup> and homes, and altars,  
Backward hurl your proud assaulters;<sup>i</sup>  
He is not a man that falters.
10. Hush'! The hour of fate is nigh'!  
On the help of God rely'!  
Forward! We will do or die!

G. HAMILTON.

<sup>a</sup> GIRD'-ED, prepared; ready; bound round

the waist with a band or belt.

<sup>b</sup> TRENCH'ED, fortified by trenches.<sup>c</sup> MÄR'-SHALED, arranged in order.<sup>d</sup> "IN'-FA-MY OF FÄME," utter disgrace of reputation.<sup>e</sup> DÄS'-TARD, a coward.<sup>f</sup> DE-SERT', merit; excellence.<sup>g</sup> SĒR'-RIED, crowded; bristling with bayonets.<sup>h</sup> HEÄRTHS, firesides.<sup>i</sup> AS-SÄULT'-ERS, assailants.

[This is a patriotic piece. To what division of poetry does it belong? Why? The style is *bold* and *nervous*. Why? Why does the reading of the piece require *loud* force—*abrupt* stress—somewhat *rapid* time—*high* pitch, and the *orotund* tone? (See pp. xii., xv.)]

TIME, patience, and industry, are the three great masters of the world.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision: yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

## LESSON LXXX.

## THE CAPTIVE.

1. As I walked down the stairs, I said to myself, "We paint the evils of life with too hard and dark a coloring. The mind is terrified by the objects she has herself magnified and blackened. Reduce them to their proper size and hue, and she overlooks them.

2. "'Tis true," said I, "the *jail* is not an evil to be *despised*; but strip it of its towers, fill up the moat, and unbolt the doors—call it simply a *confinement*, and one half of the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint."

3. I had proceeded thus far in my reflections, when I was interrupted by a voice which I took to be that of a child, which exclaimed, "I can't get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went on without farther attention. On my return through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw they came from a starling, in a little cage. "I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.<sup>a</sup>

4. I stood looking at the bird; and whenever any one came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side of the cage, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out," said the starling. "I will let thee out," said I, "cost what it will." So I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted, and double-twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage in pieces. I took both hands to it.

5. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis,<sup>b</sup> pressed his breast against it, as if impatient to escape. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "that I can not set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling, "I can't get out—I can't get out."

6. I declare, I never had my affections<sup>c</sup> more tenderly awakened. Mechanical<sup>d</sup> as the notes were, yet so true in tune to Nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my cold reasoning upon the jail; and I walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down.

7. How changed were my reflections! I said to myself, "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught!<sup>e</sup> and though thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink of thee', thou art no less bitter on *that* account.

8. "'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, Liberty', whom all in public or in private worship'; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change': no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic<sup>f</sup> power turn thy sceptre<sup>g</sup> into iron. With thee to smile upon him, as he eats his crust', the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.

9. "Gracious heaven!" cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, "grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion', and shower down thy mitres,<sup>h</sup> if it seem good unto Thy divine providence, upon those heads that are aching for them."

10. Reasoning thus, I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to picture to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame<sup>i</sup> for it; so I gave full scope to my imagination.

11. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery'; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me', and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me', I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture'.

12. I beheld his body, half wasted away with long expectation and confinement', and felt what kind of sickness



of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish'; in thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood'; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time'; nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to pause.

13. He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately<sup>j</sup> his chair and bed'; a little calendar<sup>k</sup> of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand', and, with a rusty nail, he was etching<sup>l</sup> another day of misery to add to the heap.

14. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye toward the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard the chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh. I saw the iron enter into his soul; I burst into tears; I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

## STERNE.

<sup>a</sup> STĀR'-LING, a European bird. (See Fourth Reader, "School and Family Series," p. 120.) The American starling is the common meadow-lark.

<sup>b</sup> TRĒL'-LIS, lattice-work.

<sup>c</sup> AF-FĒC'-TIONS, feelings; sympathies.

<sup>d</sup> MĒ-CHAN'-LE-AL, words spoken without thought—by rote.

<sup>e</sup> DRĀUGHT (draught) something swallowed, or endured.

<sup>f</sup> CHŪM'-LE POW'-ER, the power of chemistry, or the pretended power of *alchemy*.

<sup>g</sup> SCĒP'-TRE (sep'-ter), rule; sway.

<sup>h</sup> MĪ'-TRE, a kind of crown worn by archbishops, etc.

<sup>i</sup> FRĀME, disposition of mind.

<sup>j</sup> ĀL-TĒRN'-ATE-LY, in succession; one after another.

<sup>k</sup> CAL'-EN-DAR, a register of the year.

<sup>l</sup> ETCH'-ING, marking.

[This piece is a striking picture of the evils attending a loss of liberty, drawn from the imaginary confinement of a single captive in a dungeon, the whole suggested by a starling confined in its cage. The lonely captive is here made to represent Slavery; and hence the description is an *allegorical* picture.]

What bold figure of speech is introduced in the 7th and 8th verses? The last three verses furnish a beautiful example of the pathetic, and should be read in a subdued tone, and with the expression of deep feeling.]

A WOUNDED reputation is seldom cured.

He who avoids the temptation, avoids the sin.

Nothing is so secret but time and truth will reveal it.

## LESSON LXXXI.

## UNION AND LIBERTY.

1. WHO would sever<sup>a</sup> Freedom's shrine<sup>b</sup>?  
 Who would draw th' invidious<sup>c</sup> line?  
 Though, by birth, one spot be mine',  
 Dear is all the rest'!  
 Dear, to me, the South's fair land'!  
 Dear, the central mountain band';  
 Dear, New England's rocky strand';  
 Dear, the prairied West'!
2. By our altars pure and free'!  
 By our laws' deep-rooted tree'!  
 By the past's dread memory'!  
 By our Washington'!  
 By our common kindred<sup>d</sup> tongue'!  
 By our hopes, bright, buoyant,<sup>e</sup> young'!  
 By the ties of country strong'!  
 We will still be one'!
3. Fathers! have ye bled in vain'?  
 Ages! must ye droop again'?  
 MAKER! shall we rashly stain  
 Blessings sent by Thee'!  
 No'! receive our solemn vow,  
 While before thy throne we bow,  
 Ever to maintain, as now,  
 UNION AND LIBERTY!

THEO. S. GRIMKE.

<sup>a</sup> SEV'ER, separate; divide.<sup>b</sup> SHRINE, the tomb, or altar, which contains the sacred memorials of our freedom.<sup>c</sup> IN-VID'IOUS, hateful; likely to cause feelings of hatred.<sup>d</sup> KIN'DRED, related by common origin, and common ties.<sup>e</sup> BUOY'-ANT, light; elastic; cheering.

[This may be called a *national* lyric poem, abounding in sentiments of patriotism, or love of country. As it is in the declamatory style, it is better adapted for declamation than for reading.]

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COMMAND your temper, lest it command you.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

A liar is a bravo toward God, and a coward toward men.

## LESSON LXXXII.

## OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

1. O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers'! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky: the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave.

2. But thou, thyself, movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

3. When the world is dark with tempests'; when thunders roll, and lightnings flash, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hairs float on the eastern clouds', or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

4. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season': thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth!

5. Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills—when the blast of the north is on the plain, and the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

[This beautiful "apostrophe" to the sun is introduced as one of the finest examples of the *sublime* in writing. Its reading requires slow time, somewhat of a low key (*monotone*), and long quantity.]

Ossian was a Caledonian (a native of Scotland), and is supposed to have lived in the fourth century A.C. He alludes to his *blindness* when he says, "for he beholds thy beams no more."

Why do the stars "hide themselves in the sky?" What is meant by "the ocean shrinks and grows again?" When and why is the moon "lost in heaven?"

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THE more we serve God, the better we serve ourselves.

## LESSON LXXXIII.

## MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

## I. MORTALITY.

1. CHILD of mortality, whence comest thou? Why is thy countenance sad, and why are thy eyes red with weeping? I have seen the rose in its beauty; it spread its leaves to the morning sun. I returned: it was dying upon its stalk; the grace of the form of it was gone; its loveliness was vanished away; its leaves were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

2. A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned: the verdure was nipped by the east wind; the branches were lopped away by the axe; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it mouldered away, and fell to the ground.

3. I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the streams; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald; they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned: they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them; there were found none of so great a multitude.

4. I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowing with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he leaped; he walked; he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those. I returned: he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him; and the breath was gone out of his nostrils.

5. Therefore do I weep because death is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God: all that is made must be destroyed; all that is born must die: let me alone, for I will weep yet longer.

## II. IMMORTALITY.

6. I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground. I looked again: it sprung forth afresh; its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air.

7. I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon: there was no color, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked again: the sun broke forth from the east, and gilded the mountain-tops; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

8. I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat: it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone; it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move. I looked again: it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

9. Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth: but thou shalt be raised again; and thou shalt never die any more.

[In this lesson creation is presented to us under two aspects. At first view, every thing seems made for destruction. The rose in its beauty, the stately tree of the plain, the insects sporting in the sunshine, and even man himself—all seem doomed to death; and we mourn as those who have no hope.

But in the light of science and Revelation a new aspect of things is presented. The flower-stem is covered with new buds; the sun sets, but it rises again, and darkness flees away; the insect spins itself a tomb, but it comes forth to new life; and MAN shall be raised again, and die no more. See also next page. For a farther illustration of this subject of "Immortality," as drawn from analogy in the metamorphoses of *Insects*, see Fourth Reader, pp. 169, 170, and the present work, pp. 267, 289, etc.

The inflections required in the reading of this piece are so gentle, that the whole approaches almost to *monotone*. The language indicates subdued feelings, requiring gentle force, slow time, low pitch, and a pure tone in the enunciation.]

## LESSON LXXXIV.

## THERE ARE NO DEAD.

This mortal must put on immortality.—1 Cor. xv., 53.

1. THERE is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown,  
They shine for evermore.
2. There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
3. There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
He bears our best-loved things away;  
And then we call them—"dead."
4. Born into that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them—the same,  
Except in sin and pain.
5. And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is *life*; THERE ARE NO DEAD.

J. S. McCREERY.

[This little poem carries out the sentiment of the preceding lesson, and is here introduced for its *suggestive* teachings, which the teacher can carry out with his pupils as far as he deems expedient.

If we reflect upon the brief suggestions of the lesson, it will be found to contain a deep principle of philosophy, and of religion also. As stated in the second verse, there *is* no death—no destruction—no *annihilation*. What we call the *death* of plants is only a *change* to other forms of matter. The plant *seems* to die; but it only changes to dust and gases, which reappear in other forms and other combinations.

And it is a consoling thought, which religion teaches, that our loved ones, though "we call them dead," merely pass from this world to reappear in another: that they are born into an "undying life;" and that, though unseen, they are ever near us. "THERE ARE NO DEAD."]

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DEATH is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later he will stop at every man's door. But, after all, the shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.



LESSON LXXXV.  
THE LEADSMAN'S SONG.



1. 'Twas a seaman bold on the ship's lee-side,<sup>a</sup>  
When the green waves rollicked<sup>b</sup> far and wide;  
When keen winds whistled through ragged sails,  
With a dreary gamut<sup>c</sup> of shrieks and wails—  
When cloudy masses obscured the sun  
With a tangled vapor dark and dun,<sup>d</sup>  
When the stout ship reeled with the tempest's blows,  
And the voice of prayer 'mid the storm arose  
As the jagged line of the dread lee-shore<sup>e</sup>  
Came dim to herald the breaker's<sup>f</sup> roar!  
'Twas then that the seaman swung the lead<sup>g</sup>  
With a circling sweep round his rain-beat head,  
And launching it down in the troubled sea,  
Sang loudly and clear this song to me:
2. "Quarter less four"! Quarter less four"!  
Hark! how the breakers roar a-lee,<sup>h</sup>

Chanting aloud, in devilish glee,  
 Chorusing ever, 'One ship more'!  
 Wrecks ashore I can plainly see;  
 Corpses are lying there—corpses four:  
 There, alack! we shall shortly be—  
 Three fathoms<sup>l</sup> only! Quarter less<sup>l</sup> three!

8. "Three and a half! It deepens at last:  
 Quarter less four! there's a channel here:  
 Courage, pilot, and take good cheer.  
 Five! the danger is overpast:  
 Six! huzza! for it deepens fast.  
 Quarter less eight! Quarter less eight!  
 Now may the breakers lie in wait,  
 Dragging the shoals<sup>l</sup> with their foamy net.  
 Others may meet with the sailor's fate,  
 We shall be snared<sup>k</sup>—not yet, not yet!  
 Nine fathoms clear! Nine and a half!  
 Now, in sooth, we can bravely laugh;  
 For the distant breakers, I wot,<sup>l</sup> confess,  
 With their sullen roaring, 'One ship less!'"

<sup>a</sup> LEE'-SIDE, the side farthest from the point whence the wind blows.

<sup>b</sup> RÖL'-LICKED, moved with a wild and frolicsome air.

<sup>c</sup> GAM'-UT, a succession of notes, as indicated by the musical scale.

<sup>d</sup> DUN, gloomy; threatening.

<sup>e</sup> LEE'-SHORE, the shore toward which the wind blows.

<sup>f</sup> BREAK'-ERS, foaming waves that dash against the rocks.

<sup>g</sup> LEAD (löd), a mass of lead attached to a cord, and used in *sounding*, or measuring the depth of the sea.

<sup>h</sup> A-LEE<sup>l</sup>, on the lee side. (A sea phrase.)

<sup>i</sup> FATH'OM, a measure of six feet.

<sup>j</sup> SHÖALS, shallow places.

<sup>k</sup> SNÄ'RE'D, entrapped; wrecked.

<sup>l</sup> WOT, know.

[This lesson opens with a description of a ship in a tempest, drifting upon a lee-shore. As the leadsman throws the lead, to sound the depth of the water, he is supposed to sing the song embraced in the 2d and 3d verses.

What is the first depth of water announced by the leadsman? The second? The third? When was there the greatest danger? What is the greatest depth announced? What figure of speech in the 2d and 3d lines of the second verse? In the 7th and 8th lines of the third verse? In the last two lines of the lesson?]

## THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

I LOVE it—I love it—the laugh of a child,  
 Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild—  
 Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,  
 Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;  
 Floating off on the breeze like the tones of a bell,  
 Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell.  
 Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,  
 Is the merriest sound in the world<sup>†</sup> for me.

## LESSON LXXXVI.

## PLANT LIFE.

1. SEE that rose-bush in the garden, covered with large and beautiful red roses, each one with its large cluster of pětals, or flower-leaves! How different from the wild brier, which is the wild rose of the woods! And would you believe that all our hundred-leaf roses', our cabbage roses', our moss roses', our cinnamon and tea roses', and numerous other varieties', have been produced from the five-leaved wild roses, by cultivation'? Yet this is so.

2. But how are such changes produced'? Open a rose-bud, and within it you may find numerous little yellow knobs on thread-like stems, called *stāmens*. Strange as it may seem, these may be changed to *pětals*, or flower-leaves, by feeding the roots of the rose-bush with rich soil, and by carefully trimming and pruning its branches. By these and other means, gardeners produce roses of almost endless varieties in size, in color, and in fragrance.

3. But the rose-bush, which so well repays the gardener for his care, can do many things, seemingly, *of itself*, also. If you bend a branch so as to turn the leaves upside down, will it grow so'? No: the leaves will gradually twist on their stems, till they get back again. They will turn their smooth shining surface to the sky; and their other surface, which is full of very small holes, or mouths, they will turn to the ground; and if you will not allow them to do this, they will languish and die.

4. And we might almost fancy that the rose *reasons* about this. The upper surface of the leaves *needs* the sunlight, and the lower surface *needs* to drink in the moisture from the earth. Those little mouths on the under side of the leaf—so very small that we can not see them with the naked eye—are wide open when the plant is thirsty', half open when it needs but little water', and closed' when it wants none'.

5. The *roots* act in a wonderful manner also. If you put the rose-bush into soil with dry, poor earth on one side, and rich earth on the other, the roots will start out, as usual, in all directions, but they will not be long in the dark about the trick that has been played them; for very soon they will all be found traveling off to the good rich earth.

6. Here is an experiment which you can try. If you confine a rose-bush by sinking a tight box close around it farther down than the roots ordinarily go, the roots will then go down under the edges of the box, and come up on the other side until they find the proper level and the soil that best pleases them. Is not the rose-bush, then, a very sensible plant? But all other plants are just as sensible.

7. Some plants seem to know more about the weather than we do, for they roll up their leaves when the rain is coming, and spread them out wide when the storm has passed by. Who gave them this knowledge?

8. Other plants fold up their leaves and close their flowers at night, and seem to go to sleep; and they only open them on the morrow if it promises fine weather; but if it is cloudy and rainy, they remain dozing all day. Plant life is full of wonders.

[This lesson is a plain prose description of some of the wonders of plant life. Let the pupils see if they can detect any figurative language in this lesson.]

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### THE OCEAN PEARL.

1. A LITTLE particle of rain,  
That from a passing cloud descended,  
Was heard thus idly to complain:  
"My brief existence now is ended:  
Outcast alike of earth and sky,  
Useless to live, unknown to die!"
2. It chanced to fall into the sea,  
And there an open shell received it.  
In after years how rich was he  
Who from its prison-house relieved it?  
The drop of rain had formed a gem  
To deck a monarch's diadem.

## LESSON LXXXVII.

## THE THREE POETS.



## I. THE LARK.

1. WHEN the mist of the morning rose on high,  
A lark went singing up the sky,  
Singing and shining in the sun,  
Bright with the day, ere the day begun.
2. "I am the bird of morn," sang he,  
"And the morn, I think, is made for me;  
Its earliest light caresses my wing,  
And it always rises when I sing!"

## II. THE MAN.

3. The mist rose higher in the sky,  
As a noble poet wandered by;  
He saw the bird, and he heard its song,  
And he smiled, for his faith in *himself* was strong.
4. "Sing on, little bird, and soar and shine;  
You can never o'ertake these thoughts of mine;  
And for *my* songs, when the songs *do* come,  
Let the whole world hear them, and be dumb."

## III. THE SUN.

5. But now the sun arose, as of old,  
In all his pomp of purple and gold:  
The lark was drowned in a sea of light,  
And the poet dropped from his giddy height.
6. "There is no poet," the poet said,  
Like the beautiful, bright old Sun overhead:  
Never a word does he sing or say,  
But his smile is the golden poem—DAY!"

*Harper's Weekly.*

[This poem is irregular in measure, but the sentiment is highly poetical. What scene is first described? What did the lark sing? What scene is next described? What did the poet sing? What is the third scene described? What is meant by "the poet dropped from his giddy height?" What is the tribute paid by the poet to the sun?

What figure of speech in the 3d line of the 2d verse? Why is the last line in the lesson a *metaphor*? (As the term "poetry" is often applied to the language of excited imagination and feeling, so that which is calculated to excite the imagination may be called, *metaphorically*, a "poem.")]

## LESSON LXXXVIII.

## THE VICE OF LYING.

1. To warn us from lying, we should do well to consider the *folly*, the *meanness*, and the *wickedness* of it.

2. The FOLLY of lying consists in its defeating its own purpose. A habit of lying is generally detected in the end; and after detection, the liar, instead of deceiving, will not be believed when he speaks the truth. Nay, every single lie is attended with such a variety of circumstances, which lead to a detection, that it is usually discovered.

3. The object of a lie is, generally, to conceal a fault; but as this end is seldom attained, the liar not only makes the fault worse, but adds another to it. In point even of prudence, an honest confession would serve him better.

4. The MEANNESS of lying arises from its *cowardice*. He who *dare* not boldly and nobly speak the truth, *must* be a coward. Hence it is, that in the fashionable world, the word liar is always considered a term of peculiar reproach.

5. The WICKEDNESS of lying consists in its perverting<sup>a</sup>



one of the greatest blessings of God, the use of speech ; in making that a mischief to mankind, which was intended for a benefit. "Lying lips are an abomination<sup>b</sup> to the Lord," but "the lip of truth shall be established forever." Truth is the greatest bond of society. If one man lies', why may not another'? and if there is no truth', no one can be trusted'.

6. An *equivocation*<sup>c</sup> is nearly related to a lie. It is an intention to deceive by the use of words of a double meaning, or words which, in *one* sense, are true, but not in the sense intended by the speaker. It is equally criminal with the most downright<sup>d</sup> falsehood. A nod, or sign, may convey a lie as effectually as the most deceitful language. An *acted* lie is as wicked as a spoken lie.

7. Every engagement, every promise, though of the slightest kind, should be punctually observed, if possible ; and he who does not think himself bound by his word, is neither an honest man, nor a gentleman.

<sup>a</sup> PER-VERT'-ING, turning from good to bad.

<sup>b</sup> A-BOM-IN-Ā'-TION, object of loathing, or disgust.

<sup>c</sup> E-QUIV-O-CĀ'-TION, the use of words of double signification.

<sup>d</sup> DOWN'-RIGHT, absolute ; positive.

[This lesson is *didactic* in character, as it is intended for instruction in morals. It set forth the folly, meanness, and wickedness of lying, and the duty of truthfulness.]

## LESSON LXXXIX.

### THE SONG OF AUTUMN.

1. I HAVE painted the woods, I have kindled the sky,  
I have brightened the hills with a glance of mine eye ;  
I have scattered the fruits, I have gathered the corn,  
And now from the earth must her verdure<sup>a</sup> be torn.  
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,<sup>b</sup>  
I summon ye all—away ! away !
2. No more from the depth of the grove may be heard  
The joy-burdened song of the fluttering bird ;  
I have passed o'er the branches that sheltered him there,  
And their quivering drapery<sup>c</sup> is shaken to air.  
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,  
I summon ye all—away ! away !

3. Plead not the days are yet sunny and long,  
 That your hues are still bright'ning, your fibres<sup>d</sup> still  
 strong;  
 To vigor and beauty relentless<sup>e</sup> am I—  
 There is nothing too young or too lovely to die.  
 Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,  
 I summon ye all—away! away!
4. And I call on the winds that repose in the north,  
 To send their wild voices in unison<sup>f</sup> forth;  
 Let the harp of the tempest be dolefully strung<sup>g</sup>—  
 There's a wail to be made, there's a dirge<sup>h</sup> to be sung;  
 For the lingering flowers, the leaves of the spray—  
 They are doomed—they are dying—away! away!

<sup>a</sup> VÉR'D'-URE (yur) greenness; freshness.

<sup>b</sup> SPRĀY, twigs and small branches of the trees.

<sup>c</sup> DRĀ'-PER-Y, the dress which clothes the trees.

<sup>d</sup> FĪ'-BRES, or FĪ'-BERS, thread-like framework of leaves, etc.

<sup>e</sup> RE-LENT'-LESS, stern; unyielding.

<sup>f</sup> U'-NI-SON, in agreement; in harmony.

<sup>g</sup> STRUNG, tuned.

<sup>h</sup> DIRGE, a funeral hymn.

[To what kind or class of poetry does this song belong? Why? What one figure of speech is embraced in the whole poem? Why? What figure of speech in each of the first four lines of the 4th verse?

Explain what is meant by "painting the woods," and "kindling the sky," 1st verse. How has autumn "brightened the hills?" How "scattered the fruits," etc.? In this manner explain the entire lesson.]

## LESSON XC.

### AUTUMN.



1. Is not autumn the *manhood* of the year? Is it not the ripest of the seasons? Do not proud flowers blossom—the golden-rod, the orchis, the dahlia, and the bloody cardinal of the swamp lands?

2. Golden fruits hang heavy from the trees, and purple clusters cumber<sup>a</sup> the vines. The

fields of maize show weeping spindles, and broad, rustling leaves, and ears half glowing with the crowded corn; the September wind whistles over their thick-set ranks with whispers of plenty.

3. The Bob-o'-Lincolns have come back from their summer rambles among the rice-fields; the larks, with lifted heads, stand tall upon the close-mown meadow; the quails, in half-grown coveys,<sup>b</sup> saunter<sup>c</sup> hidden through the underbrush that skirts the wood; the crows, in companies, caw aloft; and the squirrels chatter at sunrise, and gnaw off the full-grown burs of the chestnuts.

4. The ash-trees grow crimson in color; the birches touch their frail spray<sup>d</sup> with yellow; the maple in the lowlands turns suddenly its silvery greenness into orange-scarlet; the beeches are crimped<sup>e</sup> with the frost; and the sturdy oaks, finally yielding to swift winds, as youth's pride yields to manly duty, strew the ground with the scattered glories of their summer strength, and warm and feed the earth with the remains of their leafy honors.

5. Autumn withdraws the thoughts from the wide and joyous landscape of summer, and fixes them upon those objects which bloom and rejoice within the household. The old hearth, that has rioted the summer through with boughs and blossoms, gives up its withered tenantry.<sup>f</sup> The fire-dogs<sup>g</sup> gleam kindly upon the evening hours; and the blaze wakens those sweet hopes and prayers which cluster around the fireside of home.

6. At midday the air is mild and soft; a warm, blue smoke lies in the mountain-gaps; and the woods upon the upland blend their rich colors with the hazy sky. The river runs low with August drought,<sup>h</sup> and frets<sup>i</sup> upon the pebbly bottom with a soft, low murmur, as of joys that are past.

7. As the sun sinks, doubling his disk<sup>j</sup> in the October haze, the low south wind creeps over the withered tree-tops, and drips<sup>k</sup> the leaves upon the land. The windows that were wide open at noon are closed; and a bright blaze—to drive off the easterly dampness that promises a storm—flashes lightly and kindly over my room.

8. As the sun sinks lower and lower, his red beams die in a sea of great gray clouds. Slowly and quietly they

creep up over the night sky. Venus is shrouded. The western stars blink<sup>1</sup> faintly, then fade in the mounting vapors. The vane points east of south. The constellations<sup>m</sup> in the zenith<sup>n</sup> struggle to be seen, but presently give over, and hide their shining.

9. By late lamplight the sky is all gray and dark; the vane has turned two points nearer east. The clouds sift fine rain-drops, that you only feel with your face turned to the heavens. But soon they grow thicker and heavier; and as I sit, watching the blaze, and—dreaming—they patter thick and fast, under the driving wind, upon the window, like the swift tread of an army of men!

Adapted.—DONALD G. MITCHELL.

- <sup>a</sup> CUM'-BER, load; weigh down.  
<sup>b</sup> COV'-EYS (kuv'-ez), broods; small flocks.  
<sup>c</sup> SAUN'-TER, wander about idly.  
<sup>d</sup> SPRĀY, twigs; branches.  
<sup>e</sup> CRIMP'ED, curled up; shrunk.  
<sup>f</sup> TEN'-ANT-RY, whatever occupied the place.  
<sup>g</sup> FIRE'-DOGS, the brass andirons.  
<sup>h</sup> DROUGHT (drou't), dryness; want of water.

- <sup>1</sup> FRETS, rubs; grates.  
<sup>j</sup> DISK, face, or whole surface.  
<sup>k</sup> DRIPS, lets fall, as if in drops.  
<sup>l</sup> BLINK, twinkle; shine.  
<sup>m</sup> CON-STEL-LĀ'-TIONS, clusters or groups of fixed stars.  
<sup>n</sup> ZE'-NITH, that part of the heavens overhead.

[This is a beautiful *poetic* description of autumn, although written in prose—the poetry consisting in language expressive of imagination and feeling. Change the lesson from figurative to such plain language as will simply describe the scenes as they are, and the poetry will be lost.

What *metaphor* in the first line of the lesson? What figure of speech is it where the wind is said to *whistle* and *whisper*? What *simile* in the 4th verse? Point out the figurative language in the 5th verse. What are the scenes and incidents mentioned in the description of the coming on of the eastern storm?]

## A FIRE.

A FIRE'S a good, companionable friend';  
 A *comfortable* friend, who meets your face  
 With pleasant welcome'; makes the poorest shed  
 As pleasant as a palace! Are you cold'?  
 He warms' you: weary'? he refreshes' you:  
 Hungry'? he doth prepare your food' for you:  
 Are you in darkness'? he gives light' to you.  
 In a strange land, his face is that of one  
 Familiar from your childhood'. Are you poor'?  
 What matters it to him'? He knows no difference  
 Between an emperor' and the poorest beggar'!  
 Where is the friend, that bears the name of man,  
 Will do as much for *you*'?

MARY HOWITT.

LESSON XCI.  
AUTUMN SCENES.



1.        SWEET is the voice that calls  
            From babbling<sup>a</sup> waterfalls,  
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;  
            And soft the breezes blow,  
            And, eddying, come and go  
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.
2.        Among the stubbled corn  
            The blithe<sup>b</sup> quail pipes<sup>c</sup> at morn;  
The merry partridge drums in hidden places;  
            And glittering insects gleam  
            Above the reedy stream  
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.
- 3        At eve, cool shadows fall  
            Across the garden wall,  
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning,  
            And pearly vapors lie  
            Along the eastern sky,  
Where the broad harvest-moon is redly burning.

4. Ah! soon on field and hill  
The winds shall whistle chill,  
And patriarch<sup>d</sup> swallows call their flocks together  
To fly from frost and snow,  
And seek for lands where blow  
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.
5. The pollen-dusted<sup>e</sup> bees  
Search for the honey-lees<sup>f</sup>  
That linger in the last flowers of September;  
While plaintive mourning doves  
Coo sadly to their loves  
Of the dead summer, they so well remember.
6. The cricket chirps all day,  
"Oh, fairest summer, stay!"  
The squirrel eyes askance<sup>g</sup> the chestnuts browning;  
The wild-fowl fly afar  
Above the foamy bar,  
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.
7. Now comes a fragrant breeze  
Through the dark cedar-trees,  
And round about my temples fondly lingers  
In gentle playfulness,  
Like to the soft caress  
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.
8. Yet, though a sense of grief  
Comes with the falling leaf,  
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,  
In all my autumn dreams  
*A future summer gleams,*<sup>h</sup>  
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

GEO. ARNOLD.

<sup>a</sup> BAB'-BLING, murmuring.<sup>b</sup> BLITHE, merry; happy.<sup>c</sup> PIPES, sings; whistles.<sup>d</sup> PA'-TRI-ARCH, the elders of the flock.<sup>e</sup> POL'-LEN-DUST'-ED, covered with the pollen of flowers.<sup>f</sup> HON'-EY-LEES, the dregs; the last of the honey.<sup>g</sup> A-SKANCE', sideways; obliquely.<sup>h</sup> GLEAMS, glimmers in the distance; shines.

[This poem is *descriptive* of "rural scenes." To what division of poetry, therefore, does it belong? Mention the scenes described in each verse. Point out some of the figures of speech contained in the poem. What is meant by the "future summer," in the last verse?]



# LESSON XCII.

## WINTER SCENES.



1. SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;<sup>a</sup>  
Vapors, and clouds, and storms.

THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

2. The dead leaves strew the forest-walk,  
And withered are the pale wild flowers:  
The frost hangs black'ning on the stalk;  
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
3. Gone are the Spring's green sprouting bowers,  
Gone Summer's rich and mantling<sup>b</sup> vines,  
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,  
On hill and plain no longer shines.

BRAINARD.

4. The bleak wind whistles—snow-showers, far and near,  
Drift, without echo, to the whitening ground:  
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,<sup>c</sup>  
Winter stalks<sup>d</sup> in, with frozen mantle bound.

MRS. NORTON.

5. Outside the window-pane,  
Across the barren plain,  
With dreary wail the wintry winds are calling;  
And softly, sad, and slow,  
The gently-dropping snow,  
From out the sky, in feathery flakes, is falling.
6. The clambering casement vine,  
That marked the year's decline  
With leaves in which the Autumn's fires were burning,  
Now sere,<sup>e</sup> and stripped quite bare,  
Hangs coldly shivering there,  
A tender thing that waits the Spring's returning
7. The fields are white below—  
Their covering of snow,  
That o'er the earth, a chilly shroud, is lying;  
And through the elm's huge limbs  
The wind is chanting hymns,  
Like soft, sad dirges<sup>f</sup> for some poor soul dying.
8. At home, beside the hearth,  
With jest and song of mirth,  
And ringing chorus to the rafters pealing,  
The long dark evening goes;  
The cider, circling, flows,  
And lights the eye with sparks of kindly feeling.
9. And so, with song and cheer,  
The Winter, cold and drear,  
Flits lightly by, on Time's swift pinions<sup>g</sup> flying;  
And in our hearts the flower  
Of gladness blooms each hour,  
Although, outside, the winds are sadly sighing.

SHEPHERD.

<sup>a</sup> TEAIN, attendants.<sup>b</sup> MANT'-LING, covering, as with a cloak.<sup>c</sup> DREAR, gloomy; dismal.<sup>d</sup> STALKS, walks with high and proud steps.<sup>e</sup> SERE, dry; withered.<sup>f</sup> DIR'-GES, funeral hymns.<sup>g</sup> PIN'-IONS, wings.

[This lesson also consists of extracts from pastoral poetry, descriptive of rural scenes. How does the first verse differ, in kind, from all the rest? How is Winter represented as coming? What figure of speech is here used? What is the "train" that accompanies Winter?

What meaning is expressed in the third line of the 2d verse? What is meant by Autumn's "yellow hours?" What figure of speech in the last line of the 4th verse? Point out the figurative language in the remaining verses.]

## LESSON XCIII.

## DEATH AND BURIAL OF LITTLE NELL.

[From "Master Humphrey's Clock."]

[The following extract from *Master Humphrey's Clock* describes the death and burial of "Little Nell," one of the sweetest and purest of all the characters which the pen of Dickens has drawn. She is represented as the constant attendant of her grandfather, a kind-hearted but weak-minded old man, over whose troubled pathway her presence sheds the light of innocence and love; and when the gentle being is taken from him, he is left desolate and broken-hearted. The entire story is one of great power and beauty, which has awakened the sympathies of many a heart, and called forth many a tear.]

1. BY little and little the old man had drawn back toward the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips,

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You will never do that—never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her—I never had—I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

2. Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words—not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered—followed him. They moved so gently that their footsteps made no noise; but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

3. For she was dead'. There, upon her little bed', she lay at rest'. The solemn stillness was no marvel<sup>a</sup> now. Yes, she was dead'. No sleep so beautiful and calm', so free from trace of pain', so fair to look' upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life'; not one who had lived', and suffered death'.

4. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die', put near me something that has loved the light, and always had the sky above' it." These were her words.

5. She was dead'. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead'. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure

of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever!

6. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged<sup>b</sup> in her tranquil beauty and profound<sup>c</sup> repose.

7. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes: the old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face, which had passed, like a dream, through haunts<sup>d</sup> of misery and care. At the door of the poor schoolmaster, on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look.

8. The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again; murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

9. She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing<sup>e</sup> fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour—the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday—could know her no more.

10. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent,<sup>f</sup> "it is not in *this* world that heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn terms above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

11. They were all about her at the time she died, knowing that the end was drawing nigh. She died soon after

daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night: but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them, and used them kindly; for she often said, with great fervor, "God bless you!" Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at the sound of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

12. Opening her eyes, at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never before seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

13. For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—she had faded away like the light upon the summer's evening.

14. The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her—saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed; for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and he had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

15. Up to that time the old man had not spoken once, except to her, nor stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet; and he made as though he would have the lad

come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

16. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And, when the day came on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led the old man away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

17. And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll for her', so young', so beautiful', so good'. Decrepit<sup>h</sup> age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb'. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied', the living dead in many shapes and forms', to see the closing of that early grave'.

18. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

19. They carried her to one quiet nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.



20. Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath—many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

21. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive<sup>i</sup> face upon the sky.

22. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick, old walls.

23. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

24. They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and, most of all (it seemed to them), upon her quiet grave'—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem<sup>j</sup> with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them'—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God'.

<sup>a</sup> MÄR'-VEL, thing to excite wonder.

<sup>b</sup> IM'-AGED, set forth; shown.

<sup>c</sup> PRO-FOUND', deep; lasting.

<sup>d</sup> HÄUNTS, places to which one frequently resorts.

<sup>e</sup> EBB'-ING, passing away.

<sup>f</sup> VENT, opportunity to flow.

<sup>g</sup> RE-MORSE'-LESS, stern; unpitying.

<sup>h</sup> DE-CREP'-IT, infirm; broken down.

<sup>i</sup> PEN'-SIVE, thoughtful and sad.

<sup>j</sup> TEEM, abound.

[The description of the death and burial of Little Nell—acknowledged to be a picture of unsurpassed beauty—is presented as one of the finest examples of the *pathetic* that could be selected; but it needs a knowledge of the previous history of the loving child, to be fully appreciated.

Let the pupils analyze the piece, by mentioning the scenes described, in their order. What is the *style* of the piece? (See p. xii.) How should it be read, as to *force, time, and pitch*?

## LESSON XCIV.

### WHAT IS WEALTH?

1. WEALTH is something more than gold,  
More than luxury and ease;  
Treasures never to be told  
May be found apart from these.  
Men who great possessions own  
May be needy, none the less:  
They are rich, and they alone,  
Who have store of nobleness.<sup>a</sup>
2. Palaces are dreary domes,<sup>b</sup>  
Fair domains<sup>c</sup> but deserts wild,  
If there be not happy homes,  
Gentle thoughts, and manners mild.  
Trust me, though his lot be small,  
And he make but slight pretense,<sup>d</sup>  
He who lives at peace with all,  
Dwells in true magnificence.<sup>e</sup>
3. If you'd prove of noble birth,  
Oh, beware of judgments rash;  
Scorn to measure human worth  
By the sordid<sup>f</sup> rule of *cash*.  
Gold and silver may depart,  
Proudest dynasties<sup>g</sup> may fall;  
HE WHO HAS THE TRUEST HEART,  
IS THE RICHEST OF US ALL.

*Harper's Magazine.*

<sup>a</sup> NŌ'-BLE-NESS, greatness; elevation of mind.

<sup>b</sup> DŌMES, buildings.

<sup>c</sup> DŌ-MĀINS', estates; possessions.

<sup>d</sup> PRE-TENSE', claim; pretension.

<sup>e</sup> MAG-NIF'-I-CENCE, greatness; nobleness.

<sup>f</sup> SOR'-DID, vile; base; mean.

<sup>g</sup> DY'-NAS-TIES, governments; kingdoms.

[The sentiment expressed in this lesson is, that happiness does not consist in worldly possessions; that *wealth* is of no value apart from *worth*; and that he alone is truly rich who has "store of nobleness."]

## LESSON XCV.

## THE DEATH OF THE DAY.

1. NEAR to his end is the weary Day,  
 And the light of his face is fading away  
 From the earth and skies :  
 He was glad and strong when rose the sun,  
 But now his work is well-nigh done ;  
 And his eyes  
 He calmly closes, and softly sighs  
 In the twilight gray :  
 He sweetly sinks to his dreamless rest,  
 As the sun's last smile illumines<sup>a</sup> the west  
 With a tender ray.  
 Mournfully, slowly comes the Night  
 Over the crest of the eastern billow ;  
 Mournfully fall the tears of Eve ;  
 Mournfully droops the weeping willow.
2. The wings of Death are over him now,  
 And shadows settle upon his brow :  
 Hark ! a sad, low moan  
 Comes from the deeps of the darkening<sup>b</sup> trees ;  
 The night-birds 'plain ;<sup>c</sup> and the restless breeze  
 Hath a tone  
 Like a mourner left all dreary and lone  
 In this world below ;  
 And, dimly lighting his dusky bier,<sup>d</sup>  
 Like funeral-torches the stars appear,  
 With a mystic<sup>e</sup> glow.  
 Mournfully, slowly comes the Night  
 Over the crest of the eastern billow ;  
 Mournfully fall the tears of Eve ;  
 Mournfully droops the weeping willow.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

<sup>a</sup> IL-LŪMES', lights up.<sup>b</sup> DĀRK'-EN-ING, making objects obscure.<sup>c</sup> 'PLĀIN (verb), lament: a poetic license  
for *complain*.<sup>d</sup> BIER, couch for the dead.<sup>e</sup> Mys'tic, with a hidden meaning; mysterious.

[This piece, although of a high order of imaginative poetry, is very simple in conception, and will be easily understood by the pupil. It is here introduced as a good closing study on the subject of poetic and figurative language.]

What might have been a plain *description* of the close of day, is here converted, by the poet's fancy, into a beautiful *picture*, in which the whole scene is presented to the mind's eye in a very effective light. Thus, Day, the West, Night, Eve, and Death are here *personified*: the Day is represented as approaching his end; the light of his face fades away; his eyes close; he sweetly sinks to rest; and the wings of Death settle over him. Then a low moan comes up from the darkening trees; the night-birds' lament is heard; the restless breeze has a tone of mourning; funeral-torches are hung in the sky; and the tears of evening fall upon the scene.

The teacher should question the pupils upon the piece, and explain to them its full meaning. Why is the Night said to come from the *east*? What is meant by the *tears* of Eve? (The falling dew, &c.)

## LESSON XCVI.

### PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

1. WHEN morning is rising, o'er mountain and lawn,  
And every thing waketh to welcome the dawn,  
When far down the valley the mists fly away,  
Arouse thee from slumber; arouse thee, and pray.
2. And when the still noon in its beauty draws nigh,  
And nature seems ready to languish and die,  
Then halt on thy march, in the heat of the day;  
Then lift up thy thoughts to thy Father, and pray.
3. When evening descends, like a spirit of peace,  
And labor and tumult grow fainter, and cease;  
When night cometh down in her starry array,  
Then haste to the God of thy spirit, and pray.
4. Remember his goodness, whose hand has supplied  
Each want of thy bosom, nor ever denied  
The smiles of his bounty to gladden thy way;  
Remember his goodness, and gratefully pray.
5. Oh, pray to him always, in sorrow and joy,  
When peace is around thee, or troubles annoy;  
The light of his presence the storm shall allay,  
Or temper thy gladness—then constantly pray.

[This is a *hymn*. To what division of poetry does it belong? (See p. ix.)

The style in which this hymn is written is simple and unaffected; the measure is easy, uniform, and flowing; and hence the piece is well adapted to the milder form of *devotional* music. Anthems and other set pieces are often written in a bold, nervous, and abrupt style, expressive of sublime, lofty, joyous thoughts, etc.]

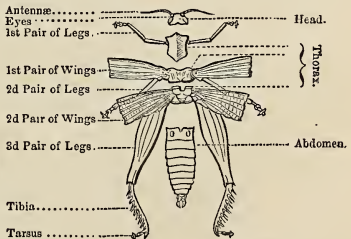
## LESSON XCVII.

## INSECT CHANGES, AND THE MORAL WHICH THEY TEACH.

1. WE have already learned something of the wonderful changes which most insects undergo.<sup>a\*</sup> We have seen that the butterfly, which leads so happy a life, did not come into the world in its present shape. For some time after it was hatched from the egg it was a worm-like caterpillar, crawling upon sixteen short legs, greedily devouring tender plants with its two jaws, and seeing by means of twelve little eyes, that were so small as to be scarcely visible.<sup>b</sup>

2. But, wonderful change! The insect, after crawling a while in the dust, threw off its mask, and spread forth four beautiful colored wings, capable of rapid and extensive flight: we behold it now with *six* feet instead of sixteen; its gnawing jaws have disappeared, and in their place is a curled-up tube, or proboscis,<sup>c</sup> suited only for sipping liquid sweets; two long horns now project from the upper surface of its head; and instead of twelve scarcely visible eyes, we behold two, large and brilliant, and composed of more than *seventeen thousand* little orbs, each of which is known to be a separate eye.

3. Insects, in their perfect or mature state, are distinguished by having six legs, and two antennæ (*an-ten'-næ*) or feelers, and by the division of the body into three distinct parts—the *head*, *thorax*, and *abdomen*, as shown in the annexed wood-cut. There are usually, but not always, two or four wings attached to the thorax; and along the



\* See Fourth Reader, pp. 164-170.

sides of the abdomen are little openings, called *spiracles*, through which, instead of through the mouth, the process of respiration or breathing is carried on. The bodies of insects are composed of distinct *sections*, or circular divisions, united by a tough and flexible skin. These divisions, of which the head is one, are thirteen in number; but some of them are so closely united as to make the number appear less.

4. The eyes of most insects are what are called *compound*, or honey-combed, consisting of a great number of very small separate eyes united in one. The eyes of the common house-fly have four thousand of these small eyes united in its two large orbs of vision; those of a dragon-fly, more than twelve thousand; of a butterfly, more than seventeen thousand; while those of a small species of beetle number *twenty-five thousand*! But, in addition to these compound eyes, many insects have two or three simple or single eyes. See the story of Honeyball and Violetta, in Fourth Reader, p. 178, v. 12.

5. But almost every other insect has passed through changes no less wonderful than those we have noticed in the caterpillar. That active little fly, with light gauzy wings, now an unbidden guest at our table, whose delicate taste selects the choicest food, was but the other day a grub-like worm, without wings, without legs, without eyes, well pleased to wallow in the filthiest places. How wonderfully its form, and tastes, and habits are changed!

6. That little tormentor, the musquito, whose humming salutation as it makes its airy circles about our bed, gives warning of the sanguinary<sup>d</sup> operation in which it is ready to engage, was, a few hours ago, the inhabitant of a stagnant pool, more in shape like a fish than an insect. Then it could not exist out of the water, now it can live only in the air. Then it breathed through its tail, now through air-holes in its sides. Its former misshapen head has given place to one of beauty; and instead of jaws for eating the gross<sup>e</sup> food of the stagnant pool, it is now furnished with a



lancet which it delights to strike into our skin, and with a tube which it uses for pumping the blood from our veins.

7. The beetle, whose “droning<sup>f</sup> flight” so well harmonizes<sup>g</sup> with the “solemn stillness” of a summer evening, was not, in its infancy, an inhabitant of the air. The first period of its life was spent in gloomy solitude as a grub, under the surface of the earth. The little worm which you scarcely fail to meet with in every handful of nuts you crack, would not always have groveled<sup>h</sup> in that humble state if your unwelcome intrusion<sup>i</sup> had not thrown it out to perish in the wide world. It would have formed for itself an opening, would then have entered the earth for a while, from which it would have come forth an elegant beetle, borne on “glittering wings of purple pride,” and “panoplied<sup>j</sup> in gems and gold.”

8. And what is the moral lesson which these wonderful changes in insect life are calculated to teach<sup>l</sup> us? May not the poor worm, at first groveling<sup>h</sup> upon the earth', at length seeming to die—but *seeming* only', then throwing off its reptile form', soaring aloft on wings of beauty', and sipping the nectar<sup>k</sup> of flowers', be deemed a fit emblem of man's low estate here', and of the bright and glorious change to which the Christian looks forward'?

9. “Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,  
The humblest form in nature's train,  
Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,  
And yet the emblem<sup>l</sup> teach in vain'?
10. “Ah! where were once her golden eyes'?  
Her glittering wings of purple pride'?  
Concealed beneath a rude disguise,  
A shapeless mass to earth allied.
11. “Like thee the hapless<sup>m</sup> reptile lived';  
Like thee he toiled', like thee he spun':  
Like thine his closing hour arrived;  
His labor ceased', his web was done'.
12. “And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,  
No happier state of being know'?  
And shall no future morrow shed  
On thee a beam of brighter glow'?

13. "Is this the bound of power divine,  
To animate an *insect* frame'?  
Or shall not He, who moulded thine,  
Wake, at his will, the vital flame'?
14. "Go, mortal'! in thy reptile state  
Knowledge enough to thee is given:  
Go, and the joyful truth relate;  
Frail child of earth! high heir of heaven!"—ROSCOE.

<sup>a</sup> UN-DEE-GO', pass through.

<sup>b</sup> VIS'-I-BLE, capable of being seen.

<sup>c</sup> PRO-BOS'-CIS, trunk, or snout, like that of an elephant.

<sup>d</sup> SAN'-GUIN-Ā-RY, bloody; blood-thirsty.

<sup>e</sup> GRÖSS, impure; not delicate.

<sup>f</sup> DRÖN'-ING, giving a dull, humming sound.

<sup>g</sup> HÄR'-MO-NI-ZES, agrees with; is suited to.

<sup>h</sup> GROV'-EL, to creep, as on the earth.

<sup>i</sup> IN-TRÜ'-SION, encroachment.

<sup>j</sup> PAN'-O-PLIED, completely armed.

<sup>k</sup> NEC'-TAR, honey.

<sup>l</sup> EM'-BLEM, that which pictures forth some moral truth.

<sup>m</sup> HAP'-LESS, unhappy.

<sup>x</sup> (Spür-a-kl, or Spür-a-kl.)

[The changes, or metamorphoses, which most insects pass through, are here briefly explained, as introductory to the study of Insect Life. See, also, Intermediate Third Reader, page 164. The subject is illustrated by the changes which the butterfly, the common fly, the musquito, and beetles pass through. The moral lesson which these insect transformations are so well adapted to teach, is made an object of direct appeal to the reader in the 8th and following verses.]

### LUMINOUS INSECTS.

THE most noted of the light-giving insects is the *glow-worm*, which, although in shape somewhat resembling a caterpillar, is the female of a winged beetle. Our common fire-flies are also of the beetle order. The first effect produced upon the European visitors of the New World by the multitude of luminous insects which swarmed from its forests, is thus described by the poet Southey:

Sorrowing we beheld  
The night come on; but soon did night display  
More wonders than it veil'd. Innumerable<sup>a</sup> tribes  
From the wood-cover swarm'd, and darkness made  
Their beauties visible: one while they stream'd  
A bright blue radiance<sup>b</sup> upon flowers that closed  
Their gorgeous<sup>c</sup> colors from the eye of day;  
Now, motionless and dark, eluded search,  
Self-shrouded;<sup>d</sup> and anon, starring the sky,  
*Rose like a shower of fire.*

<sup>a</sup> IN-NU'-MER-OUS, too many to be counted.

<sup>l</sup> RA'-DI-ANCE, vivid brightness.

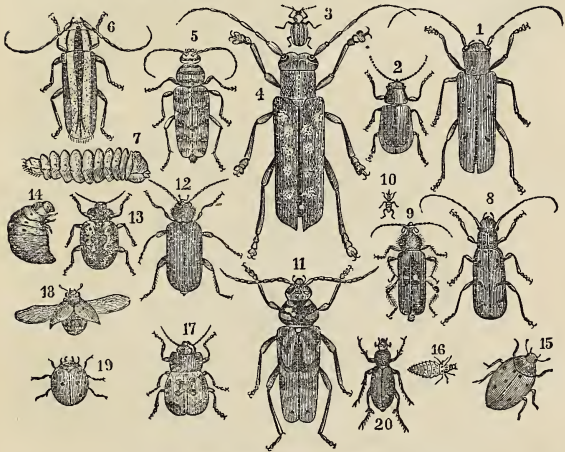
<sup>c</sup> GOR'-GE-ous, showy; splendid.

<sup>d</sup> SELF-SHROUD'-ED, concealed by their own darkness.

[In this beautiful extract from Southey, what is meant by "the eye of day?" What figure of speech is it? What *simile* can be pointed out in this extract?]

## LESSON XCVIII.

## BEETLES, OR CHAFERS.

[FIRST ORDER OF INSECTS: *Coleoptera*, OR SHEATH-WINGED.]"The Beetle, panoplied<sup>a</sup> in gems and gold."—WORDSWORTH.

AMERICAN BEETLES, *natural size*. 1. Coated Saperda. 2. Gilded Dandy. 3. Striped Cucumber-beetle. 4. Spurred Saperda. 5. Painted Clytus. 6. Brown and White Striped Saperda. 7. The Grub, or Larva of the same. 8. Three-toothed Saperda. 9. Rusty-black Callidium. 10. Black Rice-weevil of the South. 11. Beautiful Clytus. 12. Violet Callidium. 13. Ladder Chrysomela. 14. Grub of the same. 15. Seven-spotted Lady-bird. 16. Its Grub, or Larva. 17. Milk-weed Beetle, or Three-spotted Chrysomela. 18. A Lady-bird flying. 19. Nine-spotted Lady-bird at rest. 20. Rose Chafer. [See page 310.]

1. HERE is a group of American insects, most of which are known by sight to every school-boy, but best known to those who live in the country. And yet probably but few know their names, or are acquainted with their habits, or can tell which are useful and which are injurious to vegetation.

2. These are what are called BEETLES, a name given to the first of the seven orders<sup>b</sup> into which insects are divided. The May-beetles every lad in the country has seen; and who has not pitied them as he has seen them fly with



May-beetle.

such force against the sides of a house or against the windows, as to knock themselves down nearly senseless? They have eyes, but they seem to use them to little purpose in the evening. Their stupidity<sup>c</sup> in flying so heedlessly against any thing in their way has given rise to the saying, "As blind as a beetle."

3. The *drone* of the May-beetle—the noise which it makes in flying—was long thought to indicate<sup>d</sup> fine weather; and it is one of those country sounds that have become pleasant by association.<sup>e</sup> See how happily the poet Gray refers to it in the beautiful picture which he has drawn of the "solemn stillness" of a summer evening.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."<sup>f</sup>—GRAY'S *Elegy*.

4. Among the well-known American beetles are the reddish-brown horn-bug, the upper jaws of which, in the male, are long, and curved like a sickle; and the black spring-beetles, which have two large velvet-black spots on the upper side of the body. The spring-beetle, when placed on its back, will throw itself upward with a jerk for the purpose of getting on its legs again.

5. All the insects of this order have jaws for eating; their bodies are covered with a horny skin, as in the common May-beetles, and they have four wings, of which the upper two, called *wing-covers*, are horny, and the lower ones thin and filmy. By this description we may always know them.

6. The beetles come from little grubs, or *larvæ*,<sup>g</sup> and, like the butterflies, they pass through the entire range of insect changes, or *metamorphoses*—first, the egg laid by the beetle; then the soft-bodied grub, or *larva*; then the *pupa*, or cocoon; and, lastly, the flying insect.\*

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\* See Fourth Reader, p. 164.

7. According to their food, beetles may be divided into three natural groups. First, there is a group which, including the lady-birds and the tiger-beetles, prey upon living insects. Thus the spotted tiger-beetles feed on caterpillars, flies, earth-worms, and such other insects as they can master; and so ravenous<sup>b</sup> are they that they prey upon one another when confined together.



Spotted Tiger-beetle.

8. The little red beetle, styled a lady-bird, which is well known by its tortoise shape and pretty spotted gown, is a great favorite with country children, and deservedly so, for it is not only very pretty, but very useful too.\* It greets us in early spring, enjoys the summer with us, stays by us through the fall of the leaf, and even in midwinter sometimes comes forth from its retreat, as if to remind us of more cheerful seasons. It was the striking beauty of one of these little creatures that first attracted the attention of the great naturalist<sup>i</sup> Kirby, and led him, for the amusement and benefit of thousands, to adopt the study of insect life.

9. In all European countries many superstitious fancies of the peasant people are connected with this pretty insect, which is supposed to be a sign of good luck, and to indicate fair weather. In Germany the children throw it into the air, and exclaim,

“Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,  
Bring me good weather whenever you come;”

and in England the children are afraid of injuring it, lest it should cause some dreadful misfortune. In Sweden and Norway a young maiden thinks it lucky to have a lady-bird light upon her. She lets it creep over her hand, and says, “She measures me for wedding gloves;” and the Scottish peasants, as they hold it up and let it fly away, watch its course in the air, believing that some good luck will come to them from that direction.

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\* See Fourth Reader, p. 147.

10. Next to the flesh-eating beetles there is a large group, very common in this country, called *scavenger-beetles*, as they live on putrid matter, carrion, and decayed wood and plants. The well-known tumble-bug is one of these. So useful did the ancient Egyptians regard these scavenger-beetles that they looked upon them as sacred, and often made paintings of them in their temples.

11. The third group is composed of such as feed wholly on vegetable substances—some on green wood; some, like the weevils, on fruits and seeds; while others, like the well-known striped bug, or cucumber-beetle, feed wholly on the leaves and tender parts of plants. These insects do great injury to vegetation, and man carries on a universal war against them.

12. Among the injurious insects of the beetle families we may mention the little pea-weevil, or pea-bug, which almost every one has seen; the plum-weevil, or *curculio*; and the numerous *borers*, of which more than a hundred kinds are known in this country, which destroy so many of our fruit-trees, and even lay waste extensive forests of the pine, the maple, the locust, the lindens, and the elms. These borers are the *grubs* of the beetles.

13. Many of the beetles are exceedingly beautiful, and it is no wonder that the poet Wordsworth spoke of them as "panoplied<sup>a</sup> in gems and gold." Their upper wings, and other parts of their horny bodies, are sometimes glued to fancy boxes and varnished, when they form a beautiful covering, glistening<sup>k</sup> with such colors as Nature only can paint.

<sup>a</sup> PAN'-O-PLIED, covered; completely armed.

<sup>b</sup> OR'-DER, a division. The *class* of insects is divided into seven *orders*.

<sup>c</sup> STU-PID'-I-TY, dullness; heedlessness.

<sup>d</sup> IN'-DI-CATE, point out; make known.

<sup>e</sup> "BY AS-SO-CI-A'-TION," by being connected with other pleasant ideas.

<sup>f</sup> FLOCKS, flocks of sheep.

<sup>g</sup> LAR'-VÆ, the plural of *lar'-va*, an insect in its caterpillar, or *grub* state.

<sup>h</sup> RAV'-EN-OUS, furiously hungry.

<sup>i</sup> NAT'-U-RAL-IST, one familiar with natural history.

<sup>j</sup> A-DOP'T', pursue; devote his time to.

<sup>k</sup> GLIS'-TEN-ING (*glis'-en-ing*), sparkling with light.

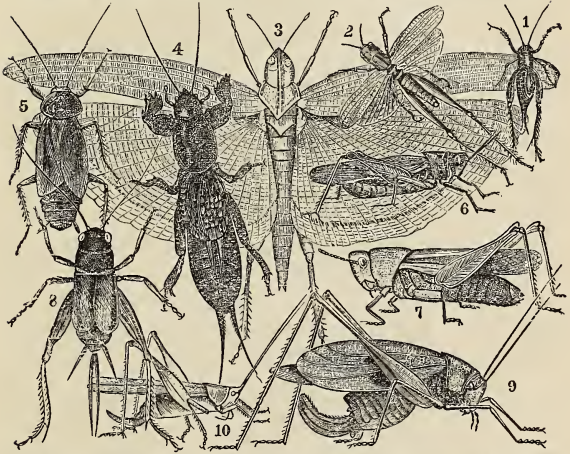
[Groups of American beetles. May-beetle: its droning flight. Horn-bug and spring-beetles. Description of beetles. Their natural groups—the flesh-eating beetles, scavenger-beetles, and vegetable-eaters. Lady-bird, pea-weevil, *curculio*, and borers. Fancy use of the wing-covers, etc., of beetles.]

This and the following *prose* lessons on insects are mostly of the *descriptive* kind of writing, but not of that minute and detailed description found in purely scientific treatises.]



## LESSON XCIX.

## STRAIGHT-WINGED INSECTS.

[SECOND ORDER OF INSECTS: *Orthoptera*, OR STRAIGHT-WINGED.]

AMERICAN STRAIGHT-WINGED INSECTS, *natural size*. 1. Striped Cricket. 2. Short-winged Locust. 3. Carolina Locust. 4. Short-winged Mole-cricket. 5. Cockroach. 6. Red-legged Locust. 7. Green-striped Locust. 8. Black-Field-cricket. 9. Broad-winged Green Grasshopper. 10. Slender Meadow Grasshopper. [See page 311.]

1. GRASSHOPPERS, crickets, and locusts are summer minstrels of field, hearth, and garden, of whose music no true lover of the country ever wearies. As the grasshopper, or its cousin the locust, rises from the dewy ground, and sends forth its trill of pleasure, to how many is its evening hymn associated<sup>a</sup> with rural<sup>b</sup> charms and homely<sup>c</sup> joys!

2. The poetry of earth is never dead.  
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
 From hedge to hedge, about the new-mown mead.<sup>d</sup>  
 That is the grasshopper's: he takes the lead  
 In summer luxury: he has never done  
 With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,  
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.—KEATS.

3. And as the cricket's merry chirp is heard by the kitchen hearth, does not the fagot seem to crackle, and the kettle to sing in responsive<sup>e</sup> chorus? And such sounds are always pleasant, because they are

“Heard in scenes where peace forever reigns.”

4. Most of what are called the straight-winged insects, of which the grasshoppers and crickets are good examples, have four wings,\* the upper two, when at rest, covering the others, as in the beetles. When not in use, all are folded lengthwise in narrow plaits, like a fan, and are laid straight along the top or sides of the back.

5. In the locusts and grasshoppers the wings slope outward on each side, like the roof of a house. All the straight-winged insects have jaws more or less like those of beetles. Unlike the beetles, they do not undergo a regular *metamorphosis*. The young of these insects differ from the adults<sup>f</sup> chiefly in wanting wings, but they change their skins repeatedly before they come to their full size.

6. The insects of this order may be divided into four groups, called Runners, Graspers, Walkers, and Jumpers. The most common of the “Runners” in this country are the cockroaches—ill-smelling insects—often found in houses. They are general feeders, and nothing seems to come amiss to them, whether of vegetable or animal nature. The “Graspers” and “Walkers,” which are very curious in their forms and motions, are chiefly found in warm countries.

7. But by far the most abundant, as well as the most destructive of the insects of this order, are the “Jumpers,” which include the crickets, grasshoppers, and locusts. They have large thighs, filled with powerful muscles, which enable them to leap to a great distance.

8. The most singular of the crickets is the Mole-cricket, whose short, broad, and strong fore legs are admirably adapted for digging. In some places it is called the *Croaker*, on account of the peculiar croaking sound which it

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\* A few insects of this order remain wingless all their lives.

makes. It burrows<sup>s</sup> in the earth like a mole, where it forms a neat chamber for its young. It is sometimes very destructive to the roots of plants. An old German writer on gardening says, "Happy are the places where this pest is unknown." But the most common of the crickets are the well-known black field-cricket and the house-cricket. They eat grass, seeds, and fruit, and with great industry carry their provisions into their holes that they may consume them at their leisure.

9. Grasshoppers and locusts, both of which are numerous in this country, are all commonly called grasshoppers, while the name locust is wrongfully applied to what was called the *Cicāda* by the ancients, which is the harvest-fly of English writers, hereafter to be described. The katydid is a grasshopper.\*

10. The insects which writers have generally called locusts are more numerous, even in this country, than grasshoppers, and they have been noted for their terrible ravages in all ages of the world. We find the following account of them in the tenth chapter of Exodus, where they are mentioned as one of the plagues of Egypt:

11. "And the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt, and rested in all the coasts of Egypt: very grievous were they, . . . for they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left: and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt."

12. Famine and pestilence have not unfrequently followed the ravages of the locust in the countries of the

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\* Crickets, grasshoppers, and locusts may thus be distinguished from one another. The *Crickets*, whose name is derived from the creaking sound which they make with their wings (see Fourth Reader, p. 95 and 134), have horizontal wing-covers, turned down on the outer border; antennæ, or feelers, long and tapering; feet usually three-jointed, and two tapering downy bristles at the end of the body.

The *Grasshoppers* have wing-covers sloping downward at the sides of the body, and not bordered; antennæ long and tapering, and feet four-jointed.

The *Locusts* have the wing-covers roofed, and not bordered; antennæ rather short, and feet three-jointed. (See Westwood's classification, and Dr. Harris on the "Insects injurious to Vegetation.")

East. Sometimes these insects appear in such numbers that the heavens are darkened by them; they cover the country hundreds of miles in extent, and in a few hours reduce the most fertile regions to barren wastes.

“Locusts oft, a living cloud,  
Hover in the darken'd air;  
Like a torrent dashing loud,  
Bringing famine and despair.”

So late as the year 1825 they appeared in such multitudes in Southern Russia that the Emperor Alexander sent an army of thirty thousand soldiers to arrest their march. The soldiers collected as many as possible in sacks, and burned them.

13. A “Flight of Locusts” has thus been described by the poet Southey:

Onward they came, a dark mysterious cloud  
Of congregated<sup>h</sup> myriads<sup>i</sup> numberless,  
The rushing of whose wings was as the sound  
Of a broad river, headlong in its course,  
Plunged from a mountain summit, or the roar  
Of a wild ocean in the autumn storm,  
Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks.

14. Portions of our country have occasionally been overrun by swarms of miscalled grasshoppers, which are only species of locusts, but little less destructive than the migratory<sup>j</sup> locusts of the East. The name *locust*, which is derived from the Latin, and means “a burnt place,” is highly expressive of the desolation caused by these insects. So well do the Arabians know and feel their power, that one of their poets represents a locust saying to Mohammed, “We are the army of the great God! We have power to consume the whole world, and all that is in it!”

15. As natural checks to the increase of these insects, violent winds often sweep myriads<sup>i</sup> of them into the sea, as occurred in the time of Pharaoh;<sup>k</sup> they are attacked by many smaller insects, which weaken and destroy them by sucking their juices; several kinds of wasps prey upon them; and many birds, and particularly our domestic

fowls, eat great numbers of them. Numerous reptiles, such as snakes, turtles, lizards, frogs, and toads, also feed upon them.

<sup>a</sup> AS-SO'-CI-A-TED, connected.

<sup>b</sup> RU'-RAL, relating to the country.

<sup>c</sup> HÖME'-LY, belonging to home; domestic.

<sup>d</sup> MEAD, meadow.

<sup>e</sup> RE-SPON'-SIVE, answering; replying.

A-DULTS', those full grown.

<sup>g</sup> BUR'-ROWS, digs holes.

<sup>h</sup> CON'-GRE-GA-TED, collected; assembled.

<sup>i</sup> MYR'-I-ADS, vast multitudes.

<sup>j</sup> MR'-GRA-TO-RY, roving; moving from place to place.

<sup>k</sup> PHA-BAOH, pronounced fū'-ro.

[Our summer minstrels of field, hearth, and garden. Description of the straight-winged insects. Their young. Four groups of these insects. The mole-cricket. Grasshoppers and locusts. Ravages of locusts. Southey's description of a flight of locusts. Origin of the name *locust*. Checks to the increase of locusts.]

Let the pupil point out the examples of *simile* and *metaphor* contained in the poetry in this lesson.]

## LESSON C.

### TO THE CRICKET.

1. LITTLE inmate', full of mirth',  
Chirping on my humble hearth',  
Wheresoe'er be thine abode',  
Always harbinger<sup>a</sup> of good',  
Pay me for thy warm retreat  
With a song most soft and sweet',  
In return, thou shalt receive  
Such a song as I can give.
2. Though in voice and shape they be  
Form'd as if akin<sup>b</sup> to thee',  
Thou surpassest,<sup>c</sup> happier far,  
Happiest grasshoppers that are.  
*Theirs'* is but a summer song';  
*Thine'* endures the winter long';  
Unimpair'd,<sup>d</sup> and shrill, and clear',  
Melody throughout the year.
3. Neither night nor dawn of day  
Puts a period<sup>e</sup> to thy lay':<sup>f</sup>  
Then', insect'! let thy simple song  
Cheer the winter evening long';  
While, secure from every storm',  
In my cottage stout and warm',  
Thou shalt my merry minstrel<sup>g</sup> be',  
And I'll delight to shelter thee.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

<sup>a</sup> HÄE'-BIN-GER, something which goes before, and gives notice of the expected approach of something else.

<sup>b</sup> A-KIN', related.

<sup>c</sup> SUR-PÄES'-EST, excellest.

<sup>d</sup> UN-IM-PÄIRED', not injured; not *maae* feeble.

<sup>e</sup> PE'-RI-OD, end; termination.

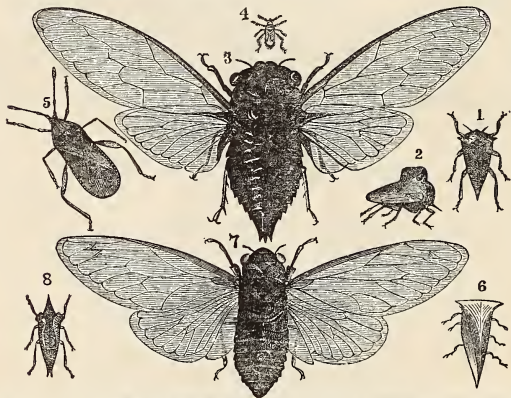
<sup>f</sup> LÄY, a song.

<sup>g</sup> MIN'-STREL, a singer; a performer on a musical instrument.

## LESSON CL.

### HALF-WINGED INSECTS.

[THIRD ORDER OF INSECTS: *Hemiptera*, OR HALF-WINGED.]



AMERICAN HALF-WINGED INSECTS, *natural size*. 1 and 2. Back and side view of the Crested Tree-hopper. 3. The Dog-day Harvest-fly, or Cicada. 4. Chinch-bug. 5. Squash-bug. 6 and 8. Tree-hoppers. 7. The Seventeen-years' Locust, another species of the Cicada. [See page 311.]

1. THE insects of this order, which are generally known as "bugs," are said to be "half-winged," because the bases of their upper wings, or wing-covers, are thick and horny, while the extremities are thin and filmy. They are also easily distinguished<sup>a</sup> from most other insects by having, instead of a mouth, a slender beak, in which are two pairs of bristles as sharp as needles. These they insert into animals or plants for the purpose of sucking their juices. When not in use, the beak is bent under the body.

2. Although these insects repeatedly throw off their skins, all of them, with the exception of the cicādas, retain nearly the same form in all their changes, having at all times a beak, or proboscis, and six legs. Most of them, when fully grown, have wings also. Among the bugs



proper are the well-known squash-bugs; many kinds of fruit-bugs; the little chinch-bugs, from which the wheat-fields and corn-fields of the South and West have suffered so severely; the numerous tree, leaf, and vine hoppers; and the valuable cochineal insect.\*

3. Another division of this order includes<sup>b</sup> the cicādas, or harvest-flies, which are popularly known as locusts, and the numerous aph'-i-dē\$, or plant-lice, which do so much injury to vegetation. The cicādas, which are large flying insects with broad heads and large eyes, are well known by their peculiar forms, and the shrill noise they make. Their musical instruments consist of a pair of little parchment<sup>c</sup>-like drums, one on each side of the body. These are played upon, not with sticks, but by muscles or cords fastened to the inside of the drums. It is the male insect only that is musical.†

4. The cicāda has been celebrated for its song from the most ancient times. To the ancient Greeks no sound was more agreeable than the *chirping*, as it was called, of the cicādas, not only because it seemed to give life to the solitude of the shady grove and academic walks, but because it always conveyed to their minds the idea of a perfectly happy being.

5. So delighted were they with its song, that they kept it in cages, and called it "the Nightingale of the Nymphs"—"the Sweet Prophet of Summer"—"the Love of the Muses." Indeed, it was regarded by all as the happiest, as well as the most innocent of beings.

6. The Roman poet, Virgil, thus speaks of the cicāda, as translated into English rhyme:

While the scorching sun beats down upon the plain,  
The bushes echo with the hoarse cicāda's strain.

The following satirical couplet, as translated from an ancient Greek philosopher, who wrote a work on Natural History, shows that the ancients were acquainted with the fact that the female of the cicāda is dumb:

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\* See Fourth Reader, p. 151.

† See Fourth Reader, p. 139, Note. See, also, Lessons XLV. and LX.

"Happy the cicadas' lives,  
Since they all have voiceless wives."

7. One species of the cicāda of this country, commonly known as the "seventeen-years' locust," is of a black color, with large red eyes, and transparent<sup>d</sup> wings with reddish veins. It is remarkable for remaining in the ground, in the grub or larva state, during a period of seventeen years, at the end of which time it comes forth, bursts its skin or shell-like covering, and for the first time displays<sup>e</sup> its wings.

8. It lives as a winged insect only a few weeks, during which time it seems to take no nourishment, for it has no mouth, and could only suck the dew of leaves. The females are provided with a curiously-contrived piercer for perforating<sup>f</sup> the limbs of trees, in which they place their eggs. As these hatch, the little grubs fall to the earth, enter the ground, and there remain during the long period of seventeen years, when they come forth winged insects, as before described. Many of the branches in which the eggs are laid soon languish and die, and thus orchards and forest-trees often suffer severely.\*

9. There are several other species of the cicāda in the United States, one of which, similar in form, habits, and in its shrill drumming, to the former, may be called the dog-day harvest-fly. The top of its head, thorax, and its wings and legs, are ornamented with olive-green markings. The habits of the well-known tree-hoppers, represented in the engraving, are similar to those of the cicādas.

<sup>a</sup> DIS-TIN'-GUISHED, known; recognized.

<sup>b</sup> IN-CLUDES', contains; embraces.

<sup>c</sup> PARCH'-MENT, sheep or goat skin prepared for writing on.

<sup>d</sup> TRANS-PĀ'-RENT, which may be seen through, like glass.

<sup>e</sup> DIS-PLAYS', unfolds; shows.

<sup>f</sup> PER'-FO-RA-TING, piercing; boring holes in.

[What are half-winged insects. Their sucking tubes. Changes of form. Bugs embraced in this order. The cicādas. Their musical instruments. The seventeen-years' locust. The females. Injuries to trees. The dog-day harvest-fly. Tree-hoppers. Celebrity of the cicada for its song. Virgil's mention of the cicada. What is the *satire* conveyed in the closing couplet of the 6th verse ?]

\* The "seventeen-years' locust" does not appear in the same year in all parts of the country, but may be seen in some portion of the United States almost every year. In the *same* locality, however, it has been observed to appear, in large numbers, only at intervals of seventeen years.

## LESSON CII.

## MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

[FOURTH ORDER OF INSECTS: *Lepidoptera*, OR SCALE-WINGED.]

AMERICAN MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES, *natural size*. 1. The Asterias Butterfly. 2. The Caterpillar of the same. 3. The Chrysalis, or pupa, from which comes the butterfly. 4. The Apple-moth. 5. The beautiful *Deiopeia*. 6. Carolina Sphinx. 7. Meal-moth. 8. Wax Galleria, or Bee-moth. 9. Azure-blue Butterfly. [See page 311.]

## TO THE BUTTERFLY.

1. CHILD of the sun! pursue<sup>a</sup> thy rapturous<sup>b</sup> flight,  
Mingling<sup>c</sup> with her thou lov'st in fields of light;  
And where the flowers of paradise unfold,  
Quaff<sup>d</sup> fragrant<sup>e</sup> nectar<sup>f</sup> from their cups of gold;  
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,  
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy.<sup>g</sup>  
Yet wert thou once a worm! a thing that crept  
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept!  
And such is man—soon, from his cell of clay,  
To burst a seraph<sup>h</sup> in the blaze of day!—ROGERS.

2. The most beautiful, and to most people the most in-

teresting order of insects, is that which includes moths and butterflies. These insects, in comparison with all others, are well entitled to the rank of nobility; for among them we find no impudent spongers,<sup>i</sup> as among the flies; no parasites,<sup>j</sup> as in some of the wingless insects; no working class, as among the bees and ants; no musicians, as among the crickets, grasshoppers, and cicādas; but all of them are aristocratic idlers.

3. Clothed with silver, and gold, and purple, and ornamented with ever-varying splendor, they have naught to do but to seek their own pleasure, and charm away their brief existence fluttering from bough to bough, and satiating<sup>k</sup> themselves with the sweet nectar<sup>f</sup> of flowers. Yet these harmless, gay, and beautiful rovers were once mere crawling caterpillars, next to locusts the most destructive of all insects to vegetation.\* Many of the caterpillars are so voracious<sup>l</sup> that they consume more than twice their own weight in twenty-four hours.

4. The wings of most of these insects, always four in number, are covered with a mealy powder, and the microscope shows us that this powder consists of little scales, which lap over one another like the scales of fishes. Their bodies are also more or less covered with the same kind of scales, together with hair or down in some species. They have no mouth, but a tubular tongue for sucking up the honey of flowers; and this, when not in use, is coiled up beneath the head. The legs are six in number, the feet are five-jointed, and each is terminated by a pair of claws.

5. The insects of this order are divided into three groups, called butterflies, hawk-moths, and moths. The butterflies have thread-like feelers, or antennæ,<sup>m</sup> generally knobbed at the end; their bodies are long and tapering; the fore wings in all, and all the wings in most kinds, are elevated, and placed back to back when at rest, and they fly by day only. Their caterpillars have sixteen legs.

6. The hawk-moths, several species of which are often

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\* See Lesson, page 164, Fourth Reader, for the *metamorphoses* of insects.

mistaken for humming-birds, generally have the antennæ<sup>m</sup> thickened at the middle, and tapering at each end; the wings are narrow in proportion to their length, and when at rest are sloping, like a roof. A few fly by day, but most of them in the morning and evening twilight.

7. In the millers, or moths proper, the antennæ taper from the base to the extremity;<sup>n</sup> and the wings, when at rest, like those of all the moths, are sloping. Most of them have two little feelers growing from their under lips. The moths fly mostly by night. The domestic moths, in their caterpillar state, are very destructive to woolen cloths. It is the caterpillar of the silk-worm moth that furnishes, in its cocoon, the costly silks of commerce; and this cocoon is none other than the silken shroud which the caterpillar spins, in which it wraps itself, and from which it comes forth a winged insect.

8. The caterpillars of the butterflies and moths present an almost endless variety in their forms and habits. Some are exceedingly beautiful. Although the bodies of all are composed of twelve rings or divisions, yet, while some species have eight pairs of feet, others have seven, six, five, or only four pairs. Those that have eight pairs of feet walk slowly and uniformly;—others arch their bodies in walking, and are known as measuring-worms. Those that have only four pairs of feet often stand erect on their hind feet for hours.

9. Some are general feeders; others, like the silk-worm and the potato-worm, feed on particular plants only. Some species eat only in the morning and evening, some during the whole day, and others only at night. Some lead solitary lives; others dwell in communities, and build in common their comfortable silk dwellings. Most of them change their skin about four times, after which they cease eating, and wind themselves up in silken cocoons, from which they come forth winged insects, fully grown—beautiful idlers, leading a short life of gayety and pleasure.

10. Lo! the bright train their radiant<sup>p</sup> wings unfold,  
 With silver fringed, and freckled o'er with gold.  
 On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower  
 They, idly fluttering, live their little hour;  
 Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,  
 All spring their age, and sunshine all their day.—BARBAULD.

<sup>a</sup> PUR-SUE', continue.

<sup>b</sup> RAIT'-UR-OUS, joyful.

<sup>c</sup> MIN'-GLING, flying without order.

<sup>d</sup> QUAFF, sip.

<sup>e</sup> FRA'-GRANT, sweet-smelling; odorous.

<sup>f</sup> NEO'-TAR, the honey of flowers.

<sup>g</sup> EC'-STA-SY, joy; intense delight.

<sup>h</sup> SER'-APH, an angel.

<sup>i</sup> SPONG'-ERS, those who *sponge* their living from others.

<sup>j</sup> PAR'-A-SITE, an insect that lives in, and feeds upon, the body of another insect.

<sup>k</sup> SA'-TIA-TING (sa'-sha-ting), glutting.

<sup>l</sup> VO-RA'-CIOUS, greedy; ravenous.

<sup>m</sup> AN-TEN'-NÆ, usually called *horns*, or *feel-ers*.

<sup>n</sup> EX-TREM'-I-TY, end; terminating point.

<sup>o</sup> U'-NI-FORM-I-Y, with equal motion of all parts of the body.

<sup>p</sup> RA'-DI-ANT, shining with darting rays.

[The lesson opens with a beautiful address to the butterfly by the poet Rogers. What striking *simile* is here introduced? Moths and butterflies compared with other insects. Their gay and happy life. Moths and butterflies described. Three groups of them—butterflies, hawk-moths, and moths. The silk-worm moth. Caterpillars. Butterflies, etc., described by Mrs. Barbauld.]

## LESSON CIII.

### THE PRINCESS AND THE SILK-WORM.

1. As a silk-worm, reclining on a rush hurdle,<sup>a</sup> was one day gratefully making her humble repast<sup>b</sup> from the mulberry-leaf, a proud princess passed that way. As

"This haughty child of a human king  
 Threw a sidelong glance at the humble thing,"

it is said that

"She shrank, half scorn and half disgust,  
 Away from her sister child of the dust;  
 Declaring she never *yet* could see  
 Why a reptile form like *this* should be;  
 That *she* was not made with nerves so firm  
 As calmly to look at a 'crawling worm!'"

2. The meek little silk-worm made no reply to these taunting<sup>c</sup> words, and the spurning<sup>d</sup> look which accompanied them; for, as she herself was a stranger to pride and selfishness, she had none of those feelings of resentment for abuse which often torment the *human* breast.

"She only wished, for the harsh abuse,  
 To find some way to become of use



To the haughty daughter of lordly man ;  
 And thus did she lay a noble plan  
 To teach her wisdom, and make it plain  
 That the humble worm was not made in vain."

3. But this plan—what was it? It was so generous and noble, that, to carry it out, she must even die! And this, which I am going to relate, is "The Silk-worm's Will," informing us of the gift which, in noble revenge for an insult, she bequeathed<sup>e</sup> to the haughty princess, and, through her, to our race.

#### THE SILK-WORM'S WILL.

4. "'No more,' said she, 'will I drink or eat!  
 I'll spin and weave me a winding-sheet,<sup>f</sup>  
 To wrap me up from the sun's clear light,  
 And hide my form from her wounded sight.
5. "'In secret, then, till my end draws nigh,  
 I'll toil for her; and, when I die,  
 I'll leave behind, as a farewell boon<sup>g</sup>  
 To the proud young princess, my whole cocoon,  
 To be reeled and wove to a shining lace,  
 And hung in a veil o'er her scornful face!
6. "'And when she can calmly draw her breath  
 Through the very threads that have caused my death';  
 When she finds, at length, she has nerves so firm  
 As to wear the shroud of a crawling worm',  
 May she bear in mind that she walks with pride  
 In the winding-sheet where the silk-worm died!'"

<sup>a</sup> RUSH HUR'-DLE, a frame or couch made of rushes.

<sup>b</sup> RE-PAST', a meal.

<sup>c</sup> TAUNT'-ING, reproaching; upbraiding.

<sup>d</sup> SPURN'-ING, disdainful; rejecting with disdain.

<sup>e</sup> BE-QUEATHED', gave or left by will.

<sup>f</sup> WIND'-ING-SHEET, a sheet in which a corpse is wrapped.

<sup>g</sup> BOON, a gift.

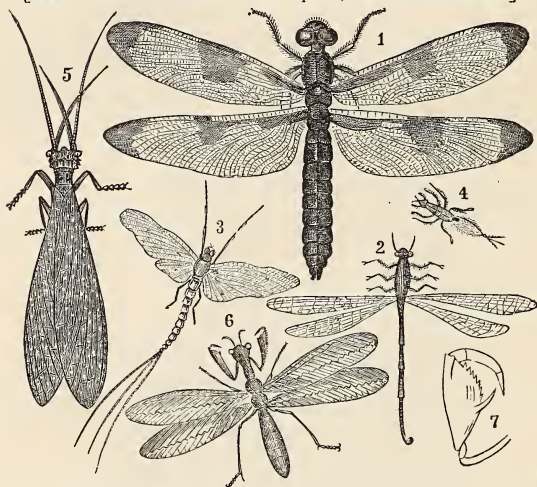
[The story of the Princess and the Silk-worm, told partly in prose and partly in verse, is a picture of pride and arrogance, contrasted with meekness and humble worth. "The Silk-worm's Will," by showing how lowly are often the objects of human pride and vanity, should teach all a lesson of humility.

*Note.*—The ancients, with deep meaning, made the butterfly an emblem of immortality. The good Sir Thomas Browne remarked that the strange and mystical changes he had observed in silk-worms turned his philosophy into divinity! St. Paul sets us the example of teaching from the analogies of Nature, when he argues the resurrection of the body from the resurrection of vegetable life out of decayed seed. "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die!" But moral lessons from Nature are often most forcibly presented in the form of *allegories*, of which an example is given in the Lesson, "Not lost, but gone before," p. 289.]

## LESSON CIV.

### NERVE-WINGED INSECTS.

[FIFTH ORDER OF INSECTS: *Neuroptera*, OR NERVE-WINGED.]



AMERICAN NERVE-WINGED INSECTS, *natural size*. 1. Common Dragon-fly. 2. The Agrion Dragon-fly. 3. Day-fly, or May-fly. 4. Grub, or *larva*, of the same. 5. Horned Corydalid. 6. A Mantispan. 7. The magnified claw of the Mantispan. [See page 311.]

1. THE nerve-winged insects are distinguished<sup>a</sup> principally by their four delicate net-like wings, all of which are equally fitted for rapid flight. They have jaws, but they have neither sting nor piercer. Most of the species are almost always in motion like swallows, and, catching their prey with their feet while flying, they devour it in the air.

2. Many of them deposit<sup>b</sup> their eggs in ponds, in which their *larvæ*, or grubs, live one or two years; but when the time for their metamorphosis arrives, they crawl from the water, throw off their covering, and launch forth upon the air, the gayest of winged insects.

3. The most conspicuous<sup>c</sup> of the insects of this order

are the dragon-flies, which are sometimes called "darning-needles." They are abundant in this country. Though often a source of terror to children, they are harmless insects, and beautiful too, and may be handled without fear.

4. Yet, when darting rapidly through the air in search of their prey, they are like roving freebooters,<sup>d</sup> for they feed upon all insects which they can overpower. If several of them be shut up in a house for a short time, they will effectually rid it of flies, musquitoes, and other troublesome household pests.

5. Among the net-winged insects are the ant-lions, the brilliant lace-wing flies, and also those wonderful little creatures, the *termites*, or *white ants* of Africa. (See p. 306.) Here are also found the far-famed *ephemera*,<sup>e</sup> or day-flies, sometimes called *May-flies*, "insects of a day," a name given them many centuries ago by Aristotle and Pliny. In the grub or *larva* form the *ephemera* live two or three years in their birthplace, the water, or in a little cavern which they form in the bank of the stream.

6. At length, on some sunny day in May, they may be seen in great numbers starting up from the surface of our rivers, lakes, and ponds; quickly throwing off their water-cloaks, they appear with two pairs of gauzy, citron-colored wings; and after sporting a few hours in the sunshine, they deposit<sup>b</sup> their eggs, and die, like an expiring candle, "extinguished—not decayed." Thine, little brilliant rover, was, indeed, an "*ephemeral*" existence; but thy last day was a happy one.

7.           "Thy day without a cloud hath passed,  
              And thou wert lovely to the last,  
              Extinguished—not decayed;  
              As stars that shoot along the sky  
              Shine brightest as they fall from high."

<sup>c</sup> DIS-TIN'-GUISHED, made known by.

<sup>b</sup> DE-POS'-IT, lay; place.

<sup>e</sup> CON-SPIC'-U-ous, open to view; best known.

<sup>d</sup> FREE'-BOOT-ERS, robbers; plunderers.

<sup>e</sup> E-PHEM'-E-RA. This is a Greek word, meaning *for a day*.

[Nerve-winged insects described. Their eggs and *larvæ*. The dragon-flies. Other insects of this order. The day-flies, or May-flies. Their larva state, sudden metamorphosis, and brief existence of the perfect insect. What striking *simile* closes the lesson?]

## LESSON CV.

## TO THE DAY-FLY.

1. **THY** joyous gambols<sup>a</sup> as I see,  
Day-fly', I'd almost wish to be  
Such thing of brief duration';<sup>b</sup>  
To sport, like thee, one little day,  
Nor pass through years of slow decay',  
To reach life's termination'.<sup>c</sup>
2. But ah'! what graceless<sup>d</sup> wish breathed I!  
How little knowledge, brilliant fly',  
Of thy existence showing!  
Still less of what I call my own'!  
How heedless of the precious boon,<sup>e</sup>  
And Him to whom 'tis owing'!
3. Bright insect', ere thy filmy wing,  
Expanding<sup>f</sup> on the breath of spring,  
Quivered with brief enjoyment',  
'Twas thine for years immured<sup>g</sup> to dwell  
Within a lone and gloomy cell,  
To eat—thy sole enjoyment.
4. Within that cavern dark and dank,<sup>h</sup>  
Scooped in a streamlet's oozy bank,  
Its walls the water laving',<sup>i</sup>  
Thy form and nature incomplete',  
Earth was thy home', and earth thy meat',  
So coarse and vile thy craving'.<sup>j</sup>
5. To these long years—thy life's dark part—  
How much within my earth-bound heart  
Too close resemblance holding'!  
But light and joy, for *one day* thine,  
From *age to age* may yet be mine,  
Their endless beams unfolding.

*Episodes of Insect Life.*

<sup>a</sup> GAM'-BOLS, sportive movements.

<sup>b</sup> DU-RA'-TION, existence.

<sup>c</sup> TERM-IN-A'-TION, end.

<sup>d</sup> GRACE'-LESS, ungracious; unthankful.

<sup>e</sup> BOON, gift of life.

<sup>f</sup> EX-PAND'-ING, opening; spreading forth.

<sup>g</sup> IM-MURED', imprisoned; confined within walls.

<sup>h</sup> DANK, moist; wet.

<sup>i</sup> LĀV'-ING, washing.

<sup>j</sup> CRĀV'-ING, hungering for food.

[The happy, though brief life of the day-fly, at first inclines the writer of this little poem to wish that *his* life might be as short, if it could only be as happy, and terminate without passing through those "years of slow decay" incident to humanity; but on reflecting that the day-fly had already passed through *its* "dark part" of life, immured for years in a gloomy cavern, he traces a resemblance between *its* life and his own, and closes with the joyous thought that, though the insect was allowed *one* day of happiness, light and joy might be *his* throughout endless ages.]

## LESSON CVI.

## NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

*An Allegory: adapted from "Parables from Nature."*



[Note.—The larva or grub of the dragon-fly lives in the water ten or twelve months, pursuing there its prey, until the time for its metamorphosis arrives. Then it crawls up out of the water upon the stem of some water-plant; a rent soon appears on its shoulders, from which comes forth the dragon-fly. The “coming out” of this winged tenant of the air may be observed, around our ponds and marshes, almost any day in the months of May and June.]

1. ON a certain day in June the little Grub of a Dragon-fly was busily engaged,<sup>a</sup> with his numerous companions, moving about among the plants at the bottom of the water in search of prey. So eager were all in their pursuit of the little insects on which they fed, that for a long time not one of them had spoken a word to the others.

2. The water formed a beautiful pond in the centre of a wood. Tall trees grew around it, and bulrushes and forget-me-nots fringed its borders. But down in the water was the home of the little Grubs—the only home they knew, for they could not live in the air. Water was, to them, the whole World of Life.

3. All at once the little Grub we spoke of broke the silence of the waters by these strange words. "I wonder," said he, "what becomes of the Frog when he climbs up out of this world, and disappears so that we do not even see his shadow—till, plop! he is among us again when we least expect him. Does any body know where he goes'?"

4. "Who cares'?" answered one of his companions who overheard the Grub's inquiry. "Look out for food for yourself," cried another, "and let other people's business alone."

5. "But I would like to know'," said the first speaker. "I can see all of you as you move about among the plants in the water here; but I followed a Frog just now as he went upward, and all at once he went to the side of the water, and then began to disappear, and presently<sup>b</sup> he was gone. Did he leave this world, do you think'? I wonder if there is any world beyond this'!"

6. "You idle, talkative fellow'," cried another, shooting by as he spoke. "Attend to the world you are *in*', and do not trouble yourself about what is *beyond* it. See what a morsel you have missed by your wonderings about nothing." So saying, the saucy speaker seized an insect which was flitting by right before the eyes of his friend.

7. The curiosity of the Grub was a little checked by these and similar remarks, and for a time he resumed<sup>c</sup> his employment of chasing prey; but, do what he would, he could not help thinking about the curious disappearance of the Frog, and again he began to tease his neighbors about it. *What becomes of the Frog when he leaves this world*, was the only subject of his thoughts and his inquiries.

8. He asked the minnows;<sup>d</sup> but they eyed him askance, and passed on without speaking, for they knew no more than he did of the matter; and the eels wriggled<sup>e</sup> away in the mud out of hearing, for they could not bear to be disturbed.

9. Suddenly there was a heavy splash in the water, and a large yellow Frog swam down to the bottom. "There'!



there! ask him; ask him where he has been, if you wish to know," said several voices at once.

10. So the Grub, in a very meek and modest manner, asked the Frog, "Can you tell me what there is beyond the world?" "What world do you mean?" cried the Frog, rolling his goggle<sup>f</sup> eyes round and round.

"This world, of course—*our* world," answered the Grub.

"This *pond*, you mean," remarked the Frog, with a sneer.

"I mean the place we live in, whatever you may choose to call it," cried the Grub, pertly.<sup>g</sup> "*I call it the world.*"

11. So the Frog tried to explain to the little Grub what there was beyond the water; but the Grub could not understand at all what the Frog meant by "dry land" and "air," although the Frog told him that the dry land was something like the sludge<sup>h</sup> at the bottom of the pond, only it was not wet, and that the air was as much like nothing as possible.

12. At length the Frog said, "I will make you an offer. If you choose to take a seat on my back, I will carry you up to dry land, and then you can judge for yourself what there is there, and how you like it."

13. The Grub readily accepted the offer, and seated himself on the back of the Frog, who, swimming gently upward, soon reached the bulrushes by the water's side. "Hold fast," cried the Frog; and then, raising his head out of the pond, he clambered up the bank and got upon the grass.

14. "Now, then, here we are," exclaimed he; but, when he looked around, the Grub was nowhere to be seen. As soon as the little fellow had come into the air, a heavy mist seemed to cover his eyes; he could no longer see; he gasped for breath; a deadly faintness came over him; he fell back into the water, and it was several seconds before he knew where he was.

15. "Horrible!" cried he, as soon as he could breathe freely again. "Beyond this world there is nothing but

death. The Frog has deceived me. He can not go *there*, at any rate."

16. And with these words the Grub moved away to his old occupation, contenting himself, for the present, in talking over with his friends what he had done, and where he had been.

17. What had become of the Frog was a mystery; but on the following day he suddenly made his appearance at the bottom of the pond. "*You* here again'!" cried the startled Grub; "you never left this world at all, then, and have only deceived' me."

18. But the Frog declared that he had gone forth out of the water; that he had lingered by the edge of the pond, waiting for the Grub to make his appearance; that he had hopped about in the grass, and had looked for his friend among the bulrushes, but in vain.

19. "At length, however," remarked the Frog, "I saw a sight which will make you wonder. Up the green stalk of one of those bulrushes I beheld one of your race slowly climbing. Very soon a rent seemed to come in the body of this grub, and by degrees there came forth from it one of those beautiful creatures that float through the air, and dazzle the eyes of all who see them. In fine, from the body of the grub came forth a glorious Dragon-fly!

20. "This beautiful creature poised' himself in the air for a moment. I saw his four gauzy wings flash back the sunshine; then he darted along — away, away over the water, to and fro, in circles that seemed to know no end. Then I plunged down to find you, for I knew you would rejoice in the news I brought. Is not the mystery all explained'? Do you not see what a glorious change will come upon *you* also, when the time comes for you to pass beyond this world'?"

21. "It is a wonderful story'!" observed the Grub. "Wonderful, indeed'!" repeated the Frog. "But can your account be depended upon'?" asked the Grub, with a doubtful air. "Little fellow," exclaimed the Frog, "your

doubts can not injure me, but may deprive yourself of a great comfort."

22. Not long after this the Grub felt a strange change coming over him; his limbs began to fail, and old age seemed to be upon him. The water began to feel suffocating to him; he felt a strong desire to rise upward to the borders of the world in which he had lived. And then he thought of the Frog's account, and began to feel that the mystery of his own fate must soon be solved.

23. His friends and relations gathered around him. He assured them of his confident hope that the happy change which the Frog had told them of would come upon *him* also. His friends entreated him to return to them, and tell them if the Frog's account were true.

24. Feeble was the voice, and languid were the movements of the Grub, as he rose upward through the water to the reeds and bulrushes that fringed its bank. Two of his brothers and a few of his friends accompanied him in his ascent, in the hope of witnessing whatever might take place above; but in this they were, of course, disappointed.

25. From the moment when, clinging with his feet to the stem of a bulrush, he passed from the water into the air, his companions saw him no more. Eyes fitted for the water only could not see beyond it; and the little group of mourning friends descended, mortified and sorrowful, to the bed of the pond.

26. Day after day these friends waited, but in vain, for the return of their brother. "He has forgotten us," cried some. "A death from which he can never awake has overtaken him," said others. "He will return to us yet," said a few.

27. From this time forth, one after another of the race departed, strong in the hope of that other world which the Frog had told them of. But many said, as their brethren never came back, "The story of that other world is false." Only a few murmured to one another, "We will not despair." There were always some that doubted and feared;

some that ridiculed; and some that hoped and looked forward, and spoke of their friends as "Not lost, but gone before."

28. But how was it with the Grub who had been the companion of the Frog? When he escaped from his prison-house near the surface of the water, and rose on glittering wings into the summer air, did he forget the dear ones he had so lately left?

29. Ah! far from it: and often did he come back, in his joyous flights, to the borders of that world which had once been the only world to him. To the waters of that forest pond, indeed, he could never more return; but often, we may suppose, he and his companions lingered near by to welcome some fresh arrival of kindred from below.

30. Oh, if those below could but have *seen* the joyful existence that awaited them above! But this could not be. They could only hope, and believe what had been told them, and wait till their own change should come—when the lowly Grub, that moved slowly about in the dark waters, should become a glorious Dragon-fly, borne on wings of glittering blue and green, and darting about in the sunlight in the rapture of a new life!

31. Beautiful forest pond, crowded with mysterious life, of whose secrets we know so little, who would not willingly linger by your banks for study and for thought! There let me sit and meditate, where the beech-tree spreads abroad her graceful arms; where the birds pour forth their music of joy; where the blue forget-me-not lifts its modest head, and the long grasses bend over their pictured shadows: there, where the gorgeous dragon-flies still hover on the surface of the water from which they have risen to a happier life, let me learn the lesson they would teach, that *I* may say of *my* loved companions departed in the faith and hope of a better world, "*Not lost, but gone before.*"

- <sup>a</sup> EN-GĀGED', occupied.
- <sup>b</sup> PRES'-ENT-LY, soon; quickly.
- <sup>c</sup> RE-SUMED', began again and continued.
- <sup>d</sup> MIN'-NŌWS, very small fresh-water fish.
- <sup>e</sup> WREG'-GLED, moved their bodies to and fro with short motions.

- <sup>f</sup> GOG'-GLE, full and staring.
- <sup>g</sup> PERT'-LY, saucily.
- <sup>h</sup> SLUDGE, mire; soft mud.
- <sup>i</sup> POISED, balanced.
- <sup>j</sup> SOLVED,

[This lesson is an ALLEGORY (see page xi), in which one subject is described in such a manner as to forcibly suggest and represent another. Thus the circumstances in the life of the larva of the dragon-fly, and the change from the form of a groveling worm to that of a beautiful and joyous winged insect, are described as we might easily imagine them, and in such a manner as to represent man's lowly condition here on earth—his trials, doubts, hopes, and fears, and the glorious change to which, through religious faith, he looks forward in another state of being. As is the nature of an allegory, the *real subject*—the *moral* of the lesson—is kept out of view, and the reader is left to discover it by his own reflection. In reality, the writer is drawing a picture of human life, and the good man's destiny through a glorious resurrection, while he *pretends* to be describing certain imaginary incidents and real metamorphoses in the history of the insect world.]

## LESSON CVII.

### VEIN-WINGED INSECTS.

[SIXTH ORDER OF INSECTS: *Hymenoptera*, OR VEIN-WINGED.]



AMERICAN VEIN-WINGED INSECTS, *natural size*. 1. Elm-tree Saw-fly. 2. Fir-tree Saw-fly. 3. Grape-vine Saw-fly. 4. Rose Saw-fly. 5. Slug-fly. 6. Slug-worm of the Slug-fly. 7. Oak Gall-wasp. 8. Mud-wasp. 9. Pigeon Tremex. [See page 312.]

1. THE vein-winged insects, which include the bees, wasps, and ants, vary greatly in size; for while some are smaller than a flea, others measure, with their long piercer,

several inches. They are distinguished by four thin, narrow, and strong wings,\* having branching veins; they have four nippers, or jaws; the females are armed with a venomous<sup>a</sup> sting, or with a piercer for boring or sawing the holes in which they deposit their eggs.

2. Hence the insects of this order may be divided into two groups, the *Stingers* and the *Piercers*. Most of them fly swiftly, and only during the daytime, and in fair weather; and they are able to keep on the wing much longer than most other insects. All of them pass through a complete change or *metamorphosis* in coming to maturity.<sup>b</sup>

3. But few of the insects of this order are injurious to vegetation; while the great usefulness of some them, their persevering industry, the wonderful ingenuity<sup>c</sup> with which they construct<sup>d</sup> their dwellings, the prudence and economy with which they collect and store up their food, and their care and affection for their young, have always rendered them objects of man's peculiar admiration.

4. So important are the honey-bees, that in all languages, ancient as well as modern, works have been written descriptive of them, and of the manner in which they should be treated; and the most exalted<sup>e</sup> and the purest minds that have ever drawn their moral illustrations from the Book of Nature, have singled out these little creatures as furnishing the most convincing evidence of the design and handiwork of a God.

5. Wasps are of several kinds, and they are scarcely less interesting in their habits than bees. The gall-wasps, or gall-flies, which have a piercer as thin as a hair, use it to deposit their eggs in the soft parts of plants, and thereby cause bunches of seeming fruits, called galls, which contain their young.

6. "Lo! at their fairy touch at once springs forth  
A magic growth of seeming fruits and flowers,  
Fair to the eye, and animate within  
By more than vegetative life."

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\* Some of the *an's* have no wings. See Fourth Reader, p. 202.

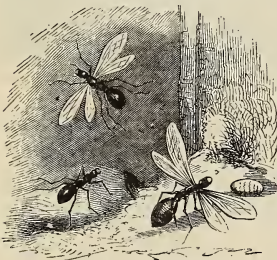


Such are the "oak-balls," so common in our forests; the "warts" on the leaves of willows and poplars; the "green apples" on the bush honeysuckle, or azalea; the famous "Dead Sea apples;" and the valuable dyer's galls of commerce, of which our best inks are made.

7. If we cut open one of these green galls, we shall often find it filled with a brood of living insects, for whose safe keeping the fruit-like home was permitted to grow in this wonderful manner. But, behold! there are thieves and robbers who invade this peaceful dwelling! A brilliant ichneumon fly often detects the hapless dwellers<sup>f</sup> in the gall-apple, pierces it, and deposits her own eggs in the very bodies of the young collected there, thus destroying the lives and usurping<sup>g</sup> the dwellings of the gall-fly's brood.

8. Included in this order are the mud-wasps, which build their houses of clay; the stump-wasp, which bores holes in old stumps and posts; the common wasp, and the hornet,

which build their houses of paper; the many species of bees, and those wonderful insects the common ants, whose habits and history have already been referred to.\* In this order are also found the saw-flies, or saw-wasps, whose sawing tools are so curiously formed, and the numerous ichneumon flies, which deposit their



Male Ant.  
Worker.

Female Ant.

eggs in the living bodies of other insects, such as caterpillars and grasshoppers, on which their young feed.

<sup>a</sup> VEN'-OM-ous, poisonous.

<sup>b</sup> MA-TU'-RI-TY, their complete or perfect state.

<sup>c</sup> IN-GE-NU'-I-TY, skill; power of invention.

<sup>d</sup> CON-STRUCT', build; erect.

<sup>e</sup> EX-ALT'-ED, noble; elevated in goodness.

<sup>f</sup> HAP'-LESS, unhappy; unlucky.

<sup>g</sup> U-SURP'-ING, taking possession of wrongfully.

[The vein-winged insects: how distinguished; their two groups; powers of flight; metamorphoses. Why they are objects of man's admiration. The honey-bees. Wasps, gall-flies, etc. Vegetable galls. Their inhabitants. Mud and stump wasps, hornets, ants, saw-flies, ichneumon flies, etc.]

\* See Fourth Reader, p. 208-213.

## LESSON CVIII.

## HUMBLE-BEES AND HONEY-BEES.



Humble-bees.

1. THE Humble-bees, or *Bumble-bees* as they are often called, from their buzzing sound, are of several species; but, like the honey-bee, every nest of them has its large female or queen, its workers, which are scarcely half the size of the queen, and its drones or males, larger than the workers; but the drones assist in repairing damages done to their dwelling, and are by no means so lazy as the honey-bee drones. There are also a few small females found in every nest late in autumn, and these alone survive<sup>a</sup> the winter, and become the founders and queens of new colonies in the coming spring.

2. One species of the humble-bee makes its nests in holes which it burrows<sup>b</sup> in the ground, and another in heaps of stones, or in little hillocks which it forms out of the dead grass in meadow-lands. What country lad has not enjoyed the cruel sport of breaking up a humble-bee's

nest and robbing it of its honey! When the humble-bees are irritated,<sup>c</sup> they fearlessly attack, with stinging vengeance, the disturbers of their homes.

3. A singular anecdote is related<sup>d</sup> by M. Huber, of some honey-bees who paid a visit to a nest of humble-bees that had been placed under a box not far from the hives of the former. It was a time of scarcity; and after the honey-bees had eaten or carried away all the honey in the nest, some humble-bees went out to collect provisions. On their return, the honey-bees thronged around them, licked them, and patted them in the most winning manner, and at length persuaded them to give up the honey which they had gathered! The humble-bees then flew away to collect a fresh supply. The honey-bees did them no harm, and never once presented their stings. This same proceeding was continued for more than three weeks, the humble-bees going out daily to gather food for their starving neighbors!

#### THE HONEY-BEE.

4. The honey-bee observe:  
 She too an artist<sup>e</sup> is, and laughs at man,  
 Who calls on rules the slightly hexagon<sup>f</sup>  
 With truth to form; a cunning architect,<sup>g</sup>  
 Who at the roof begins her golden work,  
 And builds without foundation. How she toils,  
 And still from bud to bud, from flower to flower,  
 Travels the livelong day.

5. Ye idle drones,  
 Who rather pilfer<sup>h</sup> than your bread obtain  
 By honest means like these, behold and learn  
 How good, how fair, how honorable 'tis  
 To live by industry.

HURDIS.

<sup>a</sup> SUR-VIVE', live through.

<sup>b</sup> BUR'-ROWS, digs.

<sup>c</sup> IR'-RI-TA-TED, made angry.

<sup>d</sup> RE-LA'-TED, told.

<sup>e</sup> ART'-IST, skillful workman.

<sup>f</sup> HEX'-A-GON, a plane figure of six sides

and six angles. The honey-bee, guided by instinct, forms its honey-comb cells of this figure.

<sup>g</sup> ARCH'-I-TECT, builder; a planner of buildings.

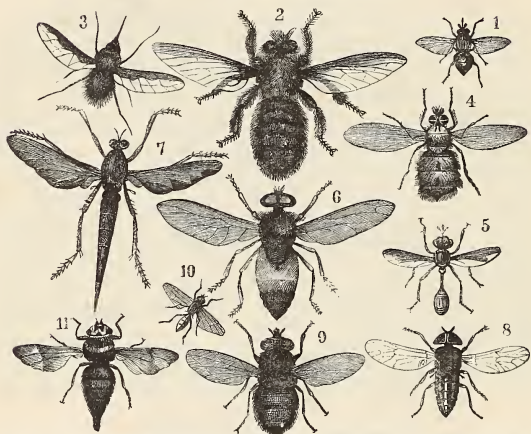
<sup>h</sup> PIL'-FER, steal; practice petty theft.

[Humble-bees: species; kinds in a nest. Their nests. Singular anecdote related of the humble-bees and honey-bees.

The honey-bee an artist: forms of its cells. The bees suspend their combs from above. Industry of the bees. Moral.]

## LESSON CIX.

## FLIES, OR TWO-WINGED INSECTS.

[SEVENTH ORDER OF INSECTS: *Diptera*.]

AMERICAN TWO-WINGED INSECTS, *natural size*. 1. Stable-fly. 2. Corslet Laphria. 3. Large Bee-fly. 4. Swift Tachina. 5. Wasp-like Conopian. 6. Orange-belted Horse-fly. 7. Silky Asilus. 8. Small Horse-fly. 9. Large Meat-fly. 10. Onion-fly. 11. Horse Bot-fly. [See page 312.]

1. THE insects of this order are those two-winged insects which are commonly called *flies*. They vary greatly in size; from the large ox-fly, to the little gnat so small that it can only be seen with a magnifying<sup>a</sup>-glass. The heads of these insects are large, and fastened to the thorax<sup>b</sup> by a very slender neck; the eyes are large, and compound, or honey-combed, occupying the whole of the sides of the head. A few species have three additional small eyes.

2. Some of these insects, like the house-fly, have a soft sucking-tube, or proboscis; others, like the musquito, have a hard, pointed sucking-tube, formed of bristles sharper than the finest needle, while others have simply a mouth. The flying insects of this order have three pairs of feet,

and thin, filmy wings, which produce a humming sound when flying. Some of their young, like the larvæ of the musquito, live in the water; but the greater number of them live in dirt, spoiled meats, fruit, etc.

3. The best known of the insects of this order found in the United States are the large gad-flies, or bot-flies, so annoying to horses and oxen; the common horse-fly; the little brown cheese-fly, not larger than a small ant; the house-fly, and the musquito; the far-famed Hessian-fly, and other wheat-flies. Numerous flies of this order prey on other insects, catching them on the wing or on plants, and sucking out their juices. The young of many species live and undergo their changes in the bodies of other insects, particularly caterpillars, which they thereby destroy.

4. The eggs of the common musquito, to the number of several hundred, are deposited on the surface of stagnant water, and glued together so as to form a kind of boat, which floats on the surface. In two or three days the eggs hatch; the *larvæ* come out of the lower end of the egg, and descend into the water, when they are known as *wrigglers*. In this state the insect comes frequently to the surface for air, which it takes in through a tube made of hairs, placed near the small end of the body. After an existence of two or three weeks in the water, it changes to the *pupa* form, and floats on the surface; and in one week more the upper part of the skin of the pupa suddenly bursts open, and out flies the full-winged musquito!

5. That thirsty blood-sucker, the flea, although it has no wings, has been placed among the insects of this order. Even this troublesome little creature has in it much to excite our admiration. We can fully realize<sup>d</sup> its wonderful muscular power only by comparing it with the larger animals. It can leap two hundred and fifty times its own length. If a man six feet high were able to do the same thing, he could easily jump a quarter of a mile; and it would be but a trifle for him to vault<sup>e</sup> over the highest steeples, or over the loftiest of the Pyramids of Egypt.



The grasshopper has a muscular power scarcely less wonderful.

\* MAG'-NI-FY-ING, making greater; increasing the size.

<sup>b</sup> THO'-RAX, the chest part; the part between the head and abdomen. See p. 265.

<sup>c</sup> EX-CITE', call forth ; cause.

<sup>d</sup> RE'-AL-ĪZE, fully understand.

**V** **VAULT**, leap; jump.

[Flies, or two-winged insects. Their size, heads, eyes. Their feeding apparatus, feet, wings. Their larvæ. The best known of these insects. On what many of them feed. Muscular power of some insects.]

## LESSON CX.

TO A MUSQUITO.

1. THOU sweet musician, that around my bed  
Dost nightly come, and wind<sup>a</sup> thy little horn,  
By what unseen and secret influence led,  
Feed'st thou my ear with music till 'tis morn'<sup>?</sup>  
Tell me the burden<sup>b</sup> of thy ceaseless song:  
Is it thy evening hymn of grateful prayer',  
Or lay<sup>c</sup> of love', thou pipest<sup>d</sup> through the long  
Still night'? With song dost drive away dull care'?
2. The hues of dying sunset are most fair;  
And twilight's tints, just fading into night,  
Most dusky soft; and so thy soft notes are  
*By far the sweetest when thou takest thy flight.*  
The swan's *last note* is sweetest, so is *thine*;  
Sweet are the wind-harp's tones, at distance heard;  
'Tis sweet, at distance, at the day's decline,  
To hear the opening song of evening's bird;  
But notes of harp or bird at distance float  
Less sweetly on the ear than thy *last note*.—E. SANFORD.

<sup>a</sup> WĪND, to blow; to sound by blowing.

<sup>b</sup> BUR'-DEN, subject.

c LĀY, song.

<sup>d</sup> Pi'-PEST, playest, as on a wind instrument.

[In this little poem the musquito is represented as making its humming music by *pip-ing*—that is, by blowing through its tubular mouth-piece, or *trumpet*. This fiction, though allowable in poetry, should not find place in sober prose. From time immemorial this same *trumpeting* has been attributed to the musquito. Thus Homer, in his *Battle of the Frogs*, says,

"For their sonorous *trumpets* far renowned,  
Of battle, the dire charge, musquitos sound."

In Guiana musquitos are called the devil's *trumpeters*. But no insect uses its mouth for making a noise of any kind. Nor is the *hum* of the musquito made by the simple motion of its wings; for early in the spring, before it is thirsty for blood, the musquito makes no sound in flying. The noise seems to be made, when the wings are in motion, by a peculiar apparatus at their base, but why at one time more than at another is still unknown.

In the second verse of the above poem the writer praises the sweetness of the mosquito's *last* note, although its only sweetness consists in the fact that it is the *last* note—sweet because of the anticipation that it is to be heard no more. Although the words are strictly truthful, they convey a false meaning. This species of feigned admiration is *false praise*, or *irony*. See page xi. Give the reason for the *inflections* in the 6th, 7th, and 8th lines of the first verse.]



LESSON CXI.  
THE HABITATIONS OF INSECTS.

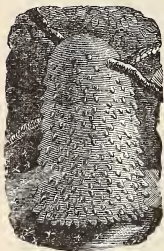


An East Indian Wasp's Nest.

1. IF we are to estimate<sup>a</sup> the sagacity<sup>b</sup> of different orders and species of animals by the skill which they display in the construction of their dwellings, we shall, beyond doubt, assign<sup>c</sup> by far the highest place to insects. The varied forms shown in the nests of birds, and the regular villages of the beaver, wonderful as they doubtless are, must yield the palm to the nests of wasps and bees, the silken tents of caterpillars, and the substantial, immense, and beautiful mason-work of the "white ants" of Africa.

2. At the head of this lesson is represented the nest of a species of *Po-lis'-tēs*, a wasp of the East Indies. The nest, formed of an exceedingly firm kind of paper which this wasp only knows how to manufacture, is remarkable for the singular manner in which it is supported, and for its elegant spreading form. It will be seen, from the

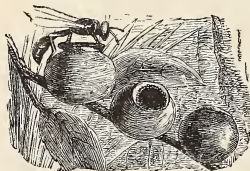
drawing, that it is attached<sup>d</sup> by a single footstalk to the upper side of the branch of a tree. How wonderfully the insect must manage the comb, so that it shall be balanced on its slender support! And when the cells are filled with the heavy larvæ, or grubs, the young of the wasp, the difficulty must be greatly increased.



Nest of *Myrapetra*, 18 inches long.

3. A honey-making South American wasp, called the *My-ra-pē'-tra*, forms its nest of a very firm and rough kind of brownish paper, which it manufactures from vegetable fibres. As seen in the drawing, the nest is covered with little sharp-pointed projections, beneath which are the entrances of the wasps. The interior is filled with tiers of cells, between which are numerous galleries for the wasps to pass to all parts of the dwelling.

4. The different species of mud-wasps found in our own country form their earthen cells in a great variety of ways. The little insect here



Mud-wasp of South America.

shown is also a South American wasp. It sometimes fastens its nests to branches of trees; but it has a great fancy for the corners of verandas,<sup>e</sup> where it builds whole rows of cells, buzzing loudly,

and attracting attention by the noise which it makes.

5. But we purpose<sup>f</sup> to notice here, more at length, the habitations of the termites, or white *ants*,<sup>\*</sup> falsely so called, which are found in tropical<sup>g</sup> countries; but these will serve to show the peculiar instincts and wonderful sagacity<sup>b</sup> with which some insects are endowed,<sup>h</sup> although the dwellings, habits, and history of some species of the gen-

<sup>\*</sup> Though called *white ants*, they are not *ants* at all, but are of the same order as the dragon-flies, May-flies, and all the "lace wings."

vine ants in our own country are but little less wonderful. There is no other insect, however, that approaches the termite in the size of its building, or the stone-like solidity of the structure.

6. One species of the African white ants, scarcely a quarter of an inch in length, forms conical or dome-shaped dwellings of clay, nearly as hard as stone, and sometimes rising to the height of twenty feet from the surface of the earth, with a diameter of thirty feet at the base, covered by a vast interior dome, and often adorned with numerous turrets<sup>i</sup> and pinnacles.<sup>j</sup> A cluster of these structures might be mistaken for a negro village; and they are, in fact, sometimes larger than the huts which the natives inhabit.

7. In the lower and central part of this habitation of the ants is the *royal chamber*, a room with arched ceilings, in which the king and queen constantly reside. Surrounding the royal chamber are placed what may be called the *royal apartments*, consisting of numerous rooms with vaulted<sup>k</sup> ceilings, communicating with one another, and occupied by soldiers and attendants, of whom many thousands are always in waiting, to guard the persons or attend to the wants of their royal master and mistress.

8. Next to the royal apartments come the *nurseries* and the *magazines*, the former filled with eggs and infants, and the latter always well stocked with provisions, consisting chiefly of gums and other juices of plants. These magazines and nurseries, connected by small galleries, extend on all sides nearly to the outer wall of the building, and upward, in several stories, two thirds or three fourths of its height.

9. In the centre, under the dome, and over the royal chamber, is an extensive open area,<sup>l</sup> having its vaulted<sup>k</sup> roof supported by several arches, of which those in the middle are two and three feet high. The dome or roof of the upper chamber is water-proof; and the floor of the chamber is water-proof also, and so contrived<sup>m</sup> as to let



Habitations of the Ter'-mites, or "White Ants."

[Ant-hills in the distance. On the right a vertical section of an ant-hill, showing the cells and passages. A. Royal Cell. B. Upper Chamber. *b, b.* Nurseries and Magazines. *c, c.* Subterranean passages. At *d, e,* and *f* are shown the worker ant, queen, and soldier, of the natural size. The queen's body, however, grows to be *three or four inches in length*, and nearly an inch in diameter.]

any rain that may chance to get in run off, without injury to the dwelling or its inhabitants.

10. There are also subterranean<sup>a</sup> passages, often more than a foot in diameter, and perfectly cylindrical,<sup>o</sup> which extend downward three or four feet, and then branch out horizontally<sup>p</sup> on every side, sometimes to the distance of several hundred feet. They are the grand outlets by which the termites carry on their depredations at a distance from their habitations, and whence they obtain the clay for building and repairs. These passages, at their entrance into the interior, are connected with ascending galleries, like roads cut out of the side of a mountain, which give the inhabitants an easy ascent into the upper parts of the dwelling.

11. But might it not be of some interest to know who

are the inhabitants of this wonderful city, and what are their manners, customs, habits, and history? The great mass of the inhabitants is found to consist of a class called *workers*—the smallest of the ants, who erect and repair the buildings, collect provisions, wait upon the queen, convey her eggs to the nurseries, and take care of them and the young. These workers are the insects in their *larvæ* form, and, although they are entirely blind, they are guided in their labors by an unerring instinct.

12. There is also a class called *neuters*, who are also blind. They are less in number than the workers, but they greatly exceed them in size, and have immense heads, armed with long and powerful jaws. They are *soldiers* by birth and profession, and theirs is the duty of acting as sentinels, and of defending their homes when attacked; and some of them are always to be found in the royal chamber, acting as body-guard to the king and queen, whom they will defend, even unto death, against all enemies. Vast numbers of males and females are also found in the ant-hills near the close of every season, and these alone have wings.

13. When any one is bold enough to attack a termite fortress and make a breach<sup>a</sup> in its walls, the workers, who are incapable of fighting, retire within, and the soldiers rush forth in the greatest rage and fury. Woe to him whose hands or legs they seize upon; for their fanged<sup>r</sup> jaws strike deep, and they never quit their hold, even though they are pulled limb from limb. Whenever the walls are injured the laborers soon repair them, thousands of them bringing up, from the underground pits or passages, little bits of well-worked mortar, which they arrange in perfect order, and which soon becomes nearly as hard as stone. Though thousands—perhaps often millions—thus work together, and although they are totally blind, they never embarrass or interrupt one another.

14. The following is a brief history of the founding of one of their colonies. When, at the close of the dry sea-



son of the year, two or three, or half a dozen of the workers, who are always roaming about, meet with a pair of the male and female ants, they seize upon them; and although they treat them with the greatest tenderness, make them their king and queen, and build for them a little mansion of clay, they never allow them to pass beyond the royal chamber, which henceforth becomes at once their palace and their prison. Like many human potentates,<sup>s</sup> they have purchased their sovereignty<sup>t</sup> at the dear rate of the sacrifice of liberty!

15. When the queen is fairly settled she grows rapidly, and it is said that, in time, her body equals in size the bodies of twenty thousand workers! She also produces, during a life of two years, an almost countless number of eggs, sometimes at the rate of eighty thousand in twenty-four hours! As she increases in size, the walls of the royal chamber are pulled down and enlarged for her accommodation. The workers are also constantly occupied in building new apartments for the eggs and the young.

16. The eggs are carried by the workers to the royal nurseries, where some become workers, and some soldiers, and these are without wings; others become winged males and females. The latter, when fully grown, go forth in immense swarms to found new colonies; but, as they soon cast off their wings, and have none of the fighting qualities of the *soldiers*, most of them become the prey of bats, birds, reptiles, and of other insects. Even the natives consider them an excellent article of food.

17. Were it not for these numerous checks to their increase, they would soon swarm in such numbers as to lay waste vast regions of country; for, in a few days, a colony of them will bore down and actually consume the largest trees in the neighborhood of their dwelling. Some of these insects have found their way, probably by ships, into southern France and Spain, where they are very much dreaded, as trees, garden-fences, and almost entire buildings have actually been *eaten up* by them.



18. If these creatures, who perform such wonderful labors, were equal to man in size, and if their turreted castles were increased in the same proportion, the latter would soar to the astonishing height of more than half a mile, and their tunnels would be more than three hundred feet in diameter! Before such structures the Pyramids of Egypt and the aqueducts<sup>u</sup> of Rome would lose all their celebrity,<sup>v</sup> and dwindle into insignificance.

\* ES'-TI-MĀTE, calculate; form an opinion of.

° SA-GĀ'-CI-TY, wisdom; foresight; discernment.

c AS-SIGN', give; allot.

d AT-TACHED', fastened; bound; united.

e VE-RAN'-DA, open portico, or stoop.

f PUR'-POSE, intend; design.

g TROP'-IC-AL, warm; within the torrid zone.

h EN-DOWED', furnished; gifted by nature.

i TUR'-RETS, small towers rising above the main building.

j PIN'-NA-CLES, the slender spires of a turret.

k VAULT'-ED, arched.

l A'-RE-A, plain surface, as the floor of a room.

m CON-TRIVED', constructed; planned.

n SUB-TER-RĀ'-NE-AN, underground.

° CYL-IN'-DRIC-AL, round; of uniform diameter.

p HOR-I-ZON'-TAL-LY, on a level.

q BEĒACH, break, or opening.

r FANGED, having long pointed teeth.

s PŌ'-TENT-ĀTE, a king; a monarch.

t SOV'-ER-EIGN-TY, supreme power; privilege of ruling.

u AQ'-UE-DUCT, a canal or tunnel for water.

v CE-LEB'-RI-TY, fame; renown.

[The sagacity of different species of animals, as shown in their dwellings. The nest of the Polistes wasp. The nest of the Myrapetra. Nests of a South American mud-wasp. The Termites, or white ants. Their conical clay dwellings. Royal chamber, royal apartments, nurseries, magazines, connecting galleries. Vaulted upper chamber. Subterranean passages. The inhabitants of this wonderful city. The workers. The neuter, or soldiers. The males and females. The defense of their habitations. Repairs of the walls. The founding of a Termite colony. The queen. Growth of the colony. Great destruction of the males and females. The works of the Termites compared with those of man.]

## THE FRUITFULNESS OF INSECTS.

1. WITH very few exceptions, insects are produced from eggs, most of which are laid in autumn and hatched in spring. Most insects are exceedingly prolific. The queen of the honey-bees lays fifty thousand eggs, and the female white ant forty or fifty millions in a year! It is calculated that the descendants of a little green Aphis, that infests plants, would number, in one season, if none of them were destroyed, not less than a thousand million millions! (See Fourth Reader, p. 212.)

2. If it were not for the ten thousand ways in which insects are destroyed—by exposure to the elements, by preying upon one another, and by furnishing food to higher orders of animals—they would soon swarm in such myriads that the earth itself could not contain them. And yet, so admirably are their relations with one another and with plants adjusted, that the just equilibrium of animal and vegetable life is seldom destroyed. Often the rapid increase of insects has a wise end in view. Linnæus calculated that three flesh flies, and their immediate progeny, would eat up the carcass of a horse sooner than a lion could do it. Where insects swarm—whether in the air or in the water—they act as scavengers to remove impurities that would otherwise be fruitful sources of disease.

## APPENDIX.

## DESCRIPTIONS OF THE INSECTS FIGURED IN THE FOREGOING PAGES.

## FIRST ORDER: SHEATH-WINGED INSECTS. Page 269.

1. COATED SAPERDA (*Saperda vestita*), covered with a close greenish-yellow down or nap. The grub is a destructive borer of the lindens or bass-woods.

2. GILDED DANDY (*Eumolpus auratus*), brilliant golden-green above, and deep purplish below. Found in great numbers on the leaves of the dog's-bane in July and August.

3. STRIPED CUCUMBER-BEETLE (*Galeruca vittata*), light yellow above, a black head, and a broad black stripe on each wing-cover.

4. SPURRED SAPERDA (*Saperda calcarata*), blue-gray, with dull yellow markings. Their grubs, yellowish-white borers, have almost entirely destroyed our Lombardy poplars.

5. PAINTED CLYTUS (*Clytus pictus*), a Capricorn beetle, velvet-black, ornamented with yellow bands. Their grubs are the most destructive borers of the locust-tree.

6 and 7. BROWN AND WHITE-STRIPED SAPERDA (*Saperda bivittata*). Its grub or larva (7) is very destructive to the apple, quince, and thorn trees. In May or June the grub changes to a winged beetle, and comes forth from the tree in the night only.

8. THREE-TOOTHED SAPERDA (*Saperda tridentata*), dark brown, with rusty red stripes and black dots. The grubs often destroy the elm.

9. RUSTY-BLACK CALLIDIUM (*Callidium bajulus*), found on the fir, spruce, and hemlock.

10. BLACK RICE-WEEVIL of the South (*Calandra oryzae*), differs from the wheat-weevil in having two red spots on each wing-cover.

11. BEAUTIFUL CLYTUS (*Clytus speciosus*), black, with yellow stripes and yellow legs. The grub bores into the trunk of the sugar-maple, where it forms long winding galleries.

12. VIOLET CALLIDIUM (*Callidium violaceum*), blue violet. The grubs are very destructive to pine-trees and pine lumber.

13 and 14. LADDER CHRYSOMELA (*Chrysomela scalaris*), dark green, with silvery wing-covers ornamented with green spots, and rose-red wings beneath them. A very beautiful beetle. 14. The grub. Found on the linden (bass-wood) and elm.

15 and 16. SEVEN-SPOTTED LADY-BIRD (*Coccinella septem-punctata*), yellowish-red wing-covers, with black spots. It looks like a colored turtle. 16. The grub of the same.

17. MILK-WEED BEETLE (*Asclepias Syriaca*, or *Chrysomela trimaculata*), blue, orange, and black. Found on the common milk-weed.

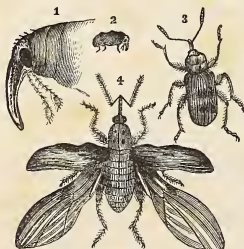
18. A LADY-BIRD flying. 19. A nine-spotted Lady-bird (*Coccinella novem-notata*) at rest; often found in great numbers on potato stalks and leaves, feeding on the plant-lice.

20. ROSE CHAFER (*Melolontha subspinosus*), body ashen yellow. One of the greatest scourges of our gardens and nurseries.

Page 270. MAY BEETLE (*Lachnosterna*, or *Phyllophaga quercina*), chestnut-brown, smooth, covered with little dots, as if pricked with the point of a needle.

Page 271. SIX-SPOTTED TIGER BEETLE (*Cicindela sexguttata*).

We have here given representations of the *Curculio*, or plum-weevil, which is said to be, of all insects, the most destructive to our common fruits. Fig. 1, side view of the head of the curculio magnified, showing the snout, antennae, and eye; 2, the curculio, natural size; 3, the curculio at rest, magnified; 4, the same, with wings expanded.



*Curculio Nenuphar.*

The common curculio is a dark, yellowish-brown beetle, scarcely one fifth of an inch long, exclusive of the snout, and with white, yellow, and black spots. It commits its worst ravages upon the plum, but sometimes infests the cherry, apple, apricot, nectarine, and peach. Soon after the fruit is set, it makes a small crescent-shaped incision with its snout through the tender skin, bores a little hole there, turns round, and places a single egg near the opening, and then, with its snout takes this egg and pushes it down to the bottom of the cavity; after which it covers the wound with a gummy substance, which holds the cut ends of the skin together. The insect hatched from the egg is a little whitish grub, without feet, but with a distinct, rounded, light-brown head. This grub burrows into the fruit, which thereby becomes diseased, and drops off before it is ripe, when the grub quits the fruit, burrows into the ground, and about three weeks later

comes forth a complete winged beetle.

## SECOND ORDER: STRAIGHT-WINGED INSECTS. Page 273.

1. STRIPED CRICKET (*Acheta vittata*), has wing-covers, but no true wings; dusky brown, with a black line along the sides of the wing-covers. Abundant.
2. SHORT-WINGED LOCUST (*Locusta curtispennis*), olive-gray and black; legs and body beneath yellow. Found in great numbers in low meadows.
3. CAROLINA LOCUST (*Locusta Carolina*), pale yellowish-brown; wings black, with a broad yellow hind margin. Abundant throughout the United States.
4. COCKROACH (*Blatta Orientalis*), flattish body; dirty yellowish-black color.
5. RED-LEGGED LOCUST (*Acridium femur-rubrum*), dirty olive and brown, with black, yellow, and brown markings; hindmost feet and shanks blood-red. Abundant.
6. GREEN-STRIPED LOCUST (*Locusta viridi fasciata*), green and dusky; fore and middle legs reddish. Common in pastures and meadow-lands.
7. BLACK FIELD-CRICKET (*Acheta abbreviata*), black, with a brownish tinge at the base of the wing-covers. Another smaller species is entirely black.
8. BROAD-WINGED GREEN GRASSHOPPER (*Phylloptera oblongifolia*), green; wing-covers shorter than the wings. It makes a whizzing sound when flying.
9. SLENDER GRASSHOPPER (*Orchelimum gracile*), light green; its piercer is brown.

## THIRD ORDER: HALF-WINGED INSECTS. Page 278.

- 1 and 2. CRESTED TREE-HOPPER (*Membracis ampelopsidis*, or *cissi*), reddish ash color; a thin crest on the middle of the thorax. Found on the common creeper.
3. DOG-DAY HARVEST-FLY, or Cicada (*Cicada canicularis*), body black above, with olive-green markings; whitish below; legs, and veins of wings and wing-covers green.
4. CHINCH-BUG (*Lygaeus leucopterus*), body black and downy; white wing-covers, with black markings; legs reddish-yellow. The young are without wings, bright red.
5. SQUASH-BUG (*Coreus tristis*), dusky-brown color above, and dirty-yellow beneath.
- 6 and 8. Other TREE-HOPPERS. On being disturbed, they suddenly leap five or six feet, then spread their wings and fly away.
7. "SEVENTEEN-YEARS' LOCUST," or Cicada (*Cicada septendecim*), a species of the harvest-fly; black, transparent wings and wing-covers, with orange-red veins; eyes red; legs dull orange, and rings of the body edged with the same.

## FOURTH ORDER: SCALE-WINGED INSECTS. Page 281.

1. ASTERIAS BUTTERFLY (*Papilio asterias*), black, with yellow, blue, and orange markings; wings tailed; seven blue spots on each of the hind wings; and each hind wing has an orange spot, with a black centre.
2. The CATERPILLAR of the Asterias butterfly, commonly called parsley-worm. When first hatched it is black, with two white bands, but it changes its color and markings at each successive moulting.
3. The CHRYSALIS, or pupa, of the same, of a pale green, ochre-yellow, or ash-gray color.
4. APPLE MOTH (*Carpocapsa pomonella*), the codling-moth, or fruit-moth of the apple. It originally came from Europe, and is "the most beautiful of the beautiful tribe to which it belongs." Its fore wings have the appearance of brown watered silk; and the hind wings and abdomen are yellowish-brown, with the lustre of satin. The moth lays its eggs in the blossom end of the apple, and in a few days the eggs hatch, and the little apple-worms make their way toward the core, and soon destroy the young fruit.
5. BEAUTIFUL DEIOPEIA (*Deiopeia bella*), fore wings deep yellow, with white bands and black dots; hind wings scarlet red, with black border; body white; thorax dotted.
6. CAROLINA SPHINX (*Sphinx Carolina*), a hawk-moth; gray, with blackish lines and bands, and on the body orange-colored spots. The caterpillars of the large sphinxes are the well-known large green potato-worms, which have a kind of thorn upon the tail.
7. MEAL-MOTH (*Pyralis farinalis*), wings light brown and chocolate-brown, crossed by curved white lines.
8. BEE-MOTH (*Galleria cereana*). The male is of a dusty gray; fore wings streaked with purple-brown; hind wings light yellowish-gray, with whitish fringes. The female is much larger than the male, and darker. This insect was well known to the ancients.
9. AZURE-BLUE BUTTERFLY (*Polyommatus pseudargiolus*). The female, which is here pictured, has azure-blue wings above, and pearl-gray beneath, with a broad blackish margin above, and white fringes.

## FIFTH ORDER: NERVE-WINGED INSECTS. Page 286.

1. DRAGON-FLY (*Libellula trimaculata*). Wings of almost transparent net-work, and always horizontally expanded when at rest.
2. AGRION DRAGON-FLY (*Agrion basalis*). Wings, when at rest, directed backward, touching each other.
3. DAY-FLY, or MAY-FLY (*Ephemera vulgata*). It has light, gauzy, citron-colored wings, which it folds perpendicularly to its back, like a butterfly.

4. GRUB, or LARVA, of the Day-fly, of a brown color, two large black eyes, and fore feet like those of a mole.

5. HORNED CORYDALIS (*Corydalis cornutus*). The male, which is here figured, is provided with two long and strong pinchers.

6. MANTISPAN (*Mantospa brunnea*). A small group of American insects, allied to that curious foreign insect, the Praying Mantis. 7. The magnified claw of the Mantispan.

#### SIXTH ORDER: VEIN-WINGED INSECTS. Page 295.

1. ELM-TREE SAW-FLY (*Cimbex ulmi*). The female has her head and thorax of a shining black color, and hind body steel-blue or deep violet, with yellowish-white spots on each side; wings smoky brown. The male is longer and narrower than the female, and has no white spots on the sides. The leaves of the elm are the food of the larvæ.

2. FIR-TREE SAW-FLY (*Lophyrus abietis*). The body of the male is black above and brown beneath; wings with changeable tints of rose-red, green, and yellow; a plume-like crest on the head. The female is of a yellowish-brown color.

3. GRAPE-VINE SAW-FLY (*Selandria vitis*), jet black, except the upper side of the thorax, which is red; wings of a smoky brown. The grubs or caterpillars have twenty-two legs; head and tip of the tail black; body light green above and yellowish beneath.

4. ROSE SAW-FLY (*Selandria roseæ*), deep shining black; wings smoky. The grubs destroy the foliage of the rose, which looks as if it had been scorched by fire.

5 and 6. SLUG-FLY (*Selandria cruxi*), glossy black. The slimy grubs, or *slugs* (6), which have twenty short legs, live chiefly on the cherry and pear trees.

7. OAK GALL-WASP (*Cynips confusus*, or *Diplolepis confusus*), black; legs brownish-red. It produces the numerous galls found on the red oak. These are from one to two inches in diameter, round and smooth, green and somewhat pulpy at first, but when ripe they have a thin, drab, brittle shell, inclosing a quantity of brown spongy matter, in the middle of which is a woody kernel about as big as a pea, and in the middle of this is a single grub, which changes to the fly (gall-wasp), and makes its escape out of a small round hole which it gnaws through the kernel and shell. Another gall-fly produces singular galls around the small twigs of the white oak.

8. MUD-WASP (*Spheg Pennsylvanica*), dark blue-purple. It digs a hole in loose sandy ground, where it makes its abode. Another species builds dwellings of clay upon the walls of houses. It makes clay cells, in each of which it lays an egg, then fills the cell with spiders or other insects, which it disables by stinging, and then plasters over the opening, leaving the living spiders for its larva, or young, to feed upon.

9. PIGEON TREMEX (*Tremex columba*). The female is reddish-brown, with black and yellow markings. The female winged insect is a destructive borer. The boring instrument can be extended out nearly an inch. When not in use it is protected between narrow side-pieces, which form a kind of scabbard for it.

#### SEVENTH ORDER: TWO-WINGED INSECTS. Page 300.

1. STABLE-FLY (*Stomoxys calcitrans*). It has a long and slender proboscis, projecting horizontally beyond the head, and with which it bites severely.

2. CORSLET LAPHRIA (*Laphria thoracica*). It is black, with yellow hairs, and bears a striking resemblance to our largest humble-bees. Another species has the face and sides of the head covered with a yellow beard. They prey on other insects.

3. LARGE BEE-FLY (*Bombilus æqualis*). Outer half of wings dark brown, inner half transparent; body covered with yellowish hairs. It flies with great swiftness, and is often met with in sunny paths in the woods.

4. SWIFT TACHINA (*Tachina vivida*). Face grayish-white; thorax gray; abdomen a clear light red, covered with stiff hairs and bristles; the wings spread apart when they are at rest. It lays its eggs in the bodies of other insects, chiefly caterpillars.

5. WASP-LIKE CONOPIAN (*Conops sagittaria*), black, with yellow legs; face yellow. It lays its eggs in the bodies of humble-bees, which the grub consumes.

6. ORANGE-BELTED HORSE-FLY (*Tabanus cinereus*), black, except the first three rings of the hind body, which are orange-colored. There is a larger kind, black, covered with a whitish bloom.

7. SILKY ASILUS (*Asilus cericeus*), brownish-yellow. It preys on other insects.

8. SMALL HORSE-FLY (*Tabanus lineola*), very common; has a whitish line along the top of the hind body.

9. LARGE MEAT-FLY (*Musca vomitoria*), blue-black. The eggs, commonly called fly-blooms, hatch in two or three hours after they are laid.

10. ONION FLY (*Anthomyia ceparum*). The grubs are very destructive to the onion.

11. HORSE BOT FLY (*Gasterophilus equi*), yellowish, with spotted legs. She lays her eggs about the knees of the horse; and the horse, by rubbing and biting, gets them into his mouth and swallows them; they hatch out in his stomach, to the sides of which the grubs fasten themselves in clusters. From their effects the horse sickens, and sometimes dies.







T. L. Smith.

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